

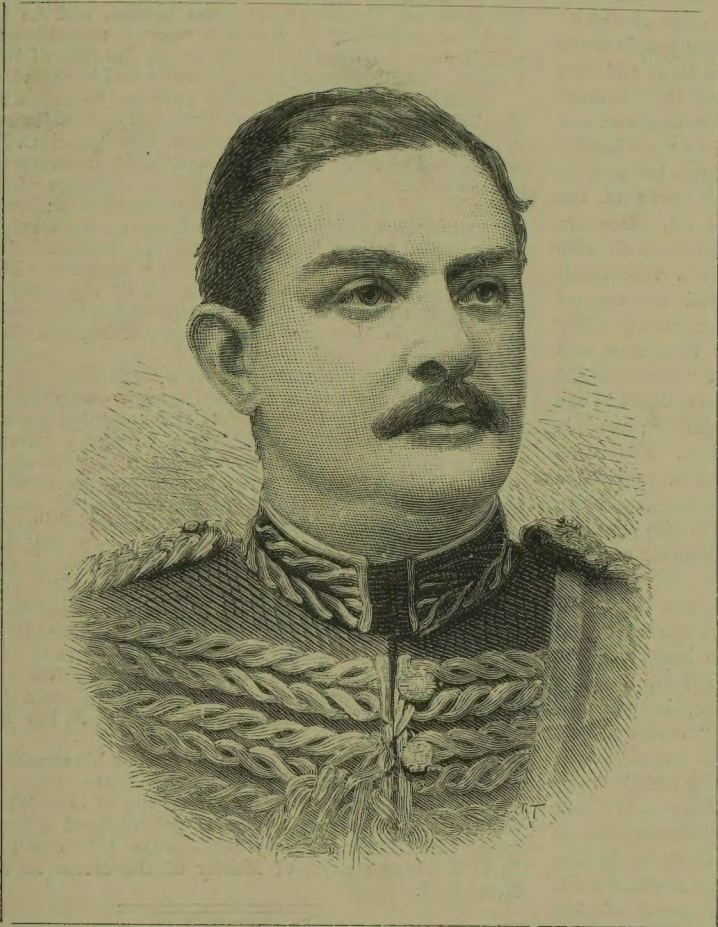
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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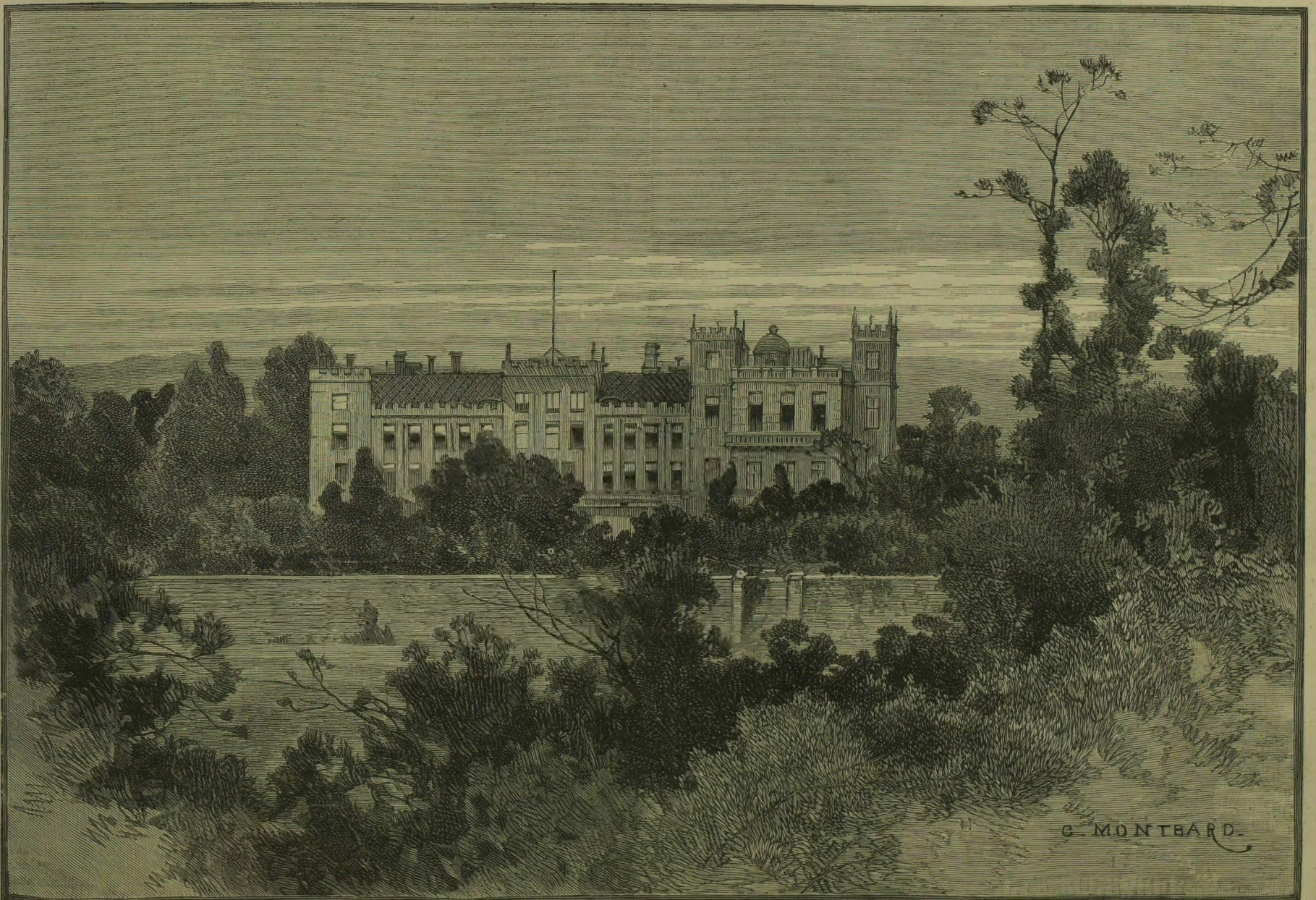
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND (MISS DALLAS YORKE).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. J. THOMSON, 70A, GROSVENOR-STREET.



G. MONTBARD.

WELBECK ABBEY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

IN *The Forum* for June there is an interesting paper upon "Cheap Academic Titles." In the United States, it seems, people are quite as fond of titles as in England, and they are very much less difficult to procure. "There are more honorary Doctors of Divinity," the writer informs us, in Wisconsin than in that home of theologians, the German Empire: "the woods are full of them"; and at the late Missionary Conference in London, "where in the multitude of Englishmen there were a few eminent men bearing titles from English Universities, there was not a single American introduced to the audience who was not D.D. or LL.D., or both." The passion for literature in the citizens of the United States, which to their credit far exceeds our devotion to it in this country, seems to extend indeed, to having letters a whole kite-tail long after their names. It is the "log colleges," to which the authority of conferring degrees is a privilege of pecuniary value, and "who must live, or think they must," to whom this plague of titles is chiefly owing; and even the better ones, we are told, are not free from blame. The pages of the clergy list of every sect in America are, we are told, spotted over with D.D.s; but the use of the LL.D., if less discreditable, is still more droll and incongruous. Other honorary titles may be an obvious misfit, "but the LL.D. never goes amiss." When a college wants to compliment a benefactor, it can always make him a Doctor of Laws. "He may be a speculator, or may have invented a cooking-stove, or may be proficient in cuneiform inscriptions or in asteroids, or may have put up a new brand in tobacco—it doesn't matter: LL.D. looks well after any man's name, and LL.D. it is." It is, perhaps, from our having titles other than literary that we at home are preserved from this; in which case we really have some cause to "thank Heaven we have a House of Lords." In England even the title of Professor is seldom used out of the lecture-room, except by pill-concoctors and conjurors. The last popular use of a collegiate degree in London was in connection with the destruction of the park railings, when "Beales, M.A.," was quite a war-cry; but even that arose more from incongruity than distinction. There is very little advantage, I am afraid, to be got out of that guarantee of learning, except in the educational line of business: if you get into trouble it is a distinct disadvantage. The Magistrate always says, "Your having obtained a University degree, Sir, is a proof that you have wilfully fallen into these discreditable practices, and I shall therefore give you a month instead of imposing a fine."

If any young man has it in his mind to run away from his friends and leave no footsteps behind him, let him first read the history of young Mr. Thompson, *alias* Floyd, and then stop at home. Poor Thompson was certainly unlucky. "Having 'listed in the Line' at seventeen (an age which, one would think, would preserve one from being mistaken for any full-grown desperado), and never having travelled farther than from Coventry to Derby in his life, he was in a few days charged with having deserted from H.M.S. *Calliope* in New South Wales, and condemned to ninety days' imprisonment with hard labour in Lewes Jail. He does not appear to have even so much as seen a ship; and, moreover, the man for whom he was mistaken was notoriously twenty-four years of age; but "the authorities" found him to be tattooed on the left arm, which (as in the farce) induced them to cry out "Then it *is* he!" and they stuck to it. He was actually put on bread and water for three days, in prison, for obstinately and persistently stating that his name was Thompson and not Floyd. Upon the whole, it seems the most high-handed outrage that even official stupidity has ever been guilty of. Of course, it is defended as one of those little accidents that happen in the best-regulated departments. The story runs that an official person, of notoriously impatient and irritable character, took this view at a dinner-party the other day, when the question of compensation to the poor fellow was being discussed, and that the host forgot his manners at the spectacle. "You!" he said, "to speak of it as a light thing! You! of all men in this world to talk of a small recompense being sufficient! Why, if it had happened to *you* the National Debt itself could never have made it up to you. An extra penny would have had to be added to the income tax for your especial benefit!" In mistakes of this kind, however, it strikes me that the taxpayer should not be called upon to rectify them, but the people who make them.

The "wit of the stairs," as the French term the repartee we think of a little too late, is much more common amongst us than the other kind, just as it is easier to owe than to pay with ready money; but now and then the right thing occurs to one to say at the right moment. A good many sharp retorts have been made at the whist-table, but the interest of the occupation detracts from their due appreciation; it must be a good epigram indeed which gives as much pleasure as the possession of the ace of trumps. The Chevalier Duplessis, who wrote a bad opera called "Pizarro," lost his temper at cards with the poet Guillard, and murmured something which was not unheard, about his partner being the worst whist-player as well as the worst versemaker in the world; to which the other replied reprovingly, "Chevalier, you forget yourself!" This is pretty, but not so forcible as the retort with which a friend (not unskilled in repartee himself) has favoured me, overheard of late at a whist-table—let us hope not at your club nor at mine, reader. "I wish," observed a player in a passion to his partner, "that I was sitting opposite to a gentleman." "My dear Sir," observed the other coolly, "your aspiration is gratified, for whether you are sitting, or standing, or lying, you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are."

The humour of the Americans is certainly beyond that of all other peoples. An Electric Company in the States has announced that it is no use for the Government to apply to

them for the requisite apparatus for putting criminals to death under the new system, since they will never degrade the sacred fluid at their disposal by putting it to such a purpose. To heal the sick (and to send messages, always true, to the ends of the earth) and not to cut short human life, is their high mission, &c. No Transatlantic hemp manufacturer ever thought of putting up a board with "No ropes for hanging supplied," or he would, we may be sure, have done it. It is really quite a splendid outbreak of commercial morality, and will be greatly appreciated, one would think, by a virtuous Congress.

There are two parties, though very unequal both in eloquence and numbers, to the question of the power of love before marriage; the poets, the novelists, all the young ladies, a large proportion of males (many of them of an ordinary type whom one would hardly have suspected of such an opinion) are believers in its strength and intensity; they say there is nothing like it; that "falling in love" changes the whole aspect of the world to men and women, and strikes even "the chord of self" so that it passes "in music out of sight." There are, indeed, many illustrations of it; some people never "get over" a disappointment in love, but pine away and die; others commit suicide, and a few, rather than see their beloved object go into other hands, shoot her with a revolver, and afterwards shoot themselves. There is, however, a considerable minority which doubts the importance of this passion, save in exceptional natures: beside the class called "men of the world," who don't much believe in love at all, there are persons by no means cynical, and even tender-hearted, who contend that this love in embryo is in fact a very small matter compared with that which has stood the test of time and trial; that mere engaged persons cannot possibly entertain the same affection for one another that man and wife do; and that the one is to the other only "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." If loss occurs in the former case, it may be melancholy and disappointing; but it is not desolation, wreck, and ruin, as in the latter. They even assert, not without some appearance of reason, that it is monstrous that a girl one has known but for a week, perhaps, and seen only on her best behaviour, should have the power to make the relatives we have loved from childhood, and the friend that has stuck closer than a brother for years, of no account when weighed in the scale of affection; but that, at all events, to compare such a brief attachment to the bonds of wedded love is an insult both to the heart and the understanding. In novels and poems, I need not say that the argument is always the other way; and that, in point of influence on the man's character the wife is "nowhere," and the engaged young person (so to speak) all over the place. A very powerful ally has, however, been recently added to the weaker party in this dispute. Nobody will deny to William Wordsworth the gifts of the poet, including a nature capable of the deepest affection. Indeed, his devotion to his wife has built a shrine for her which will survive all temples made with hands. Everyone has read of her as the guardian angel of his home, and yet "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food." But according to the latest view of him, as presented by Dr. Knight, he did not take the usual exaggerated view of the fair enslaver before he had experienced her virtues. Their course of true love ran quite smoothly from the first—there were no vulgar quarrels or disagreements of any kind between them—but in losing his heart the poet never lost his head. Nay, having a good deal to do in the writing way of an imaginative kind, he even paid his epistolary attentions to his young woman by proxy. We talk of there being "nothing new under the sun," but I do believe, in the whole history of the world, there never before was a man (who *could* write) who got his sister to write his love-letters for him.

Those who are of opinion that what now takes place in the world is of less consequence than it used to be—that men of genius are rarer, chivalry extinct, and Christianity fading away—must, at least, admit that catastrophes are on a larger scale than they used to be. In the United States, indeed, as though in harmony with the views of its citizens as regards its "whipping creation," they are always on a gigantic scale. When a railway accident happens, the list of killed and wounded reads like that of a battle-roll; when a fire breaks out, it is a conflagration on the grandest scale. Even the convulsions of nature of the Old World sink into insignificance, so far as the devastation they cause is concerned, when compared with the mere "accidents" of the New. In the whole history of accidents there has been nothing so appalling as the late bursting of the Pennsylvanian reservoir. The nearest approach to it in this country was the similar catastrophe at Sheffield, years ago; but that counted its victims by tens, whereas this one numbers them by thousands. Such a picture of wreck and ruin was never before painted on so broad a canvas—such a tragedy was never enacted by a force of Nature which, unlike fire, we are accustomed to see the slave and not the master of man. Before reservoirs were common, water—unless, indeed, it was the ocean itself—played but a small part in the destruction of mankind. The "great floods," as they were called, of Moray, was the chief example of it. Many of us, when young people, used to look upon that narrative as a sort of second Deluge; but how small and paltry seem its incidents now, when we are brought face to face with those recorded of this recent catastrophe. The boatman, "Sandy Smith," with his family and live stock, "huddled together on a spot of ground a few feet square," and, "sitting on casks," in readiness for the worst, used to form a picture quite isolated from all other scenes of calamity. The rescuers, who were themselves shipwrecked, and had to take to the floating hayricks, seemed heroes *sui generis* such as were not likely to be seen again out of a book. Their position, of course, was serious enough while it lasted; a few lives were elsewhere lost, and much damage done; but it is curious how dwarfed and insignificant the details strike one when read to-day.

## MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

His Grace the Duke of Portland, William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, who is in the thirty-second year of his age, was married on Tuesday, June 11, to the daughter of Mr. T. Y. Dallas-Yorke, of Walmgate, Louth, Lincolnshire. The wedding ceremony took place at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. It was attended by many nobility, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Countess of Rosslyn, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, the Marquis of Northampton, the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby, the Earl of Zetland, and the Earl and Countess of Normanton.

Mr. Dallas-Yorke gave his daughter away, while Lord Henry Bentinck attended his brother in the capacity of best man. The bridal dress was composed of rich white ivory satin duchesse trimmed with scarves of beautiful antique point d'Alençon and draped with mousseline-de-soie, and a châtelaine of orange-blossoms down the left side of the skirt; the bodice was trimmed with rows of real pearls. The tulle veil was surmounted by a small spray of real orange-blossom, and fastened to the hair by a diamond star. The bride also wore a diamond thistle brooch, presented by the employes on the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire estates, and an historical necklace, consisting of a single row of magnificent pearls, which once belonged to Queen Mary, the wife of William of Orange. The Bishop of Lincoln performed the service.

The six principal bridesmaids were Lady Ottoline Bentinck, the bridegroom's sister; the Hon. Katherine Russell, Miss Alice Grenfell, Miss Violet Bentinck, Miss Hyacinth Bentinck, and Miss Pollard. They were attired in costumes of cream duchesse satin draped with gaze-de-soie, fichus of the same material, and a broad sash of white moiré silk; large drawn hats with a long plume of ostrich-feather; the whole costume being copied from a famous portrait by Reynolds of a former Duchess of Portland. Each carried a bouquet of Malmaison carnations, and wore a single blossom of the same flower in the side of their hats. The three younger bridesmaids were Lady Victoria Manners, Miss Eileen Elliot, and Miss Elsie Graham, aged from three years to five.

The wedding presents included a large silver cup from the Prince of Wales and a silver-gilt sugar-basin from Prince Albert Victor. The Duke of Portland presented his bride with the pearl necklace of Queen Mary of Orange, a diamond hoop ring, a turquoise and diamond bracelet, a gold and enamel watch-bracelet mounted with brilliants, a pearl and diamond brooch, a moonstone brooch set in diamonds, a dressing-case and travelling-bag with gold fittings and initials in diamonds, a gold hunting-watch, a sable cloak, muff, and boa. The tenantry on the Duke's estate in Ayrshire presented him with a portrait of himself painted by W. B. Richmond, and the Welbeck tenantry contributed a companion portrait of the bride by J. J. Shannon. Among the other gifts are, from the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, a silver mirror; from the officers of the Coldstream Guards, a large silver bowl; the members of the Commission on Horse-Breeding, a silver ink-stand; and from the Equerries-in-Waiting on her Majesty, a large silver bowl.

The Duke of Portland, who succeeded his cousin, the fifth Duke, in 1879, is eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General Arthur Cavendish-Bentinck, who was second son of Lord William, the third son of the third Duke of Portland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1782, and Prime Minister in 1783 and 1807. The Duke holds the office of Master of the Horse in the Royal Household.

## WELBECK ABBEY.

The famous mansion of the Duke of Portland, in the Sherwood Forest district of Nottinghamshire, is three miles and a half to the south from the small town of Worksop. It occupies the site of a monastery confiscated by Henry VIII., which was purchased, in the reign of Charles I., by Sir Charles Cavendish. He was son of Sir William Cavendish and of that remarkable woman "Bess of Hardwick," who had five husbands, the last being George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, in Queen Elizabeth's time. This lady, the daughter of a Derbyshire squire, was the keeper of Mary Queen of Scots in her imprisonment; she was the founder of Chatsworth; ancestress of the Dukes of Devonshire, Newcastle, Portland, Norfolk, and Kingston, and of Earl Manvers. One of her grandsons, the owner of Welbeck and Bolsover, was created Duke of Newcastle in 1644; the dukedom became extinct in 1691, but was revived in favour of John Holles, Earl of Clare, and was again conferred at a later period on the Pelham-Clinton family, also descended from Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, owing the Clumber estates. Welbeck, meanwhile, passed by Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles to the Earl of Oxford (Robert Harley, Minister of Queen Anne), whose daughter conveyed it in 1734 to the second Duke of Portland.

The house, partly of seventeenth-century date, was transformed by great alterations in the time of the Countess of Oxford; and its interior displays beautiful work of modern Gothic architecture and decoration. It has seldom been open to public view; but for a minute description of Welbeck, one may refer to an excellent local handbook, "Sissons' Beauties of Sherwood Forest, a Guide to the 'Dukeries' and Worksop," with a map and many illustrations, just published by Messrs. Sissons and Son, Potter-street, Worksop. The "Library," which was originally built for a riding-school, is 180 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 50 ft. high. The picture-gallery is another vast hall, 158 ft. long and 64 ft. wide.

But the greatest wonders of Welbeck are underground. The late Duke, who was unmarried, is supposed to have spent between two and three millions sterling in the indulgence of his magnificent but eccentric taste for subterranean construction. Beneath the house itself, and in the surrounding grounds, are some miles of vaulted passages, with halls and chambers, lighted here and there by glass from the lawns and courts, and with abundance of gas-lights, while they are amply ventilated, dry and warm, and have a cheerful air of comfort. Here is an immense ball-room, superbly decorated. Here also is the new riding-school, 385 ft. long, 104 ft. broad, and 51 ft. high, with a roof of glass and iron supported by fifty columns; the floor is covered with soft tan.

We give two Views of the exterior of the house, one looking at it from the east across the lake, which is nearly three miles long, and over which there is a handsome bridge with ornamental iron gates. The terraces and gardens are beautifully laid out; the conservatories, vineries, and peach-houses extend 1000 feet in length; and the park, which has a circumference of ten miles, presents fine woodland scenery, with oaks of enormous size, and herds of different kinds of deer. There are forty or fifty lodges on the estate, all built of stone, and similar in design; workshops for various artisans employed by the duke, stables for a hundred horses, coach-houses, laundries, dairies and cowsheds, perfect in their arrangement, gasworks and waterworks, club-rooms and schools for the labourers and their families. Welbeck is a wonderful creation of private wealth; few princes have had such an abode in modern times, but its former possessor lived there alone.





THE QUEEN VIEWING THE FOURTH OF JUNE ETON PROCESSION OF BOATS.



## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia, and the Princess Leiningen, took her departure for Scotland on Thursday evening, June 6; Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and their children staying at Windsor Castle. The special train of the London and North-Western Railway Company consisted of fourteen carriages, fitted with electrical communications and all the most modern improvements. The Royal party arrived at Balmoral on the afternoon of the next day. The journey over the Caledonian Railway was concluded at Aberdeen Station at one o'clock, where a large concourse of people, including Lord Provost Henderson and the magistrates of Aberdeen, Principal Geddes (Aberdeen University), the directors of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company, and others awaited the Royal travellers. When the train drew up the civic representative of Aberdeen saluted her Majesty, who graciously acknowledged the greeting. As the train moved off on the Deeside line, her Majesty again acknowledged the cheers of the assemblage. Ballater was reached at half-past two, and a guard of honour of the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders presented arms as the train drew up. The Queen immediately drove to Balmoral. The weather throughout was brilliant. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia and Princess Leiningen, is enjoying her customary walks and drives in the neighbourhood of the castle at Balmoral. Her Majesty has visited Crathie churchyard, and called upon many of the cottagers. Service on Sunday was celebrated in the castle, the Rev. Mr. Campbell officiating. On the 11th, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia and Princess Leiningen, made the first visit of the season to Braemar, reaching the village about half-past six, in an open carriage drawn by four greys.

The Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Arthur Blomfield (architect), Mr. Joseph Crossland, Mr. William Cundall (Mayor of Dover), Mr. Richard Charles Oldfield (Indian Civil Service), Mr. Aubrey Walsh, and Professor James Robertson, LL.D.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, presided at the annual regimental dinner of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars on June 6, at the Hôtel Métropole; and in the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Madame de Falbe's ball, in Grosvenor-square. On the 7th the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince Christian were among the visitors to Epsom Downs to witness the contest for the Oaks; and his Royal Highness was present at the Annual Regimental Dinner of the 2nd Life Guards, at the Marquis of Abergavenny's residence in Dover-street, the Marquis of Abergavenny in the chair. The Prince gave a dinner party at Marlborough House in the evening, at which the following, amongst others, were present:—the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, Prince Soltykoff, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Montrose, the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Drogheda, the Marquis of Exeter, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of March, the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, the Earl of Coventry, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Hardwicke, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Cork and Orkney, Earl Howe, the Earl of Durham, Earl Granville, the Earl of Zetland, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Feversham, Viscount Lascelles, Lord Hastings, Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Suffield, Lord Dorchester, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Rendlesham, and Lord Penrhyn. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess on the 8th, and remained to luncheon. A large crowd assembled at the Charing-cross Station to witness the departure of the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud for Paris. Prince George of Wales arrived at Charing-cross Station by the Continental mail-train in the morning.

Notice is given in the *Gazette* that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on the 29th.

The State concert at Buckingham Palace is fixed for Friday, June 23; and there will be a State ball in honour of the Shah on Wednesday, July 3.

Late on Saturday night the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left Charing-cross for the Continent, travelling via Dover, Calais, Cologne, and Hanover. At the latter town the Duchess alighted, to await the Prince and Princesses of Edinburgh, who are journeying from Coburg.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz left on June 7, on their return to Strelitz. Their Royal Highnesses have vacated the apartments in St. James's Palace, which they occupied for many years, and have taken No. 12, James-street, Buckingham-gate, as their future London residence.

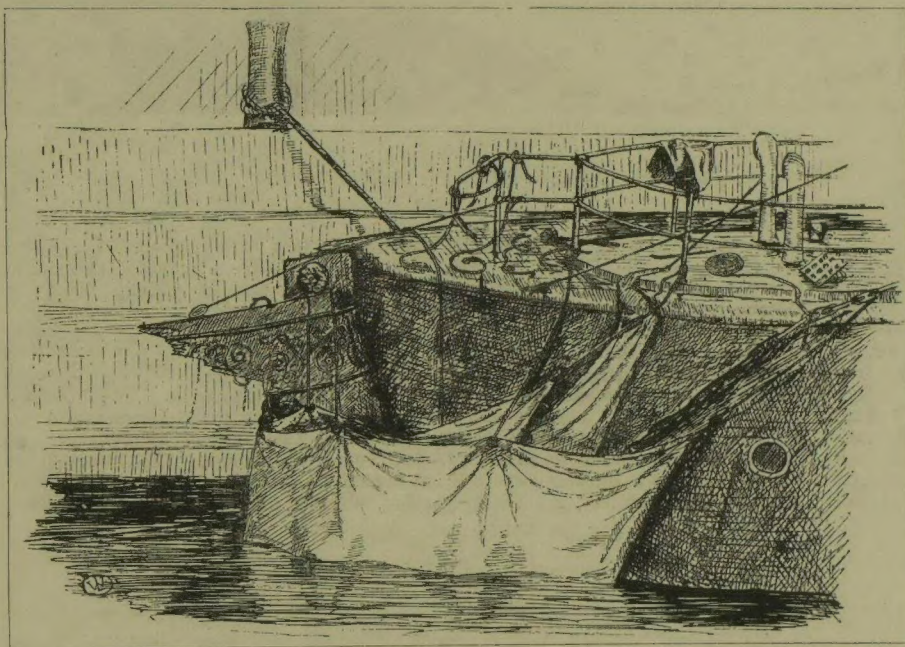
## THE QUEEN AND THE ETON BOAT PROCESSION.

The Fourth of June, being the anniversary of King George III.'s birthday, was honoured as usual by Eton College with a procession of boats up the Thames as far as Surly Hall, which was witnessed, this year, by her Majesty the Queen, for the first time since the death of the lamented Prince Consort. There was, on the same day, the regular meeting in the upper schoolroom for the delivery of "speeches" or recitations by the scholars, passages of Greek, Latin, English, French, and German literature, dramatic, poetical, rhetorical, and comic, before an audience including many ladies and gentlemen invited by the Provost and Head-master, with the members of the Governing Body. Many of the guests attended the afternoon service in the College chapel. The aquatic procession of ten boats was beheld by the Queen from a field belonging to Clewer Court, which had been placed at her disposal by its owner so as to enable her Majesty to enjoy the sight without undergoing the crush and fatigue of the carriage enclosure on the "Brocas." On reaching the water opposite the Queen the boats formed a flotilla in three lines. The crews then took off their straw hats and gave three hearty cheers for her Majesty. The boats returned in the same order down to Windsor Bridge at dusk, and the proceedings of the day were brought to a close by the display of fireworks from the small eyot or ait above the bridge.

The Company of Salters have given £21 to the Convalescent Home Fund, in connection with the Chelsea Hospital for Women, in addition to their annual subscription.



STATUETTE PRESENTED TO THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.



BOW OF H.M.S. SURPRISE IN DOCK AT MALTA, AFTER THE COLLISION.



HUNDRED-GUINEA CHALLENGE-CUP OF THE PLYMOUTH CYCLING CLUB.

## STATUETTE OF MARQUIS OF EXETER.

This beautiful work in silver has been presented to the Marquis of Exeter on his appointment to the Honorary Colonelcy of the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Northamptonshire Regiment (late Northamptonshire and Rutland Militia) by the past and present officers of the regiment in token of their esteem and in recognition of his valuable services during an active command of forty-one years past. The statuette was modelled from life by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A. His Lordship aided the sculptor by sitting on horseback day after day, attired in his full uniform, and afterwards lending his accoutrements to the manufacturers so that every detail might be copied. The likeness is very good; and the easy and natural position of the Marquis on his charger has been happily caught by Mr. Birch. The manufacture of this statuette has been executed by Messrs. Hancock and Co., Court jewellers and silversmiths, of New Bond-street. It is considered to be one of the best works of their art, and has been placed in the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, arrived at Paris on the night of June 8, and were met at the station by Mr. Egerton, Chargé d'Affaires. A large crowd, principally English, which had assembled at the terminus, loudly cheered their Royal Highnesses, who drove at once to the Hôtel Bristol. On Sunday morning, the 9th, they attended Divine service at the Victoria Church, in the Rue des Bassins. Afterwards, the Prince, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George, paid a visit to M. Carnot, the interview being of a very cordial character. President Carnot returned the visit next day. The Prince and Princess and their children went to the Exhibition in the evening to see the Eiffel Tower lighted up. MM. Tirard and Berger met them and took them to a place where they could enjoy the whole panorama without being inconvenienced by the crowd. On the 10th the Royal party again visited the Exhibition, taking a look at the British section, and ascending to the top of the Eiffel Tower, up which they were taken by M. Eiffel. The second platform was crowded, and the Royal party were heartily cheered. In the afternoon they were present at a performance of "The Messiah", in the Trocadéro; and in the evening went to the Opéra.—President Carnot, on the 11th, delivered the baretta to the three new Cardinals—the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux.

The Duke of Edinburgh and his son Prince Alfred arrived at Berlin on the morning of the 10th, and were received by Sir Edward Malet and the staff of the Embassy. The Duke immediately proceeded to Potsdam, where he was welcomed by the Emperor, who conferred on him the Red Eagle of the First Class. The Shah had arrived a few minutes before the Duke, and was received with military honours. On arriving at the castle he was greeted by the Emperor and Empress. Their Imperial Majesties, accompanied by their Royal guests, subsequently attended the religious service held in connection with the celebration of the formation of the Infantry Lehr Battalion, the Empress being conducted by the Shah. At one o'clock the Shah went to the Friedens-Kirche and deposited a laurel wreath with the Persian colours upon the coffin of the Emperor Frederick II. Afterwards, in the Schloss at Potsdam, their Imperial Majesties gave a luncheon in honour of their guests, covers being laid for about two hundred. After luncheon the Shah and his party, accompanied by the Emperor and his English relatives, embarked on board the steam-yacht Alexandria and returned by water to Bellevue, where dinner was served. The Duke and Prince Alfred left Potsdam for Gotha. The Duchess passed through Berlin, for St. Petersburg, incognito.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister at Washington, accompanied by Mr. Blaine, paid a visit to President Harrison on June 8, in order to deliver to him a message from Queen Victoria expressing sympathy with the sufferers from the floods in Pennsylvania. The President, in reply, expressed his own thanks and those of the American people.

On June 6 the South Australian Legislature was opened by the Earl of Kintore, who, in his speech, said that the rains which had fallen in the colony justified the hope of a particularly good season.

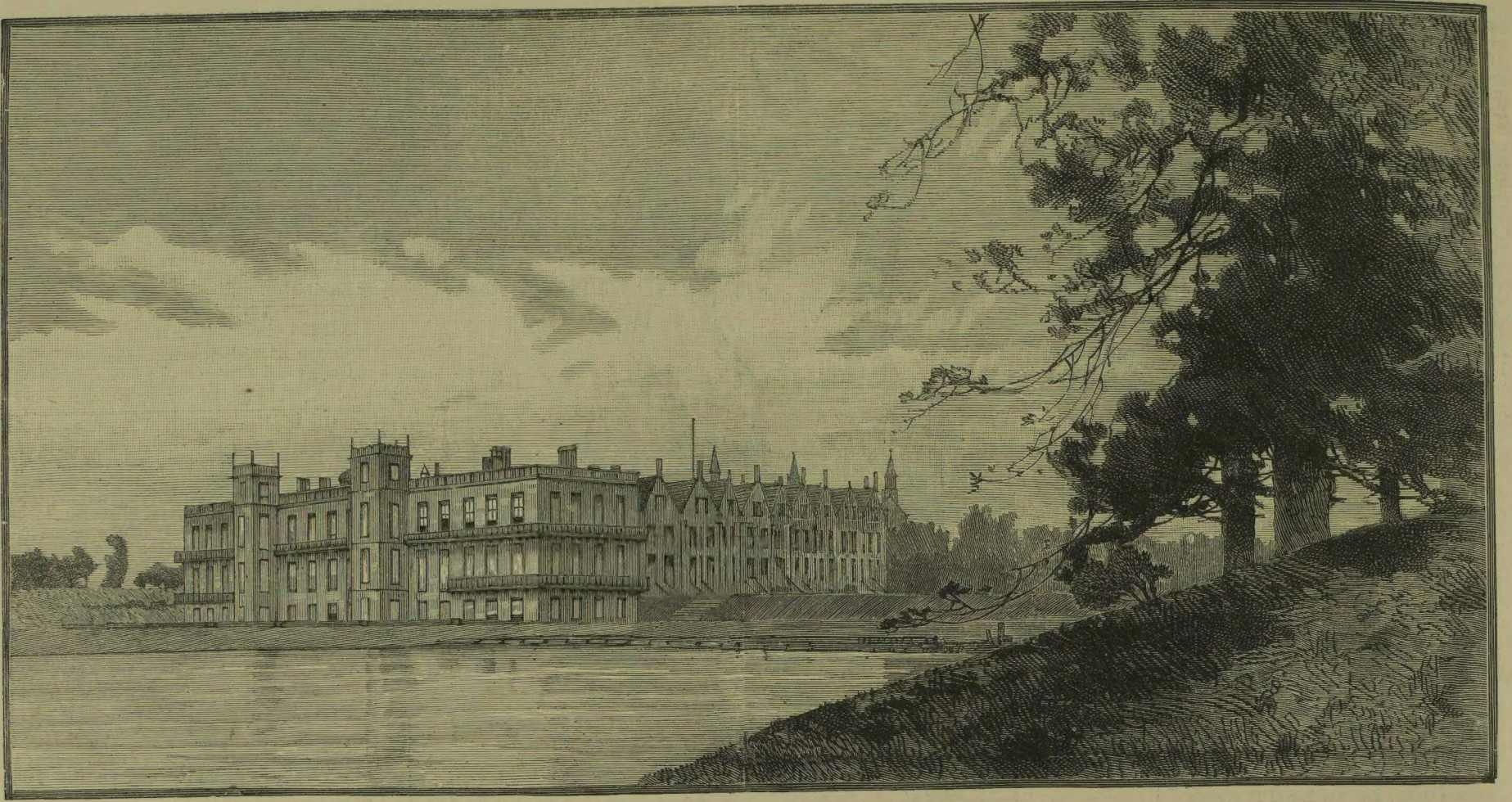
## THE COLLISION WITH H.M.S. SURPRISE.

It may be remembered that on May 25 her Majesty's despatch vessel Surprise collided with the steamer Neta 130 miles east of Malta. The latter vessel foundered, but her crew, with one exception, was saved. The Surprise reached Syracuse in safety, and by order of Admiral Sir A. Hoskins, commanding the Mediterranean Squadron, was sent into dock at Malta. A correspondent at Malta, Lieutenant W. K. Legge, of the Essex Regiment, sends us a sketch of the bow of the Surprise as she lay in dock with a hole, to stop which sails, canvas, and blankets had been stuffed into the fore-castle. It was considered lucky for the crew and officers that they were able to get safely into port with the vessel in such a condition. The Surprise is a twin-screw steamer of 1650 tons, with engines of 3050-horsepower, commanded by Commander the Hon. Maurice Bourke, and had been ordered home to Portsmouth to be paid off after three years' service in the Mediterranean.

## THE PLYMOUTH CYCLING CLUB.

This club, founded in 1877, has spared no effort in making its annual race-meeting attractive. Last year, a silver cup, of the value of fifty guineas, was finally won and became the property of Mr. E. M. Mayes (Surrey Bicycle Club), who, probably, is the holder of the largest number of these and similar trophies. Encouraged by past success the club has offered this year a grand challenge-cup, exceeding in actual cost the sum of a hundred guineas, for the race on Whit Monday. Out of some thirty designs submitted to the committee, that of Mr. Asher Levy, silversmith, of Plymouth, was selected, and the club has got a beautiful specimen of the silversmith's art. The cup, which stands just three feet in height, is of sterling silver and weighs 203 oz. It is a goblet of the Italian style, the body being richly chased with acanthus leaves and blossoms, in the centre of which is a shield containing the club badge (the borough arms) and space for the winner's names, with massive fluted and ornamented handles, the whole surmounted by the symbolical figure of Victory extending the laurel wreath. Messrs. Marshall and Fred Blanchard are the energetic captain and honorary secretary of the club.





WELBECK ABBEY: VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

## THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

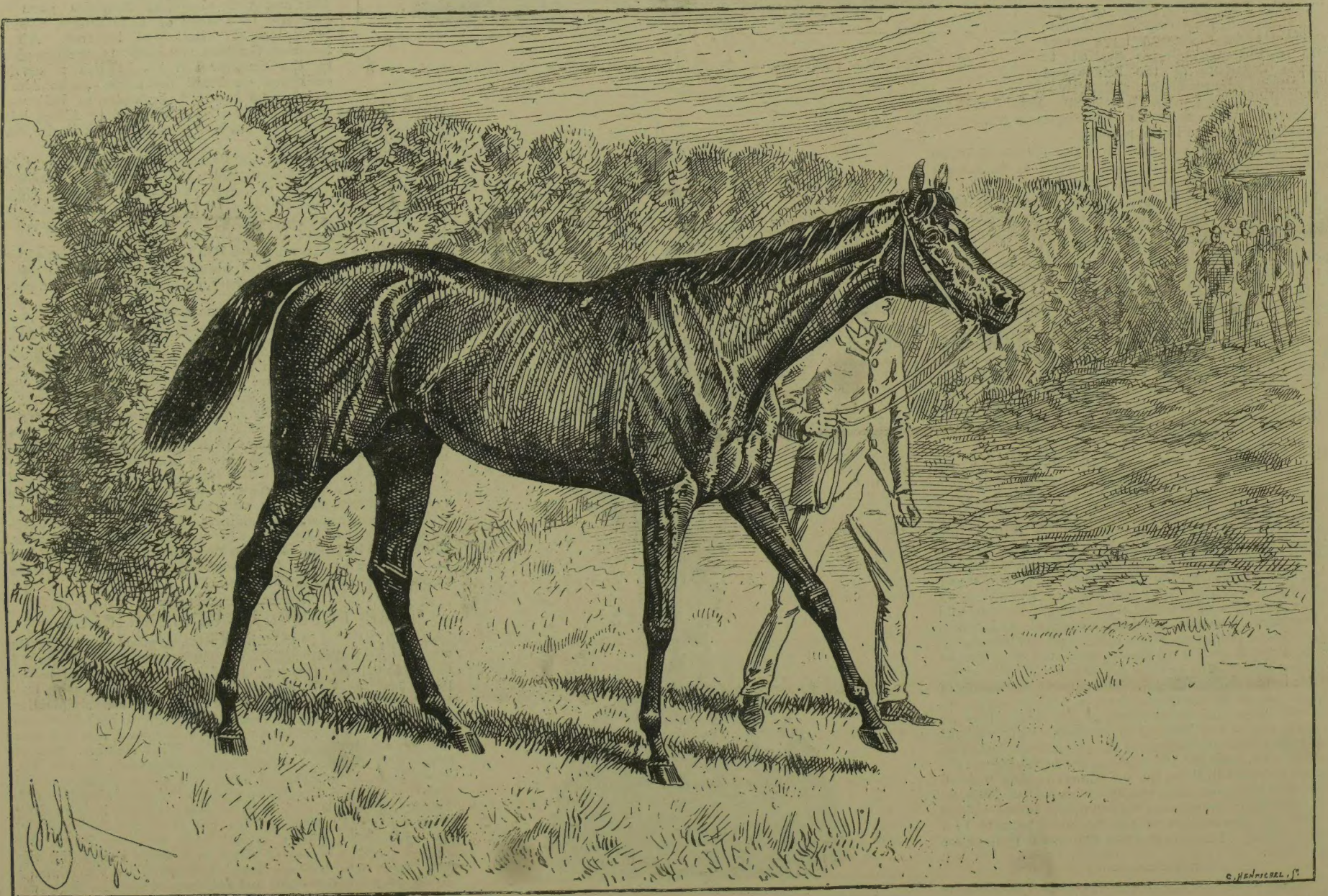
The Duke of Portland is to be doubly or trebly congratulated on winning the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" (as Lord George Bentinck called it), for the second time, a few days before his marriage. His Grace had "declared to win" on Donovan, the favourite of the betting-ring, and the victory was triumphant; this horse coming in a length and a half before Miguel, and wiping out the memory of his unlucky failure five weeks ago, when he was beaten by Enthusiast in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. Donovan, whose sire was Galopin and his dam Mowerina, has been a wonderfully good servant to his master, for as a two-year-old he won eleven

aces out of thirteen, worth over £16,000, while this season his victory in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Leicester brought £6000. To this must be added the £4000 won at Epsom, and his future engagements comprise many valuable races. One peculiar fact in connection with the race was that, as in the French Derby, there were thirteen runners. Of the race itself no more need be said here than that the Turcophone, Donovan's stable companion, made the running for him a greater part of the way, Donovan himself never very far behind. As they turned into the straight below Tattenham Corner, Donovan went to the front, and from that point it simply became a question as to what would be second or third, for Donovan had, accidents excepted, already won his

race. But Donovan passed the post the easiest of winners, with Miguel a long way in front of El Dorado, who only just beat Pioneer, heavily backed for a place.

The London County Council allow rowing-boats and canoes to be used on the lake in Finsbury Park.

The presence of the Lord Mayors and Lady Mayoresses of London and York at the annual speech-day at the Leys School, Cambridge, gave exceptional interest to that event. The proceedings commenced with a sermon from the Rev. Hughes Price Hughes, after which a luncheon was provided, at which between 500 and 600 persons were present.



DONOVAN, THE DERBY WINNER, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.





THE QUEEN PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, on June 3, performed the ceremony of presenting new colours to the 2nd Battalion Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Princess of Leiningen, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg. The battalion, under command of Colonel G. Cox, was drawn up in line in the Quadrangle, and received her Majesty with a Royal salute, the band playing.

The old colours of the battalion, carried by Lieutenants H. A. Coddington and W. E. Cairnes, were trooped and carried

down the line, with the escort under the command of Captain W. H. P. Plomer, the band playing "Auld Lang Syne," and were left in rear of the line. The battalion forming three sides of an oblong, the drums being piled in front of the centre, the new colours were then carried to the front of the battalion and uncased by Major C. A. Barker and Major J. Reeves, and placed upon the drums in front of the Queen. The Rev. Dr. Edghill, Chaplain-General to the Forces, then offered up a prayer, and consecrated the new colours, after which her Majesty delivered the colours to Lieutenants Coddington and Cairnes. The Queen addressed

some words to the officers and men of the battalion; and Colonel Cox made a proper reply. The line was then reformed, and the new colours were received with a general salute, the band playing "God save the Queen." The battalion marched past and reformed, and, after presenting arms, gave three cheers for her Majesty. They again marched past the Queen, in fours, to the regimental march, ("St. Patrick's Day"), and proceeded to the Royal Mews, where dinner was provided for the non-commissioned officers and men in the Riding School. Luncheon was served for the officers of the regiment in the dining-room of the Castle.



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the performances last noticed by us, "La Sonnambula" has been given, with Mdle. Van Zandt as Amina. The re-appearance of this excellent artist gives additional strength to the very powerful company engaged by Mr. Harris. In her performance in Bellini's melodious opera, Mdle. Van Zandt displayed, in even a higher degree, those vocal and histrionic merits which have been recognised, here and abroad, for several seasons. On the recent occasion now referred to, she sang with exquisite grace and charm in the lighter portions of the music, and with genuine sentiment and feeling in the more impassioned situations; no trace of affectation or self-consciousness having been apparent in the former, or of exaggeration in the latter instances. It was altogether an admirable performance. An important feature was the very fine singing of M. E. De Reszké as Count Rodolfo. M. Montariol, as Elvino, sang smoothly; and subordinate characters were fairly well filled. Mr. Randegger conducted. Verdi's "Aida" has been repeated, with some changes from the previous cast. On the recent occasion now referred to, Madame Nordica sustained the title-character with admirable effect; special dramatic and musical importance having been imparted to the character of Radames by the fine performance of M. Jean De Reszké. Signor Cotogni, as Amonasro, repeated a well-known performance. Madame Scalchi, who was to have been again the Amneris, was indisposed, and was efficiently replaced by Mdle. J. De Vigne. Other characters were as recently. A performance of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" included a remarkably strong cast. Madame Albani as the Countess, Miss Ella Russell as Susanna, and Mdle. Van Zandt as the Page, Cherubino, would have alone been especially attractive; but in addition there was the fine performance of Signor F. D'Andrade as the Count, besides the familiar features of Signor Cotogni's Figaro, and Signor Ciampi's Bartolo, not to mention subordinate characters. Signor Arditi conducted. Although not a subscription night, the house was crowded.

In "Rigoletto," Madame Melba appeared as Gilda, and sang with alternate charm and power, and rather enhanced the good effect produced by her in her performances of last year. The first appearance this season of M. Lassalle was a feature of the occasion. This excellent artist gave its full dramatic and vocal importance to the character of Rigoletto, which he sang chiefly in French. M. Montariol looked the character of the Duke well; and Madame Scalchi gave full

effect to the little (but important) music of Maddalena. Mr. Randegger conducted. "Faust" has been repeated, with (as heretofore) Madame Nordica's artistic performance as Marguerite, and the powerful rendering of the characters of Mephistopheles and Valentine, respectively, by Mr. E. De Reszké and M. Lassalle. As Faust, M. Talazac improved on the impression previously made by him. Other characters were as before. "Lohengrin" has also been given again; with the well-known and incomparable performance of Madame Albani as Elsa; M. Jean De Reszké in the title-character, Madame Fürsch-Madi as Ortruda, and M. E. De Reszké as Henry the Fowler, having, as in past instances, given full vocal and dramatic significance to their respective parts. As Telramondo, M. Sequin made a very successful first appearance here. Signor Mancinelli again conducted. Of the promised production of Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell," and of other features, we must speak hereafter.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Two weeks of Mr. Mapleson's new season at this establishment have now elapsed. The opening performance, with the successful début of Madame Gargano as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," was duly noticed by us. Since then, another débutante has appeared, also for the first time in England. This was Mdle. Regina Pacini, who made her début as Amina in "La Sonnambula," and achieved considerable success by the display of an agreeable voice and good style, with much dramatic intelligence. She was very favourably received. Of her merits we shall doubtless have further and better opportunity for judgment. Signor Vicini was earnest as Elvino, and the other principal character, Count Rodolfo, was filled by Signor Darvall. Signor Bimboni conducted.

Madame Gargano's second appearance took place as the heroine in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and quite maintained the favourable impression previously made by her bright and pure vocalisation and florid execution. As Edgardo, M. Warmuth made his first appearance in England. He possesses a tenor voice somewhat of the robust order, and was generally more successful in the declamatory passages than in those of tender sentiment. As Enrico, Signor Galassi repeated a well-known and estimable performance of previous seasons.

The Richter Concerts, at St. James's Hall, are approaching the close of the series. The programme of the fifth concert

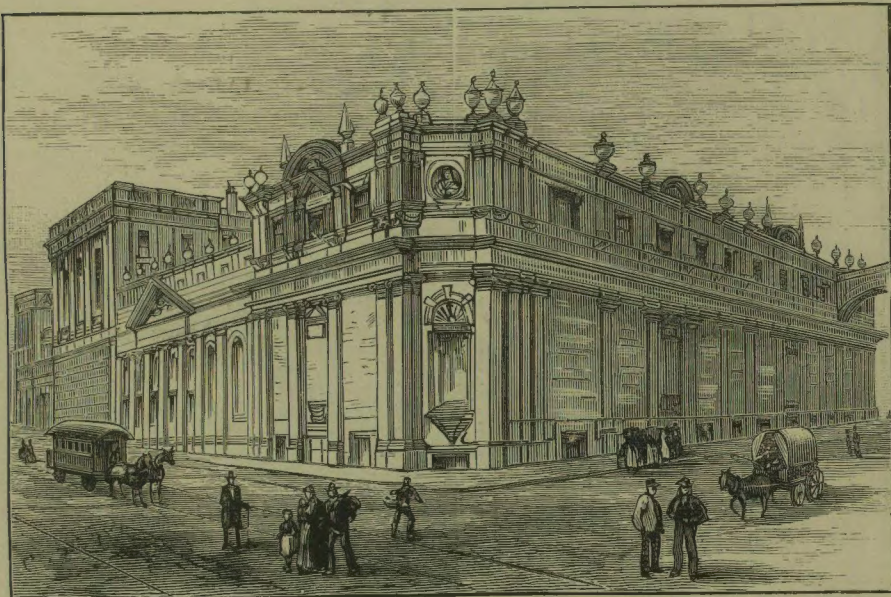
(to which we have already slightly referred) included the first appearance in England of Fräulein Spies, who sang the recitative and air, "Che farò," from Gluck's "Orfeo," and lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms—in which latter pieces she was most successful. She has a powerful mezzo-soprano voice, and declaims well; her best powers apparently being as an interpreter of German lieder. The orchestral selection on the occasion referred to presented no novelty calling for comment.

The Philharmonic Concerts are also near the end of their present (the seventy-seventh) season. The programme of the sixth performance, on June 6, included the symphony by Mr. F. Cliffe which achieved such distinguished success on its first performance, at Mr. Manns's benefit concert at the Crystal Palace, on April 20. Again, at the Philharmonic Concert, it was cordially received, although, like other portions of the programme, heard under the disadvantage of the storm which was raging at the time. Another specialty in the instrumental selection was the very fine performance by Madame Backer-Gröndahl of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat. The vocalist at this concert was Fräulein Füllinger, who sang with great effect the soprano scena from "Oberon," besides having been set down for two of Brahms's lieder. Mr. Cowen conducted as usual, with the exception of the symphony, which was directed by the composer.

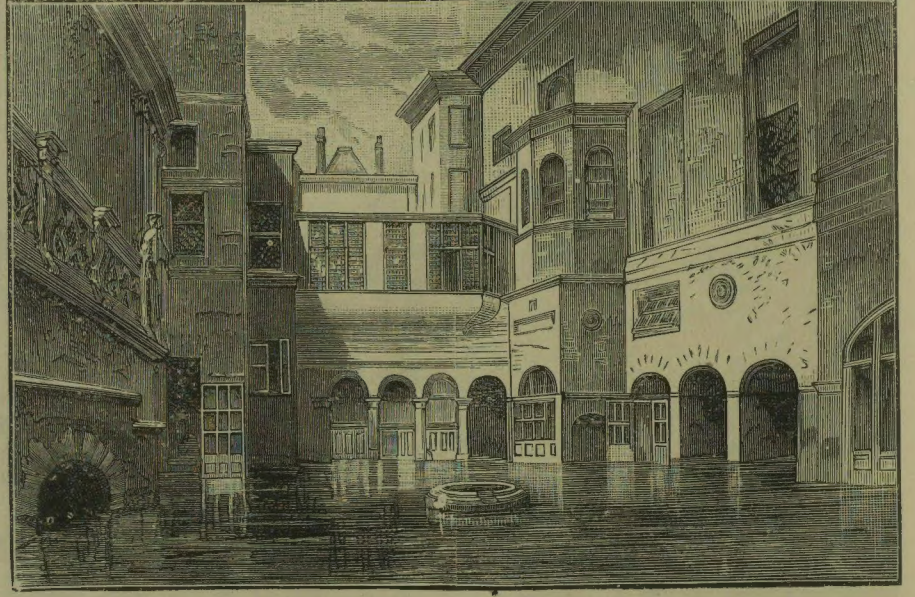
Mr. Mapleson's benefit concert, at the Royal Albert Hall, puts forth some remarkably strong attractions for June 15.

At the Guildhall School of Music's recent students' concert, at the City of London School, clever instrumental performances by Miss J. Levine (violin), Misses E. Thulstrup, E. Swepston, and L. Gould (pianists), and Misses E. R. Atkins and M. Ballard, and Mr. H. Mason (vocalists), besides the good singing of the choir, testified to the efficiency of the course of instruction pursued.

The London Academy of Music, so ably directed by Dr. Wylde, gave its annual concert at St. James's Hall, when the performances of the students gave fresh proof of the skill and care with which they are directed. There was some good choral singing in Lassen's cantata for female voices, "The Holy Night"; and more or less efficient solo vocal displays by Misses T. Blamy and L. Dufour—not to mention others. Among the instrumentalists who contributed, to the credit of their respective conductors, were Miss J. Hudson (violinist) and the ladies who were associated in the rendering of a movement of Mendelssohn's octet for stringed instruments. There were also orchestral performances, conducted by Dr. Wylde.



THE NEW QUEEN'S BATHS.



THE KING'S BATH: FULL.

## THE NEW BATHS AT BATH.

The beautiful city of Bath, with its health-restoring medicinal springs of water, renowned from the times of Roman Britain, and with its stately, commodious modern houses of the last and present century, rising from the Avon valley up the sides of a noble amphitheatre of verdant hills, is known to many of our readers. It was generally described, and its pleasant associations with English social history were noticed, in our Journal of Sept. 1, last year, upon the occasion of the Congress of the British Association of Science. We then gave some Views of Bath and its neighbourhood; the Grand Pump-Room, erected in 1796, and the old King's Baths, adjacent to the Grand Pump-Room, were particularly described, as well as those magnificent remains of antiquity the Roman baths of "Aquæ Solis," which have of late years been opened to view by the enterprising works of the Bath Municipal Corporation. Our knowledge of the details was mainly derived from an interesting volume, then just published, "The Thermal Baths of Bath," written by Mr. H. W. Freeman, Surgeon to the Royal United Hospital, Bath, containing accounts of the historical, literary, and biographical traditions of the fair city, along with plenty of correct information about the waters, their chemical qualities, their medical and surgical uses, and the recent application of the Aix massage and natural vapour treatment. This book, of which the London publishers are Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., merits a second recommendation; and we congratulate its learned author on his being now Mayor of Bath, elected by his fellow-citizens, probably, in anticipation of the event that took place on Thursday, June 13, the opening of the new "Massage Baths" by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

The new Queen's Baths, which will prove a valuable addition to the extensive system of healing appliances provided at Bath, are so large and complex an establishment that our space does not admit of fully describing them; but a sixpenny pamphlet, reprinted from the *Bath Herald* of Aug. 18 (to be had of Messrs. W. Lewis and Sons), contains a minute account. The Corporation has expended £25,000 on these Baths; and the City Architect, Major Charles E. Davis, with the contractors, Messrs. Long and Son, deserves much credit for the design and construction of the building. We may possibly be able to refer again to the subject on a future occasion.

The list of Wranglers in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge has been issued as follows:—Ds. G. T. Walker, Trinity; Dyson, Trinity; Gaul, Trinity; Macdonald, Clare; Lay, Catherine; Cooke, John's; Ramsey, Magdalen; Geake, Clare; Jackson, Trinity; Todhunter, Clare; Ashford,

Trinity; Emery, Trinity; Monro, John's; Hoare, Trinity; Murray, Christ's; Burstall, John's; Lawrenson, John's; Oldland, Emmanuel; Hartley, Queen's; Bayliss, Peter; W. Brown, John's; Crook, Emmanuel; Hall, King's; Harper, Sidney; Kitchen, H. Selwyn; Liebert, Pembroke; Duthie, Queen's; Heywood, Trinity; and F. H. Jackson, Peter. Miss M. F. Evans, of Girton College, finds a place in the list. Mr. G. T. Walker, Senior Wrangler, is son of the Borough Engineer of Croydon; while the two bracketed second are Mr. T. W. Dyson, son of a Baptist minister, and Mr. P. C. Gaul, son of a Professor of Music at Birmingham.

Lady Goring and Mrs. Molesworth gave a drawing-room on June 6 at 89, Onslow-gardens, when the Duke of Norfolk took the chair, and made a strong appeal on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond-street. £10,000 is required to finish the building begun in 1872, and £1000 for maintenance. This is the third of a series of meetings held in drawing-rooms to take the place of the usual dinner. Already £4000 has been collected.

The wedding presents given by friends at the marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke are mentioned in our account of the ceremony. The magnificent dressing-case and "Patent Burlington travelling-bag," presented to the Duchess, was made by Mr. Albert Barker, of 5, New Bond-street. The bracelet-watches, for the bridesmaids, with dials of turquoise blue enamel, surrounded with diamonds, were manufactured by Le Roy et Fils, 57, New Bond-street.

On June 10 the twenty-first annual Co-operative Congress was opened in the Public Hall, Ipswich, there being present about five hundred delegates from co-operative societies in Great Britain and Ireland. The President, Professor Alfred Marshall, Cambridge University, gave the opening address, and Mr. A. H. D. Ackland, M.P., thanked Professor Marshall for continuing the close link between University men and co-operators. Several deputations were received, and a paper by Mr. W. Swallow, of Leeds, on "Credit Trading," formed the subject of discussion.

A meeting in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes took place on June 10 in the fine hall of the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, which forms one of the many institutions connected with Dr. Barnardo's work. About 3300 persons were present, including 700 choristers picked from among the 3100 children in the Homes. The chief object of the gathering was to bid farewell to 121 boys about to depart for Canada, making 4120 children who have emigrated from the Homes since their foundation, twenty-two years ago. Addresses were given by Dr. Barnardo, who presided, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, the Rev. W. H. Langhorne, the Rev. Dr. Dixon, and Mr. Howland, of Toronto.

## PRINCESS LOUISE AT TROWBRIDGE.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), on Friday, June 14, visited the town of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, to open the Jubilee Townhall, a handsome new public building erected at the expense of Mr. Roger Brown, and liberally presented by that gentleman to the town, in commemoration of the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign.

The Princess and her husband, who were the guests of Captain Walter H. Long, M.P., and Lady Dorothy Blanche Long, at Rood Ashton, were met in the town by Sir Victor Houlton, G.C.M.G., who introduced to them Major W. P. Clark, Chairman of the Trowbridge Local Board, to present an address of welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Brown were then presented to her Royal Highness.

After a short religious service, conducted by the Rector of the parish church and by a Congregational minister, the opening ceremony was performed by Princess Louise, using a gold key delivered to her Royal Highness by Mr. Roger Brown, and she was conducted over the building. A marble bust of that gentleman, the gift of the Freemasons, was unveiled by the Princess on the grand staircase; and a portrait of him in the Council Chamber, given by Mr. J. P. Stancomb, Chairman of the Trowbridge Bench of Magistrates.

Having appeared on the front balcony, overlooking the Market-place, and declared the Jubilee Townhall opened, to the gratification of the assembled townsfolk, her Royal Highness, with the Marquis of Lorne, partook of luncheon in the grand hall, while the band of the Royal Marine Artillery played in the garden below. The Marquis of Bath, Lord Methuen, Sir Victor Houlton, and Captain Walter Long, were among the company. Her Royal Highness and other guests were afterwards entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Roger Brown at a garden-party at Highfield, their residence near the town. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and a variety of popular amusements.

The Lord Mayor's fund for completing the equipment of the citizen army of the Metropolis continues to make substantial progress. The Duke of Westminster has contributed £500, which is in addition to local assistance given by his Grace to two of the West-End corps; Mr. J. S. Morgan, £210; and Mr. W. C. Quilter, M.P., £100.

Lord Brassey opened the Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition at the People's Palace, Mile-end-road, on June 8, in presence of a numerous and representative company. The exhibits are nearly double the number of those of last year, and nearly a hundred separate trades are represented. Sir Edmund Hay Currie, who represented the trustees of the Palace, gave some interesting facts as to the working of this great institution in the East-End.





1. General view of the Cape Colony Volunteer Camp at Wynberg, behind Table Mountain.  
 2. Trumpet-Major of Capetown Artillery, with big drum, accompanying bagpipes of Capetown Highlanders.  
 3. The Major advancing to the attack of Hout's Bay Neck.

4. Various Regimentals: A. Sergeant, Capetown Highlanders. B. 15th (East Yorkshire) Regiment.  
 C. Capetown Highlanders, full dress. D. Torpedo Company, Capetown Volunteer Engineers.  
 E. Undress, Capetown Volunteer Engineers.

#### CAMPING OUT WITH THE CAPE COLONY VOLUNTEERS AT EASTER.

The Easter camp of the Volunteers in the neighbourhood of Capetown was located at Wynberg, eight miles from the town, behind Table Mountain. It was joined by the 1st East Yorkshire Regiment, mustering six hundred men and sixteen officers, the 1st North Staffordshire Regiment, a Naval Brigade of three hundred men, detachments of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Medical Staff Corps. The Capetown Artillery mustered seventy-six men with six guns, the Capetown Engineers ninety-seven, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles one hundred and sixty-one, the Capetown Highlanders ninety-five men and thirteen officers, and the Capetown Irish Volunteers sixty men and three officers, making altogether nearly 1650. They were divided into two forces on the field-day, the defending force, under command of Colonel Knollys, R.A., holding a strong position at Constantia Neck or Pass,

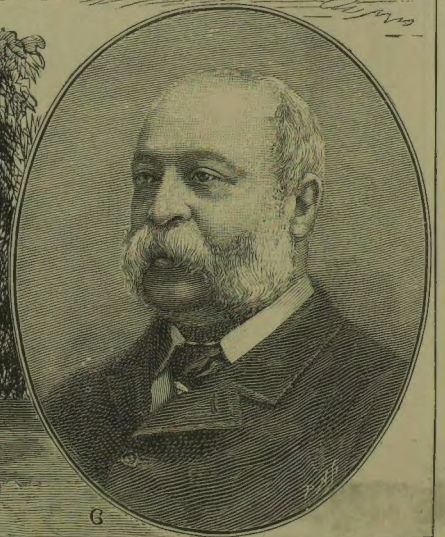
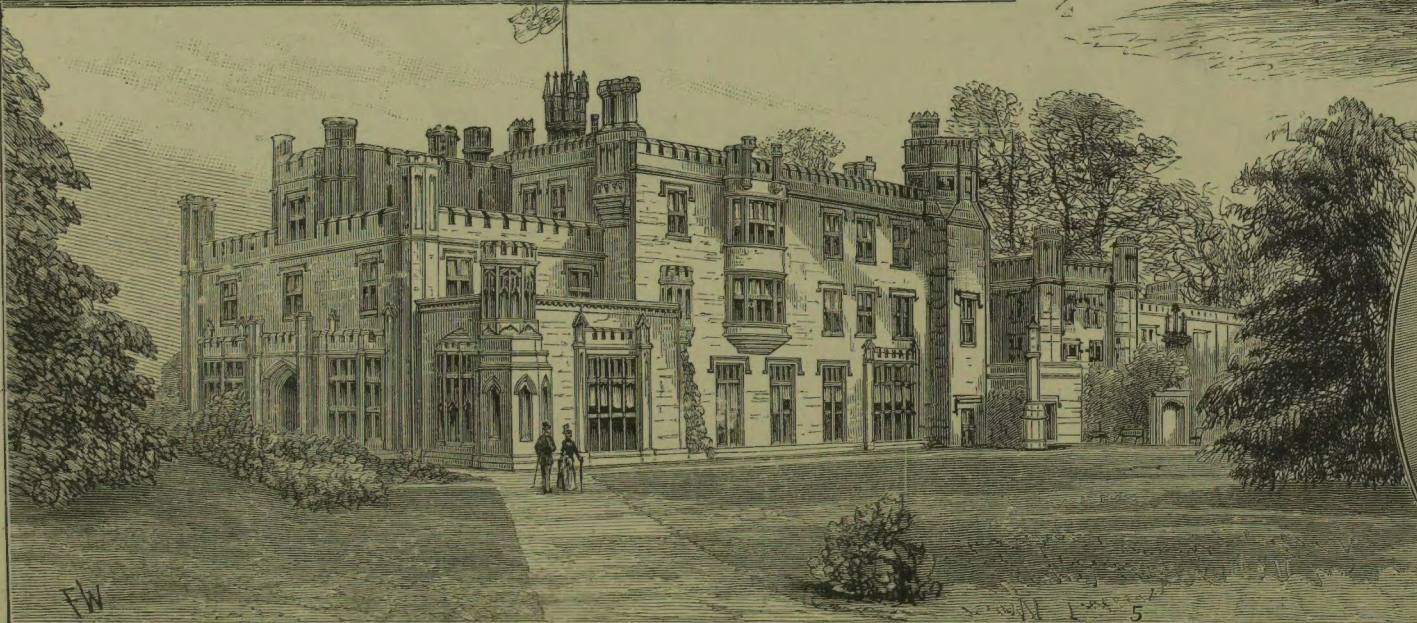
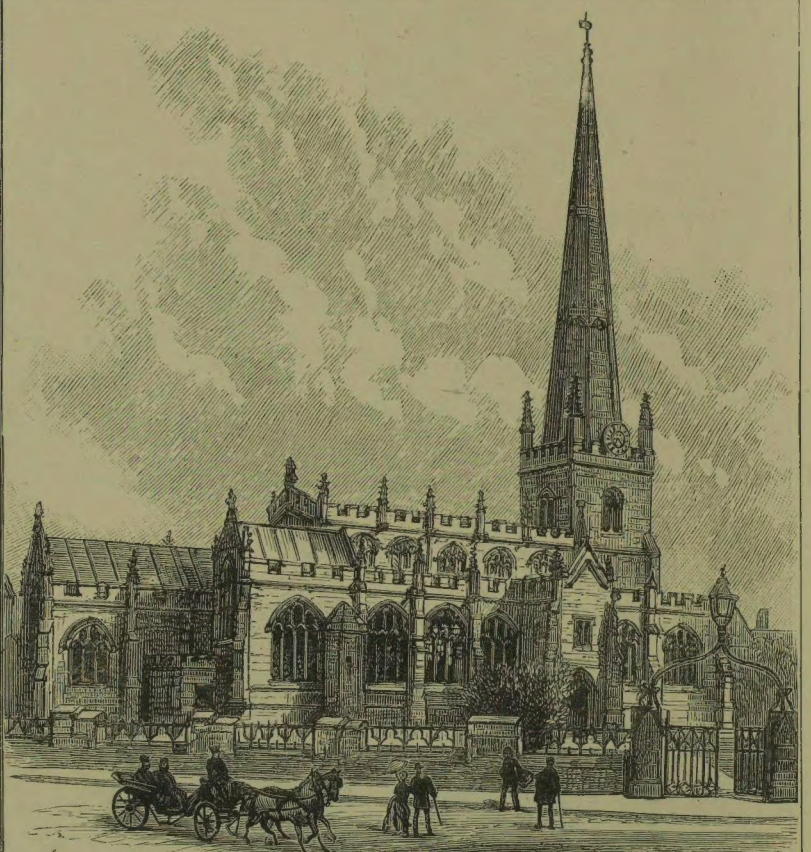
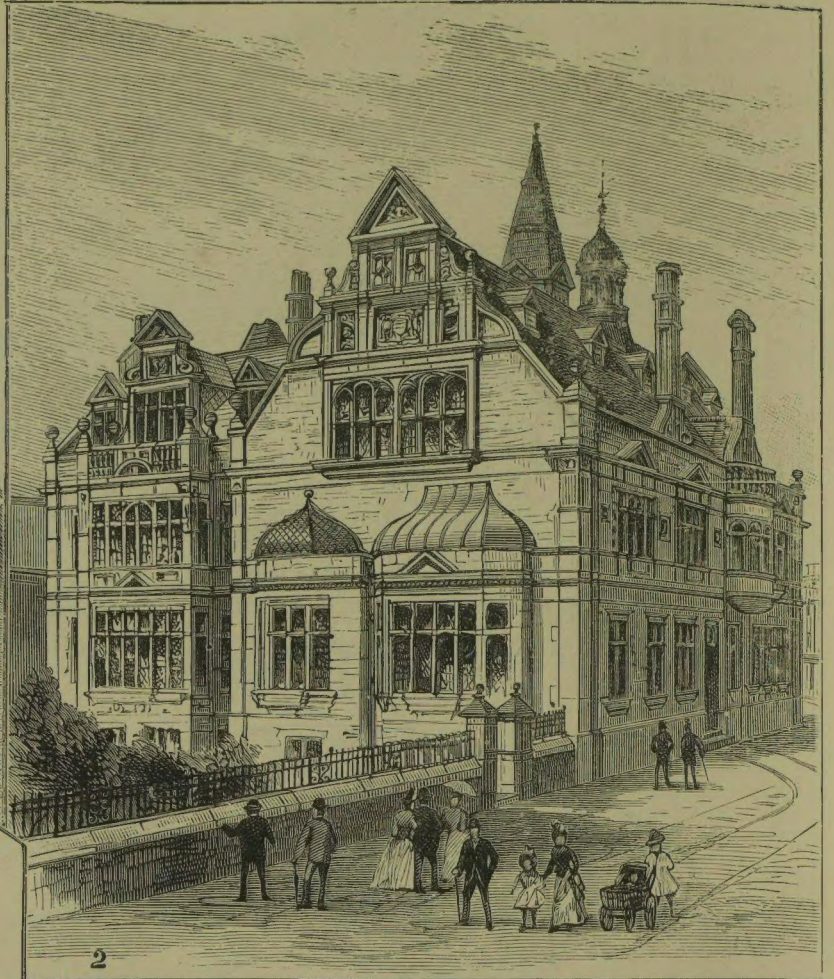
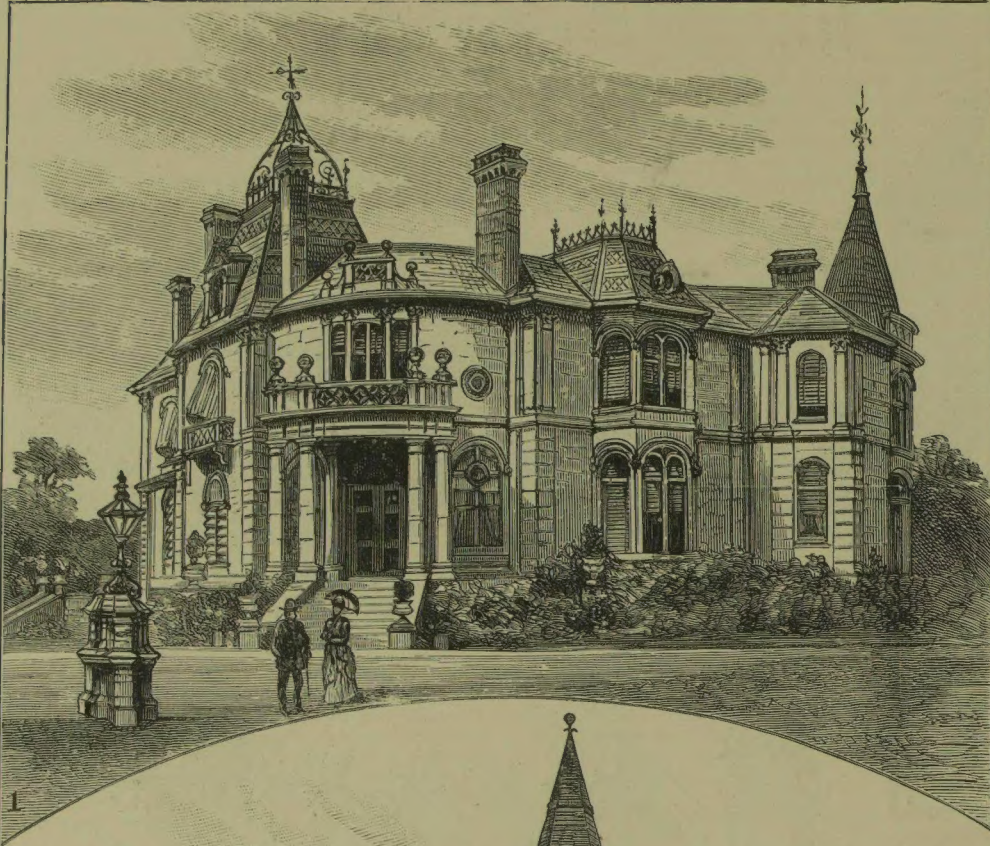
against the hostile attacking force, commanded by Colonel Cary, of the East Yorkshire Regiment, who had landed at Hout's Bay, as was supposed, intending to force a passage to the rear of Capetown. The action was conducted with skill and spirit, resulting apparently in the complete defeat of the enemy. We are indebted to Mr. W. Morris, one of the Capetown Highlanders, for sketches of the camp. A droll incident, but rather "unregimental," is the Trumpet-Major of the Capetown Artillery using the big drum for the tattoo, to accompany the pibroch march of the Capetown Highlanders.

On June 8 the Marquis of Lorne presided at the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Princess Louise Home, in connection with the National Society for the Protection of Young Girls. This home, in which the Princess takes a benevolent interest,

is situated at Wanstead, Essex, and the object of the society is to save young girls, between the ages of eleven and fifteen, whether orphans or otherwise, who are from any circumstance in danger of becoming abandoned; to educate, train, feed, clothe, and prepare them for future usefulness as domestic servants; and to protect them generally during the most critical period of life.

Advices from Australia, received at Plymouth, state that the barque Wandering Minstrel, of Peterhead, had been missing for fifteen months. It has been learnt that the ship was lost whilst shark-fishing in the South Seas, and the crew were cast away on Midway Island. The chief officer and two men started in a boat for the Sandwich Islands, and were lost. The remainder of the crew were rescued after being on a desert island for fourteen months, during which time four died.





1. Highfield Hilperton, the residence of Mr. Roger Brown.  
4. The parish church, Trowbridge, from the north.

2. The Jubilee Townhall, Trowbridge, from the east.  
5. Rood Ashton, the seat of Mr. Walter H. Long, M.P.

3. The Jubilee Townhall, from the west.  
6. Mr. Roger Brown, donor of the Jubilee Townhall.





"BIANCA."—BY EUGEN VON BLAAS.

## PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP IN BRITTANY.

The British Consul at Brest, in his last report, refers to the condition of the Breton peasant proprietor, and says that although he has a great natural aptitude for tilling the soil he labours under considerable disadvantages. As a rule, he cannot furnish himself with the proper plant, cattle, and implements for agriculture, and, above all, bear the expense of draining. Nearly all the land cultivated by the peasant proprietor is worked with the spade, and the fear of losing, or even risking, the slender profit he is able to make by his severe labours effectually prevents any enterprise, and engenders a spirit of avarice difficult to describe. The peasantry apparently live in a condition of squalor, happily unknown to the English agricultural labourer. Thanks, however, to their extraordinary parsimony, it is perhaps doubtful if they are actually as poor as they seem; but their pale and troubled faces and bent forms, even in early life, show how badly they are fed, whether they

can afford comfort or not. In Brittany, certainly, under the peasant proprietorship system, the land is not properly worked, and much goes out of cultivation. It is the custom to raise immense banks as hedges between their little plots, to grow scrub-oak on. These banks, with their huge crest of scrub, shade the land to a great distance on each side, and from the resulting damp little will grow under them. The object is to obtain the firewood, which is of very slow growth, and the peasant, in thus trying to get too much out of his plot, is half starved, whilst half killing himself with labour. Many other instances could be presented of the same shortsightedness in squeezing the land. Men and women indiscriminately perform the work of the agricultural animals they cannot afford to buy, with the usual consequent evils to health.

Princess Christian presided at a drawing-room meeting on June 5, at the residence of Mrs. Francis Jeune, in Wimpole-

street, to consider the question of the State registration of trained nurses. Her Royal Highness was influentially supported, those present including the Lady Mayoress, Lady Knutsford, Dowager Viscountess Galway, Lady Haliburton, Lady Hamilton, Lady Lumsden, and Dr. and Mrs. Robson Roose. The Princess, in a few well-chosen words, expressed her deep interest in the work, and her desire that it should be known and developed. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Miss Wood, and Dr. Bedford Fenwick spoke in support of the resolution, urging the necessity of a registration of nurses similar to that for doctors. At present any woman calling herself a nurse can practise as such, and often does so with disastrous consequences—hence the appeal to the public to employ only nurses having the British Nurses' Association's diploma. The annual expense of the medical registration is nearly £9000; and though for the nurses the cost will not be so great, yet the preliminary outlay must be considerable.



## NOVELS AND TALES.

*Kophetua the Thirteenth.* By Julian Corbett. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—This clever political satire, in the guise of an imaginative romance, with very lifelike movements of human feeling, and with shrewd hits at the fashionable follies of not very distant social history, belongs to the "Utopia" class of fictions. "Oneiria," which means Dreamland, is nevertheless described as a peculiar State; of legendary existence, that came to an end towards the close of the last century, and that was located in a region of North-west Africa very recently explored by Mr. Joseph Thomson and by several French and German travellers. To the south of the semi-barbarous Empire of Morocco, beyond the mountain range of the Great Atlas, is the valley or plain of the Dra and its tributary streams, bounded by the Anti-Atlas, which shuts it in from the Sahara. Its native people are different from the Berbers, as well as from the Moors; but there is some reason to believe that, long subsequent to the fall of the Roman Empire, parts of this country were still inhabited by a comparatively civilised nation, professing a form of Christianity. Mr. Julian Corbett has apparently studied, in the description given by Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, the natural features of the Anti-Atlas region, with the remains of ancient buildings, and the supposed cave-hermitages or rock-cut monastic dwellings, of which we have heard. But his ingenious structure of fiction is based on the pseudo-historical statement that an adventurous English Knight, of the Elizabethan period, with a band of valiant "Bohemians" or "Alsations," representing influences current in the European Renaissance, conquered that country and founded the Oneirian kingdom. This foundation, however, was nominally at least a revival; for the quaint old ballad-story of Kophetua, which is quoted by Shakespeare, speaks of that "princely wight" as having once reigned in Africa; and the restorer of the fabled monarchy, therefore, styled himself Kophetua II. Eleven direct successors bore the same name, and Kophetua XIII., with whom we are now concerned, is the legitimate King of Oneiria a few years after the French Revolution of 1789. Hitherto, it must be observed, that peaceful sequestered community has scarcely had any direct intercourse with Europe; but its Royal Court has often exchanged civilities with the Spanish Governor of the Canary Isles. The Queen-Mother, widow of the late King, is herself a foreigner, being the daughter of a German officer in the service of Spain; while the High Chancellor, Turbo, is a Spaniard who came to Oneiria in her train.

These personages are of great importance in the story, which turns on personal and party intrigues of very amusing character. The constitution of Oneiria, which has a Parliamentary government, requires every King to marry before he attains the age of thirty, in default of which he must abdicate the throne. Now, Kophetua XIII., in his thirtieth year, a Prince of noble disposition, pure in heart and life, chivalrous, humane, and courteous, is still averse to taking a wife. This is a severe affliction to his mother, as he is her only son; and it is mainly the baneful effect of tuition received in his youth from the wicked Turbo, who not only is ambitious to grasp supreme power during an expected interregnum, but is the Queen-Dowager's bitter enemy, and a profound hater and despiser of all ladies. Turbo, the villain of the story, was an accepted suitor of this lady in Spain, before her elevation in rank; he fought a terrible duel for her sake, receiving wounds that crippled him for life and disfigured his face with hideous gashes; then she jilted him to become a Queen, and now he has his revenge. The Court and Parliament are divided into factions: the Kallists, who hold that a Queen-Consort ought to be chosen for her matchless beauty; the Agathists, who contend that saintly virtue should be the qualification; and the Kallikagathists, who want to find a candidate with a tolerable degree both of virtue and beauty. This last faction is headed by General Dolabella, who combines in his own person the headship of the Army and that of the Established Church, as Minister of War and Minister of Public Worship, being an old beau, ridiculous for his affected gallantry, with a rigorously prudish wife. The elderly Queen-Mother, to whom we cannot refuse our esteem and sympathy, is patroness of the Agathist view, while Turbo, though he privately intends that the King shall marry nobody, ostensibly sides with the Kallists. There is no other question in Oneirian politics but that of the King's marriage within the year; the State has an overflowing revenue with hardly any taxes, and its citizens are the most loyal, docile, and contented people in the world.

One gross and ugly blot on its refined civilisation has been left for ages unnoticed; there is a quarter of the capital city, a sort of Ghetto, abandoned to a vile race of vicious beggars, lawless savages addicted to the foulest crimes. It is never entered by the police; it is a squalid den of cruelty and misery, ruled by a horrible monster called the Emperor of the Beggars, whose face was never seen by honest folk. King Kophetua, weary of ease and idleness, wishing to do some heroic deed of philanthropy, ventures alone, in disguise, to explore this horrible quarter of his metropolis. There, to his huge astonishment, he surprises Turbo, his former tutor, the High Chancellor of his realm, pursuing an unhappy beggar-girl with brutal force. Kophetua protects her like a man; Turbo runs away; the disguised King and the poor ragged maid, caught together by the horde of beggars, are about to be put to death, by the custom of that criminal community, but they contrive to escape.

Here begins, in the life of Kophetua XIII., an interesting but inconclusive love-story, which ends otherwise than one would expect. It promises awhile to repeat, with much difference, the ancient example of his mythical predecessor, "and how Kophetua wooed a beggar-maid." Yet he does not woo her, or in any way desire her, for some months after he has rescued her, and has provided her with honourable shelter in domestic service near his Court. In the long run, after all, they cease to be lovers, and each weds somebody else. Penelophon, her name as well as that of the maiden in the old ballad, is from the dispersed Christian race beyond the mountains; she has been virtuously brought up, and has retained her sweet innocence among the infamous gang of profane outcasts. She worships the King as an angel, with never a presumptuous thought; while Kophetua reveres her simple purity, comparing it with the mercenary coquetry and immodesty of the Court ladies. He has, indeed, been fascinated somewhat by the rare natural and artificial charms of one of these, Mdle. De Tricotrin, daughter of an *émigré* French Marquis, brought to Oneiria with the express purpose of marrying his Majesty. Though Mdle. De Tricotrin, with the approval of the Queen-Mother, is a lady highly eligible for Queen-Consort, her chances are imperilled, for a time, by the detection of her treachery to Penelophon. King Kophetua is actually on the point of privately marrying his humble protégée, at a monastery in the mountains, when he is called back to the city by an attempted revolution. Finally, being a King, he is fain to save his crown by espousing the accomplished French lady, to the satisfaction of his subjects. Penelophon obtains, for her part, a good husband in brave Captain Pertinax, and will never regret not being a Queen.

The story is high comedy, rather than a serious representation of life in any age or nation. It is of good literary quality, and is one of the most entertaining books of this kind.

*Ardath: The Story of a Dead Self.* By Marie Corelli. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The Apocryphal Book of Esdras, which ordinary English Bible-readers do not read, mystically makes mention of the "flowery field" of "Ardath," where a desponding seeker of truth is bidden to sit and wait for wisdom. As the book was probably written by a Jewish exile in Babylon, it is likely enough that there was really a field called "Ardath" near that city. It is not unlikely that some ancient sect of the Oriental Christian Church, represented by a small monastic community in the Caucasus, might have cherished a religious tradition in some way referring to Ardath. In these days, when many persons of "culture" permit their minds to become the seat of a bewildering conflict between cynical agnosticism and fantastic sentimentalism, an English literary gentleman named Alwyn, having money and leisure, may easily be supposed to go to the romantic abode of Brother Heliobas, in the Pass of Dariel, to inquire for a spiritual revelation. We have known one or two very clever men, great favourites in London society, travel quite as far to consult the wise men of the East, and come back with a fresh religion, which they had gathered from obscure antiquity.

Mr. Alwyn's case is peculiar; he is the son of a Greek mother, and was christened—impossibly for a Christian or any other mortal—with the Greek name of "Theos"; he is proud, passionate, ambitious and amorous of the ideal; worst of all, he is a poet. Yet Brother Heliobas, who knows Parisian life as well as he knows the mystic lore of the Chaldees and Zoroaster, calmly undertakes his spiritual cure. This is effected by the application of no orthodox creed, but in a vision, when the spirit for some hours quits the hypnotised body, followed by a journey to the ruins of Babylon, a visit to the hermit Elzear, and the discovery of a superhuman city, Al-Kyris—which things are a dream. As for the phantom figures of Zephoranin the King, of Sahluma the bard (who is Mr. Alwyn's other self), Lysia and Niphata, beautiful ideal forms of female loveliness, Khosrul, Zuriel, and Zabastes, with their sublime allegorical strife, they vanish on his awakening in the Field of Ardath. But he has renounced selfishness for evermore, which, in our opinion, he could have done just as well in London. The substantial reality that is preserved to him from these romantic Eastern wanderings, besides the friendship of the enlightened Heliobas, is the love of a charming maiden named Ebris, whom he meets again in a cathedral on the Rhine, and who has latterly become his wife. We would humbly suggest that the essential lesson of the Christian faith and life can be learnt by a simpler mental process.

*Passe Rose.* By Arthur Shelburne Hardy (Sampson Low and Co.).—A genuine romance, harmonious in tone and unique in imaginative conception, rivalling the best works of Mr. R. L. Stevenson in the rapid succession of striking incidents, and excelling them, we must feel, in the power of exciting personal sympathy for its characters, is presented by Mr. A. S. Hardy in this volume. Its style has a grace and a force seldom equalled, with an entire absence of trick and affectation. Its subject is a series of adventures consistently devised, in which the chief actor and sufferer is a brave, pure-hearted, charming girl, of humble birth, irregularly educated, and somewhat of a "Bohemian" in the freedom of her manners and behaviour; yet clear of serious reproach, loving ardently, daring and doing boldly in her loyal self-devotion to a knightly lover whose heart is true to her. The historical surroundings of the story are arranged in perfect keeping, and do not at all encumber its dramatic vivacity. In the time of Charlemagne, here called "Karle"—we would have the final "e" lopped off his German name in future editions—anything conceivable in the life of mediæval chivalry, of a Kingly Court, with its lords and ladies, of a stately Monastery, with its venerable Abbot and intriguing Prior, of castles and cabins in the forest, and hunting-parties riding by, and the households of thriving tradesmen in the towns, might happen between Maestricht and Aix-la-Chapelle.

The orphan child of parents who died of the pestilence in the South of France, called "Passe Rose" with some poetical significance by the neighbours in Provence, this maiden had been trained as a dancer with a travelling company of minstrels, but had left them, at the approach of her womanhood, for the sake of modesty, and had become the adopted daughter of honest Werdrick, the goldsmith of Maestricht, and of his good old wife Jeanne. Going one day into the woods to gather herbs for the kitchen, she chances to meet a noble gentleman, Gui of Tours, captain of the King's huntsmen, and son of Count Robert, one of the most favoured courtiers of his Majesty. She will not listen to his expressions of admiration, but he leaves with her a golden circlet, which she puts about her neck and goes home. At a grand ecclesiastical ceremony, the exhibition of relics in the Abbey of St. Servais, this girl, being in the crowd, is noticed by the porter, a stout Saxon bondsman named Friedgris, who recognises the golden collar. It is the year after the famous conquest of the heathen Saxons by the Frankish army of Charlemagne. Among the fugitives, in equal distress and peril, were a high-born Saxon young lady, Rothilde, to whom this collar belonged, and Friedgris, in whose rugged manly nature, the difference of rank being set aside by a common disaster, an inextinguishable passion for Rothilde, rising to adoration, has consoled him, though now a slave, with the hope of finding her again. By the help of Passe Rose, she is discovered now living in ease and pomp among the Court ladies, her golden ornament only having been taken from her at the division of the spoils of war.

This Rothilde, despising and hating the memory of her humble countryman, is ambitious to marry Count Robert, who would gladly have her, but the King refuses his consent. A political conspiracy in the Empire has secretly developed a plot for the assassination of the King, in which the Prior Sergius is deeply implicated; and Rothilde, being supposed by the Prior to cherish a deadly resentment against his Majesty, is engaged to conduct the assassin to the King's chamber. Passe Rose, through accidental overhearings and the mis-carriage of treasonable papers, obtains knowledge of this plot, and seeks to warn the King by the aid of Gui of Tours. Her absence from home till a late hour, with her possession of the golden collar, and other circumstances, provoke the anger of the respectable Werdrick, whose severity drives her from his house. The tale of her wanderings, her arrival at the Royal Castle of Imbaburg, where she again meets Gui, and her encounter with Rothilde in the ruins of an ancient Roman tower on the banks of the Wurm, is sufficiently adventurous. Rothilde, finding Passe Rose aware of the conspiracy, attempts to stab her, but is foiled and thrown into the river; and, though not drowned, has been accidentally wounded by her own poisoned dagger, which soon causes her death. She had not intended really to aid in the murder of the King, but to betray her accomplices and to ask him for the hand of the Count Robert as her reward.

The concluding act of the story of Passe Rose is truly noble. The great King and Emperor, whose magnanimity is rather idealised, has come to his Palace at Aix, which in his time was called "Aachen." Passe Rose, in the fearlessness of innocence, makes her way to his presence, and finds him with his natural daughter, Agnes of Solier, the intended bride of her own lover Gui. Boldly, yet modestly, she tells the whole truth; the wise monarch, when the conspiracy is baffled, offers her any recompense she may ask, while Agnes of Solier, overcome by generous emotion, renounces her claim on the lover of this faithful maiden. Passe Rose, entrusted with the King's signet for one hour, distributes justice to everybody concerned in her fortunes; and the marriage bells ring joyfully when Gui leads her to the altar. We have felt a strong interest in the reading of this story, which we heartily recommend to popular favour.

## THE RAILWAY UP VESUVIUS.

The ascent of Mount Vesuvius, 3747 ft. high, by the cable-railway car which has for some years past been in operation, does not seem a very romantic exploit. Ordinary tourists, however, sensibly congratulate themselves on being spared the toil of eight hours' walking and scrambling, especially up the cone of loose cinders to the summit. From Naples to Resina they can go by railway, and then engage guides, or they can take the omnibus, and the road is pleasant. The Observatory, under the direction of Professor Palmieri, should be visited and inspected. A tavern called the Hermitage affords comfort previously to the ascent. The station for the cable-railway is on an elevated site, commanding fine views of the bay, the islands, and the city in the distance. Refreshments are on sale, and young peasants bring delicious grapes from the vineyards below. The side of the cone looks very steep, but the stout steel-rope will not give way, as it draws up the car with ten or a dozen passengers; and if it did break, there are means of stopping a downward run. Arrived at the summit, the ground being very rough to approach the crater, ladies may be carried, on a simple kind of litter, by two sturdy guides. They can then sit down on blocks of lava, and meditate on the nature of volcanic forces, or talk of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, eighteen hundred and twenty years ago. In going and returning, on the road below, they will have an opportunity of earning the blessings of some Neapolitan beggars. The singing and mandolin-playing, of which we had some experience last year in the Italian Exhibition at West Brompton, will not be disagreeable. After all, perhaps, the best thing about "doing Vesuvius" is, to be able to say that you have "done it." If you want to talk of the cable railway in Italian, you must call it the "Ferrovia Funicolare."

## BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND CATTLE SHOW.

The show was held this year at Exeter. A gold medal offered by the English Jersey Cattle Society for the cow that should yield the largest quantity of butter in the milk taken on the first day of the exhibition was awarded to Mr. H. J. Cornish, for Flora, which had been commended in her class, and produced 2 lb. 7 oz.

The exhibition of the Guernsey breed was not comparable in merit to the Jerseys. Norman, belonging to Mr. Morris, was the first winner in the old bull class. The class for two-year-old bulls had three entries, but the judges considered none of them worthy of a prize, and, to their credit, they had the courage to act up to their convictions. The bulls calved in 1888 were a better lot; Colonel Mackay's Ilpin IV. was first. Among the Guernsey cows, Mr. Glynde was first with Jessie. Lord Londesborough was first in the three-year-old class with Lucilla. Colonel Mackay, Mr. Long, Lord Londesborough, and Mr. Morris got honours for young heifers of promise, but the youngest class could scarcely be considered up to the mark generally.

The Sussex breeders brought some very good specimens. Mr. L. Huth won three first prizes with his bulls. Lord Beckley VI. and Fitzgerald V., and his cow Lilly II.; the three first prizes for heifers being carried off by Mr. Barclay Field with Young Molding II., Primrose, and Berry IX. Mr. Waterlow's young bull Kingly Knight won first prize in its class. The older bulls which won second prizes were Mr. Wood's Bustard and Mr. Godman's Oxford Duke.

Probably there was never a better or more varied sheep display in this part of the kingdom. The Devon long wools were very fine. In the shearing ram class Sir J. H. Heathcote-Amory took first prize, and both prizes for ewes fell to him also. Leicesters were of different types. Messrs. J. and D. Linton were placed first, but Mrs. Perry Herrick's second-prize pen of ewes displayed well the character of the original Bakewell type.

The Prince of Wales carried off the first prize for ewes in the Southdown division. The Prince was also second in the shearing ram class with a remarkably fine well-shaped animal; but Mr. Ellis produced a superb specimen, which was placed above him for first prize. Mr. Ellis won another first for ram lambs.

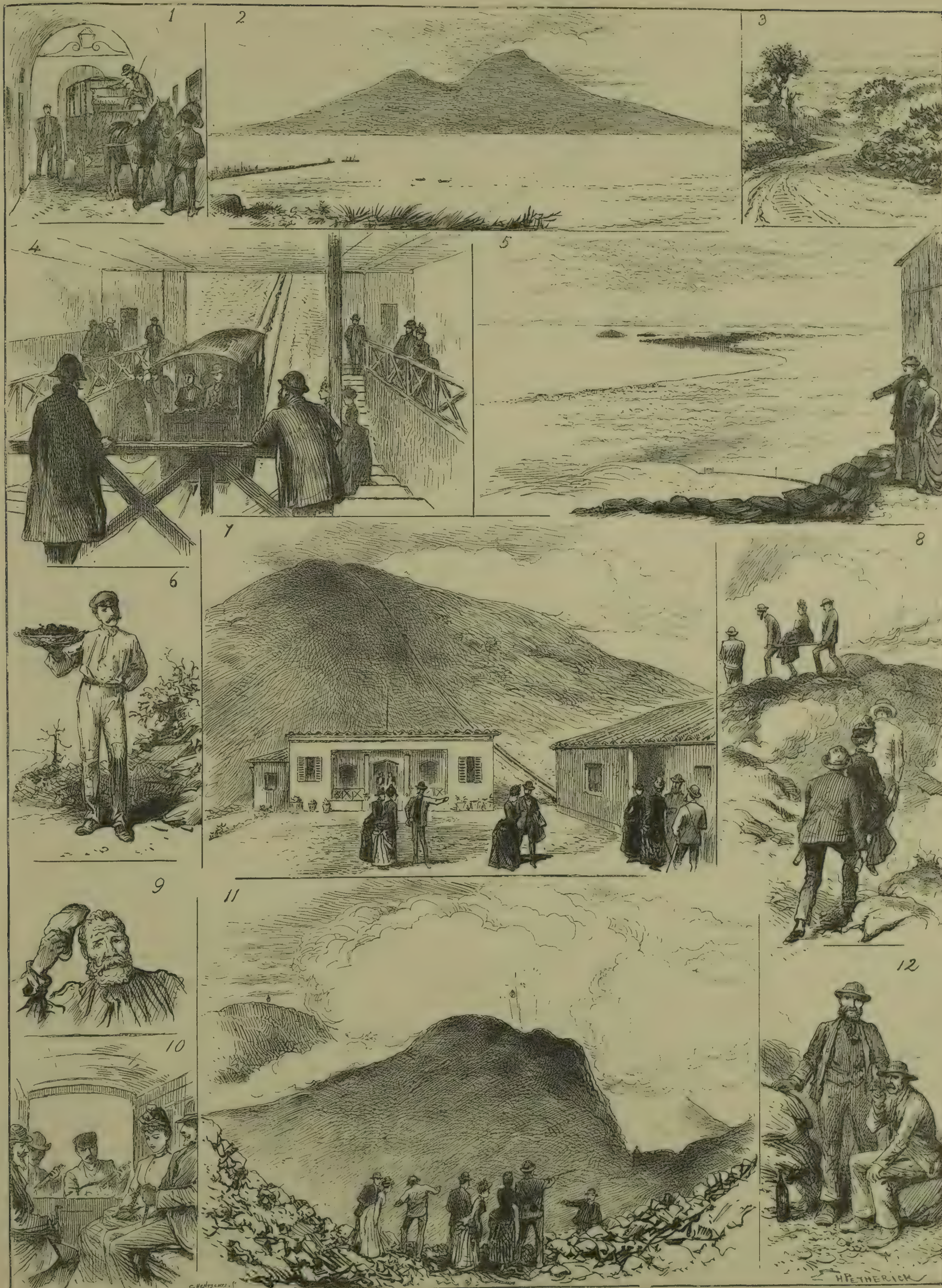
Shropshires were numerous, especially in the shearing ram class, where Mr. A. E. Mansell was first. None of the sheep excited more admiration than the two pens of ewes belonging to Mr. Farmer and Mr. Graham, which won the prizes. The short entry of the Oxfordshire Downs was fully compensated by the superiority of Mr. G. Adams, who took first and second prizes in the class for shearing rams and ewes. Lord Poltimore and Mr. Stanley were the only exhibitors of Exmoors, and the prizes went to the former.

Chief merit in the porcine department probably lay in the small black division, in which the Earl of Portsmouth, Mr. W. S. Northey, and Mr. S. Pettit had some excellent specimens. Berkshires were not so numerous as they sometimes appear; but animals which took honours were above ordinary merit, belonging to Mr. W. Bengafield, Mr. E. Burbidge, Mr. C. E. Duckering, Mr. Williams, Mr. E. Hayter, and Mr. T. A. Fricker. The Holywell Manor white pigs of Mr. Saunders Spencer showed off well, and he took four first and two second prizes. Mrs. Meynell Ingram won three first prizes for small whites, and her boar was a truly grand specimen.

The society has always brought into display large and excellent exhibitions of implements and machinery, and on this occasion a considerable proportion of the leading firms of agricultural engineers had stands. Mowing-machines are just now very much in demand, for in Devon haymaking is in active progress even with the meadow grass, and there were twenty-six exhibitors of mowers and reapers.

Cambridge University has conferred the degree of Doctor in Letters, *honoris causa*, upon Mr. Augustus Wollaston Franks, M.A., of Trinity College, C.B., F.R.S., Keeper of British and Mediæval Antiquities, &c., at the British Museum; and the degree of Master of Arts, *honoris causa*, upon Baron Anatole von Hugel, Curator of the Museum of Archaeology at Cambridge.





1. Omnibus starting for Vesuvius from Naples.

2. View of Vesuvius from Naples.

3. View on the road.

4. Station, with cable railway-carriage, for ascending the cone.

5. View outside the station, looking towards Naples.

6. Grapes from a vineyard at the base of Vesuvius.

7. Station and refreshment-room, with cable railway up the cone.

8. Guides carrying ladies over the rough ground to the crater.

9. Beggar.

10. Omnibus passengers followed by mandolin-players.

11. The crater of the volcano.

12. Guides at the crater.



# CLEOPATRA:

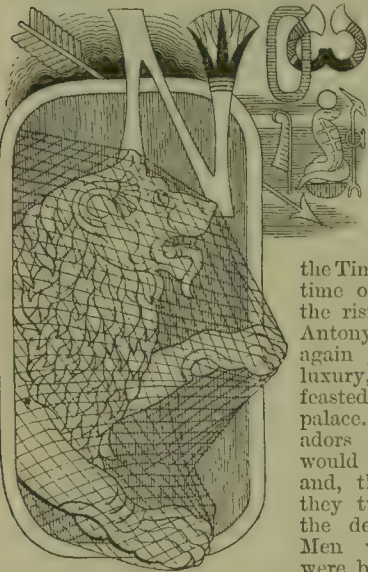
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE WORKINGS OF THE LEARNED OLYMPUS AT MEMFI; OF THE POISONINGS OF CLEOPATRA; OF THE SPEECH OF ANTONY TO HIS CAPTAINS; AND OF THE PASSING OF ISIS FROM THE LAND OF KHEM.



must I, Harmachis, make speed with this my task, setting down that which is permitted as shortly as may be, and leaving much untold. For of this am I warned, that Doom draws on and my days are wellnigh sped. After the drawing forth of Antony from the Timonium came that heavy time of quiet which heralds the rising of the desert wind. Antony and Cleopatra once again gave themselves up to luxury, and night by night feasted in splendour at the palace. They sent ambassadors to Cæsar; but Cæsar would have none of them; and, this hope being gone, they turned their minds to the defence of Alexandria. Men were gathered, ships were built, and a great force

was made ready against the coming of Cæsar.

And now, aided by Charmion, I began my last work of hate and vengeance. Deep I wormed myself into the secrets of the palace, counselling all things for evil. I bade Cleopatra keep Antony gay, lest he should brood upon his sorrows; and thus she sapped his strength and energy with luxury and wine. I gave him of my draughts—draughts that sank his soul in dreams of happiness and power, leaving him to wake to the heavier misery. Soon, without my healing medicine he could not sleep, and thus, being ever at his side, I bound his weakened will to mine, till at last little would he do if I said not "It is well." Cleopatra, also grown very superstitious, leaned much upon me; for I prophesied falsely to her in secret. Moreover, I wove other webs. Great was my fame throughout Egypt, for during the long years that I had dwelt in Tapé it had spread through all the land. Therefore came many men of note to me, both for their health's sake and because it was known that I had the ear of Antony and the Queen; and, in these days of doubt and trouble, fain were they to learn the truth. All these men I worked upon with doubtful words, sapping their loyalty; and many I caused to fall away, and yet none could bear an evil report of what I had said. Moreover, Cleopatra sent me to Memfi, there to move the Priests and Governors that they should gather men in Upper Egypt for the defence of Alexandria. And I went and spoke to the Priests with such a double meaning and with so much wisdom that they knew me to be one of the initiated in the deeper mysteries. But how I, Olympus the physician, came thus to be initiated none might say. And afterwards they sought me secretly, and I gave them the holy sign of brotherhood, and thereunder bade them not to ask who I might be, but send no aid to Cleopatra. Rather, I said, must they make peace with Cæsar, for by Cæsar's grace only could the worship of the Gods endure in Khem. So, having taken counsel of the holy Apis, they promised in public to give help to Cleopatra, but in secret sent an embassy to Cæsar.

Thus then it came to pass that but little aid did Egypt give to his hated Macedonian Queen. Thence from Memfi I came once more to Alexandria, and having made report, continued my secret work. And, indeed, the Alexandrians could not easily be stirred, for, as they say in the market-place, "The ass looks at the burden and is blind to the master." So long had Cleopatra oppressed them, that the Roman was like a welcome friend.

Thus the time passed on, and every night found Cleopatra with fewer friends than that which had gone before, for in evil days friends fly like swallows before the frost. Yet she would not give up Antony, whom she loved; though to my knowledge did Cæsar, by his freedman, Thyreus, make promise to her of her dominions for herself and for her children if she would but slay Antony, or even betray him bound. But hereunto her woman's heart (for still she had a heart) would not consent, and, therefore, of necessity must we hold him to her, lest, Antony escaping or being slain, Cleopatra might ride out the storm and yet be Queen of Egypt. And this grieved me, because Antony, though weak, was still a brave man and a great; and, moreover, in my own heart I read the lesson of his woes. For were we not akin in wretchedness? Had not the same woman robbed us of empire, friends, and honour? But pity has no place in politics, nor could it turn my feet from the path of vengeance it was ordained that I should tread. Cæsar drew nigh; Pelusium fell; the end was at hand. 'Twas Charmion who brought the tidings to the Queen and Antony, as they slept in the heat of the day, and with her I came.

"Awake!" she cried. "Awake! This is no time for sleep! Seleucus hath surrendered Pelusium unto Cæsar, who marches straight on Alexandria!"

With a great oath, Antony sprang up and clutched Cleopatra by the arm.

"Thou hast betrayed me—by the Gods I swear it! Now thou shalt pay the price!" And snatching up his sword he drew it.

"Stay thy hand, Antony!" she cried. "It is false—naught know I of this!" And she sprang upon him, and clung about his neck, weeping. "Naught know I, my Lord. Take thou the wife of Seleucus and his little children, whom I hold in guard, and avenge thyself. O Antony! Antony! why dost thou doubt me?"

Then Antony threw down his sword upon the marble, and casting himself upon the couch, hid his face, and groaned in bitterness of spirit.

But Charmion smiled, for she it was who had sent secretly to Seleucus, her friend, counselling him to surrender forthwith, saying that at Alexandria would no fight be made. And that very night Cleopatra took all her great store of pearls and emeralds—those that remained of the treasure of Menka-ra—all her wealth of gold, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, treasure

without price, and placed it in the mausoleum of granite which, after our Egyptian fashion, she had built upon the hill that is by the Temple of the holy Isis. These riches she piled up upon a bed of flax, that when she fired it, all might perish in the flame and escape the greed of money-loving Octavianus. And in this tomb henceforth she slept, away from Antony; but in the daytime still she saw him at the palace.

But a little while after, when Cæsar with all his great force had already crossed the Canopic mouth of the Nile and was hard on Alexandria, I came to the palace whither Cleopatra had summoned me. There I found her in the Alabaster Hall, royally clad, a wild light in her eyes, and, with her, Iras and Charmion, and before her guards; and stretched here and there upon the marble bodies of dead men, among whom lay one yet dying.

"Greeting, thou Olympus!" she cried. "Here is a sight to glad a physician's heart—men dead and men sick unto death!"

"What doest thou, O Queen?" I said, affrighted.

"What do I? I do justice on these criminals and traitors; and, Olympus, I learn the ways of death. Six different poisons have I caused to be given to these slaves, and with an attentive eye have watched their working. That man," and she pointed to a Nubian, "he went mad, and raved of his native deserts and his mother. He thought himself a child again, poor fool! and bade her hold him close to her breast and save him from the darkness which drew near. And that Greek, he shrieked, and, shrieking, died. And this, he wept and prayed for pity, and in the end, like a coward, breathed his last. Now, note the Egyptian yonder, he who still lives and groans; the first he took the draught—the deadliest draught of all, they swore—and yet the slave so dearly loves his life he will not leave it! See, he yet strives to throw the poison from him; twice have I given him the cup and yet he is athirst. What a drunkard have we here! Man, man, knowest thou not that in death only can peace be found? Struggle no more, but enter into rest." And even as she spoke, the man, with a great cry, gave up the spirit.

"There!" she cried, "at length the farce is played—away with those slaves whom I have forced through the difficult gates of Joy!" and she clapped her hands. But when they had drawn the bodies thence she drew me to her, and thus she spoke—

"Olympus, for all thy prophecies, the end is at hand. Cæsar must conquer, and I and my Lord Antony be lost. Now, therefore, the play being wellnigh done, must I make ready to leave this stage of earth in such fashion as becomes a Queen. For this cause, then, do I make trial of these poisons, seeing that in my person must I soon endure those agonies of death that to-day I give to others. These drugs please me not: some wrench out the soul with cruel pains and some too slowly work their end. But thou art skilled in the medicines of death. Now, do thou prepare me such a draught as shall, pangsless, steal my life away."

And as I listened the sense of triumph filled my bitter heart, for I knew now that by my own hand should this ruined woman die and the justice of the Gods be done.

"Spoken like a Queen, O Cleopatra!" I said. "Death shall cure thy ills, and I will brew such a wine as shall draw him down a sudden friend and sink thee in a sea of slumber whence, upon this earth, thou shalt never wake again. Oh! fear not Death: Death is thy true friend; and, surely, sinless and pure of heart shalt thou pass into the dreadful presence of the Gods!"

She trembled. "And if the heart be not altogether pure, tell me—thou dark man—what then? Nay, I fear not the Gods!—for if the Gods of Hell be men, there shall I queen it also. At the least, having once been Royal, Royal shall I ever be."

And as she spoke, suddenly from the palace gates came a great clamour, and the noise of joyful shouting.

"Why, what is this?" she said, springing from her couch.

"Antony! Antony!" rose the cry—"Antony hath conquered!"

Swiftly she turned and ran, her long hair streaming on the wind. I followed her, more slowly, down the great hall, across the courtyards, to the palace gates. And here she met Antony, riding through them, radiant with smiles and clad in his Roman armour. When he saw her he leapt to the ground, and, all armed as he was, clasped her to his breast.

"What is it?" she cried; "is Cæsar fallen?"

"Nay, not altogether fallen, Egypt; but we have beat his horsemen back to their trenches, and, like the beginning, so shall be the end, for, as they say here, 'Where the head goes the tail will follow.' Moreover, Cæsar has my challenge, and if he will but meet me hand to hand, soon shall the world see which is the better man, Antony or Octavian." And even as he spoke and the people cheered, there came the cry of "A messenger from Cæsar!"

The herald entered, and, bowing low, gave a writing to Antony, bowed again, and went. Cleopatra snatched it from his hand, broke the silk, and read aloud:—

"Cæsar to Antony. Greeting.

"This answer to thy challenge: Can Antony find no better way of death than beneath the sword of Cæsar? Farewell!"

And thereafter they cheered no more.

The darkness came, and ere it was midnight, having feasted with those friends who to-night wept over his woes and to-morrow should betray him, Antony went forth to the gathering of the captains of the land-forces and of the fleet attended by many, among whom was I.

And when all were come together, he spoke to them, standing bareheaded in their midst, beneath the radiance of the moon. And thus he most nobly spoke:—

"Friends and companions in arms! who yet cling to me, and whom many a time I have led to victory, hearken to me now who, to-morrow, may lie in the dumb dust, disempired and dishonoured. This is our design: no longer will we hang on poised wings above the flood of war, but will straightway plunge, perchance thence to snatch the victor's diadem, or, failing, there to drown. Be now but true to me, and to your honour's sake, and still may you sit, the most proud of men, at my right hand in the Capitol of Rome. Fail me now, and lost is the cause of Antony and lost are ye. Hazardous indeed must be to-morrow's battle, but many a time have we stood and faced a fiercer peril, and ere the sun had sunk once more have driven armies like desert sands before our gale of valour and counted the spoil of hostile kings. What have we to fear? Though allies be fled, still is our array as strong as Cæsar's! And show we but as high a heart, why, I swear to you, upon my princely word, to-morrow night shall I deck yonder Canopic Gate with the heads of Octavian and his captains! Aye, cheer, and cheer again! I love that martial music which swells not as from the indifferent lips of clarions, now 'neath the breath of Antony and now of Cæsar, but rather out the hearts of honest men who love me. Yet—and now I will speak low, as we do speak o'er the bier of some beloved dead—yet, if Fortune should rise against me, and if, borne down by the weight of arms, Antony, the soldier, dies a soldier's death, leaving you to mourn him

who ever was your friend, this is my will, that after our rough fashion of the camp, I here declare to you. You know where all my treasure lies. Take it, most dear friends; and, in the memory of Antony, make just division. Then go to Cæsar and speaks thus: 'Antony, the dead, to Cæsar, the living, sends greeting; and, in the name of ancient fellowship and of many a peril dared, craves this boon: the safety of those who cling to him and that which he hath given them.'

"Nay, let not my tears—for I must weep—overflow your eyes! Why, 'tis not manly; 'tis most womanish! All men must die, and death were welcome were it not so lone. Should I fall, to your tender care I leave my children—if, perchance, it may avail to save them from the fate of helplessness. Soldiers, enough! to-morrow at the dawn we spring at Cæsar's throat, both by land and sea. Swear that ye will cling to me, even to the last issue!"

"We swear!" they cried. "Noble Antony, we swear!"

"'Tis well! Once more my star glows bright; to-morrow, set in the highest heaven, it yet may shine the lamp of Cæsar down! 'Till then, farewell!"

He turned to go, and as he went they caught his hand and kissed it; and so deeply were they moved that many wept like children; nor could Antony master his grief, for, in the moonlight, I saw tears roll down his furrowed cheeks and fall upon that mighty breast.

And, seeing all this, I was much troubled. For well I knew that if these men held firm to Antony all might yet go well for Cleopatra; and though against Antony I bore no ill-will, yet must he fall, and in that fall drag down the woman who, like some poisonous plant, had twined herself about his giant strength till it choked and mouldered in her embrace.

Therefore, when Antony went I went not, but stood back in the shadow watching the faces of the lords and captains as they spoke together.

"Then it is agreed!" said he who should lead the fleet. "And this we swear to, one and all, that we will cling to noble Antony to the last extremity of fortune!"

"Aye! aye!" they answered.

"Aye! aye!" I said, speaking from the shadow; "cling and die!"

Fiercely they turned and seized me.

"Who is he?" quoth one.

"'Tis that dark-faced dog, Olympus!" cried another, "Olympus, the magician!"

"Olympus, the traitor!" growled another; "put an end to him and his magic!" and he drew his sword.

"Aye! slay him: he would betray the Lord Antony, whom he is paid to doctor."

"Hold a while!" I said in a slow and solemn voice, "and beware how ye try to murder the servant of the Gods. I am no traitor. For myself, I abide the event here in Alexandria, but to you I say—Flee, flee to Cæsar! I serve Antony and the Queen—I serve them truly; but above all I serve the holy Gods; and what they make known to me, that; Lords, I do know. And this I know. that Antony is doomed, and Cleopatra is doomed, for Cæsar conquers. Therefore, because I do honour you, noble Gentlemen, and think with pity on your wives, left widowed, and your little fatherless children, that shall, if ye hold to Antony, be sold as slaves; therefore I say: Cling to Antony if ye will and die; or flee to Cæsar and be saved! And this I say because it is so ordained of the Gods."

"The Gods!" they growled; "what Gods? Slit the traitor's throat and stop his ill-omened talk!"

"Let him show us a sign from his Gods or let him die; I do mistrust this man," said another.

"Stand back, ye fools!" I cried. "Stand back—free mine arms—and I will show you a sign;" and there was that in my face which frightened them, for they freed me and stood back. Then I lifted up my hands and putting out all my strength of soul searched the depths of space till my Spirit communed with the Spirit of my Mother Isis. Only the Word of Power I uttered not, as I had been bidden. And the holy mystery of the Goddess answered to my Spirit's cry, falling in awful silence upon the face of earth. Deeper and deeper grew the terrible silence; even the dogs ceased to howl, and in the city men stood still afeared. Then, from far away, there came the ghostly music of the sistra. Faint it was at first, but ever as it came it grew more loud, till the air shivered with the unearthly sound of terror. I said naught, but pointed with my hand toward the sky. And behold! bosomed upon the air, floated a vast veiled shape that, heralded by the swelling music of the sistra, drew slowly near, till its shadow lay upon us. It came, it passed, it went toward the camp of Cæsar, till at length the music slowly died away, and the awful shape was swallowed in the night.

"'Tis Bacchus!" cried one. "Bacchus, who leaves lost Antony!" and, as he spoke, from all the camp there rose a groan of terror.

But I knew that it was not Bacchus, the false God, but the Divine Isis who deserted Khem, and, passing over the edge of the world, sought her home in space, to be no more known of men. For though her worship is still upheld, though still she is here and in all Earths, no more doth Isis manifest herself in Khem. I hid my face and prayed, but when I lifted it from my robe, lo! all had fled and I was alone.

## CHAPTER XXX.

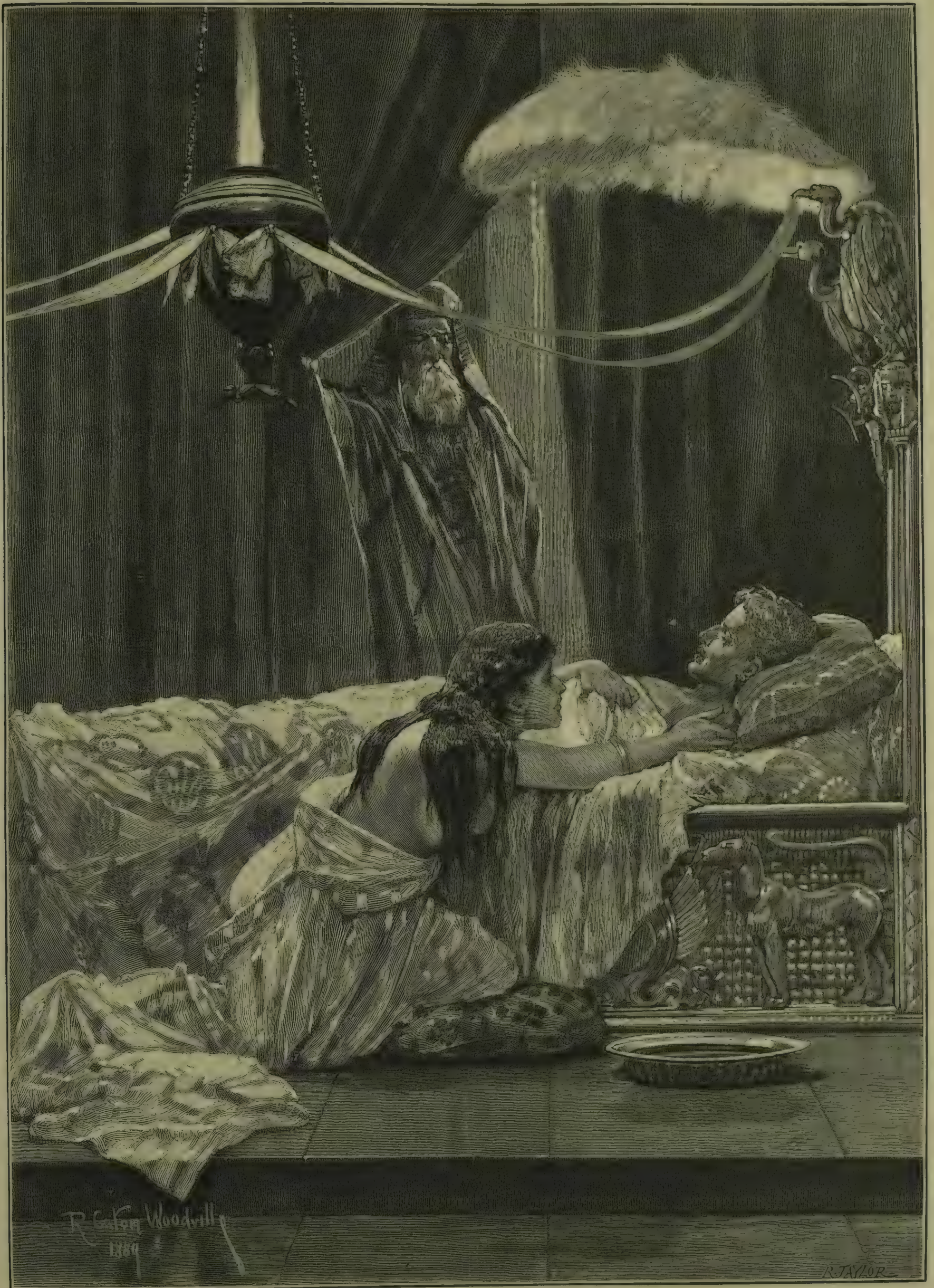
OF THE SURRENDER OF THE TROOPS AND FLEET OF ANTONY BEFORE THE CANOPIC GATE; OF THE DEATH OF ANTONY, AND OF THE BREWING OF THE DRAUGHT OF DEATH.



the morrow, at dawn, Antony came forth and gave command that his fleet should advance against the fleet of Cæsar, and that his cavalry should open the land-battle with the cavalry of Cæsar. Accordingly, the fleet advanced in a triple line, and the fleet of Cæsar came out to meet it. But when they met, the galleys of Antony lifted their oars in greeting, and passed over to the galleys of Cæsar; and together they sailed away. And the cavalry of Antony rode forth beyond the Hippodrome to charge the cavalry of Cæsar; but when they met, they lowered their swords and passed over to the camp of Cæsar, deserting Antony.

Then Antony grew mad with rage and terrible to see. He shouted to his legions to stand firm and await attack; and for a little while they stood. One man, however—that same officer who would have slain me on the yesternight—strove to





DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*There I found Antony, laid upon the golden bed of Cleopatra; and she, her face all stained with tears, knelt at his side.—CHAP. 30.*

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.



fly; but Antony seized him with his own hand, threw him to the earth, and, springing from his horse, drew his sword to slay him. On high he held his sword, while the man, covering his face, awaited death. But Antony dropped his sword and bade him rise.

"Go!" he said. "Go to Cæsar, and prosper! Once I did love thee. Why, then, among so many traitors, should I single thee out for death?"

The man rose and looked upon him sorrowfully. Then, shame overwhelming him, with a great cry he tore open his shirt of mail, plunged his sword into his own heart and fell down dead. Antony stood and gazed at him, but never a word he said. Meanwhile the ranks of Cæsar's legions drew near, and so soon as they crossed spears the legions of Antony turned and fled. Then the soldiers of Cæsar stood still, mocking them; but scarce a man was slain, for they pursued not.

"Fly, Antony! fly!" cried Eros, his servant, who alone with me stayed by him. "Fly ere thou art dragged a prisoner to Cæsar!"

So he turned and fled, groaning heavily. With him I went, and as we rode through the Canopic Gate, where many folk stood wondering, Antony spoke to me:—

"Go thou, Olympus, go to the Queen and say, 'Antony sends greeting to Cleopatra, who hath betrayed him! To Cleopatra he sends greeting and farewell!'"

And so I went to the tomb, but Antony fled on to the palace. When I came to the tomb I knocked upon the door, and Charmion looked forth from the window.

"Open," I cried, and she opened.

"What news, Harmachis?" she whispered.

"Charmion," I said, "the end is at hand. Antony is fled!"

"It is well," she answered; "I am aweary."

And there on her golden bed sat Cleopatra.

"Speak, man!" she cried.

"Antony has fled, his forces are fled, Cæsar draws near. To Cleopatra the great Antony sends greeting and farewell. Greeting to Cleopatra who hath betrayed him, and farewell."

"It is a lie!" she screamed; "I betrayed him not! Thou, Olympus, go swiftly to Antony and answer thus: 'To Antony, Cleopatra, who hath not betrayed him, sends greeting and farewell. Cleopatra is no more.'"

And so I went, following out my purpose. In the Alabaster Hall I found Antony pacing to and fro, tossing his hands towards the heaven, and with him Eros, for of all his servants Eros alone remained by this fallen man.

"Lord Antony," I said, "Egypt bids thee farewell. Egypt is dead by her own hand."

"Dead! dead!" he whispered, "and is Egypt dead? and is that form of glory now food for worms? Oh, what a woman was this! E'en now my heart goes out towards her. And shall she outdo me at the last, I who have been so great; shall I become so small that a woman can o'er top my courage and pass where I fear to follow? Eros, thou hast loved me from a boy—mindest thou how I found thee starving in the desert, and made thee rich, giving thee place and wealth? Come, now, pay me back. Draw that sword thou wearest and make an end of the woes of Antony."

"Oh, Sir," cried the Greek, "I cannot! How can I take away the life of godlike Antony?"

"Answer me not, Eros; but in the last extreme of fate this I charge thee. Do thou my bidding, or begone and leave me quite alone! No more will I see thy face, thou unfaithful servant!"

Then Eros drew his sword and Antony knelt down before him and bared his breast, turning his eyes to heaven. But Eros, crying "I cannot! oh, I cannot!" plunged the sword to his own heart, and fell dead.

Antony rose and gazed upon him. "Why, Eros, that was nobly done," he said. "Greater art thou than I, yet I have learned thy lesson!" and he knelt down and kissed him.

Then, rising of a sudden, he drew the sword from the heart of Eros, plunged it into his bowels, and fell, groaning, on the couch.

"O thou, Olympus," he cried, "this pain is more than I can bear! Make an end of me, Olympus!"

But pity stirred me, and this thing I could not do.

Therefore I drew the sword from his vitals, staunching the flow of blood, and calling to those who came crowding in to see Antony die I bade them summon Atoua from my house at the palace gates. Presently she came, bringing with her simples and life-giving draughts. And these I gave to Antony, and bade Atoua go with such speed as her old limbs might to Cleopatra, in the tomb, and tell her of the state of Antony.

So she went, and after a while returned, saying that the Queen yet lived and summoned Antony to die even in her arms. And with her came Diomedes. And when Antony heard, his ebbing strength came back, for he was fain to look upon Cleopatra's face again. So I called to the slaves—who peeped and peered through curtains and from behind pillars to see this great man die—and together, with much toil, we bore him thence till we came to the foot of the Mausoleum.

But Cleopatra, being afraid of treachery, would no more throw wide the door; so she let down a rope from the window and we made it fast beneath the arms of Antony. Then did Cleopatra, who the while wept most bitterly, together with Charmion and Iras the Greek, pull on the rope with all their strength, while we lifted from below till the dying Antony swung in the air, groaning heavily, and the blood dropped from his gaping wound. Twice he nearly fell to earth; but Cleopatra, striving with the strength of love and of despair, held him till at length she drew him through the window-place, while all who saw the dreadful sight wept bitterly, and beat their breasts—all save myself and Charmion.

When he was in, once more the rope was let down, and, with some aid from Charmion, I climbed into the tomb, drawing up the rope after me. There I found Antony, laid upon the golden bed of Cleopatra; and she, her breast bare, her face all stained with tears, and her hair streaming wild about him, knelt at his side and kissed him, wiping the blood from his wounds with her robes and hair. And let all my shame be written: as I stood and watched her the old love awoke once more within me, and mad jealousy raged in my heart because—though I could destroy these twain—their love I could not destroy.

"O Antony! my sweet, my husband, and my God!" she moaned. "Cruel Antony, hast thou the heart to die and leave me to my lonely shame? Swiftly will I follow thee to the grave. Antony, awake! awake!"

He lifted up his head and called for wine, which I gave him, mixing therein a draught that might allay his pain, for it was great. And when he had drunk he bade Cleopatra lie down on the bed beside him, and put her arms about him; and this she did. Then was Antony once more a man; for, forgetting his own misery and pain, he counselled her as to her own safety: but to this talk she would not listen. "The hour is short," she said, "let us speak of this great love of ours that hath been so long and may yet endure beyond the coasts of Death. Mindst thou that night when first thou didst put thine arms about me and call me 'Love'? Oh!

happy, happy night! Having known that night 'tis well to have lived—even to this bitter end!"

"Aye, Egypt, I mind it well and dwell upon its memory, though from that hour hath fortune fled from me—lost in my depth of love for thee, thou Beautiful. I mind it!" he gasped, "then didst thou drink the pearl in wanton play, and then did that astrologer of thine call out his hour—'The hour of the falling of the curse of Menka-ra.' Through all the after-days those words have haunted me, and now at the last yet do they ring within my ears."

"Long is he dead, my love," she whispered.

"If he be dead, then am I near him. What meant he?"

"He is dead, the accursed man!—no more of him! Oh! turn and kiss me, for thy face grows white. The end is near!"

He kissed her on the lips, and for a little while so they stayed, to the moment of death, like lovers newly wed, babbling their passion in each other's ears. Even to my jealous heart a strange and awful thing it was to see.

Presently, I saw the Change of Death gather on his face. His head fell back.

"Farewell, Egypt; farewell!—I die!"

She lifted herself upon her hands, gazed wildly on his ashen face, and then, with a great cry, she sank back swooning.

But Antony yet lived, though the power of speech had left him. Then I drew near, and kneeling, made pretence to minister unto him. And as I ministered I whispered in his ear.

"Antony," I whispered, "Cleopatra was my love before she passed from me to thee. I am Harmachis, that astrologer who stood behind thy couch at Tarsus; and I have been the chief minister of thy ruin. Die, Antony!—the curse of Menka-ra hath fallen!"

He raised himself, and stared upon my face. He could not speak, but, gibbering, he pointed at me. Then with a groan his mighty spirit fled.

Thus did I accomplish my revenge upon Roman Antony, the World-loser.

Thereafter, then, we recovered Cleopatra from her swoon, for not yet was I minded that she should die. And taking the body of Antony, Cæsar permitting, I and Atoua caused it to be most skilfully embalmed after our Egyptian fashion, covering the face with a mask of gold fashioned like to the features of Antony. Also I wrote upon his breast his name and titles, and painted his name and the name of his father within his inner coffin, and drew the form of the holy Nout folding her wings about him.

Then with great pomp Cleopatra laid him in that sepulchre which had been made ready, and in a sarcophagus of alabaster. Now, this sarcophagus was fashioned so large that place was left therein for a second coffin, for Cleopatra was fain to lie by Antony at the last.

These things then happened. And but a little while after I learned tidings from one Cornelius Dolabella, a noble Roman who waited upon Cæsar, and, moved by the beauty that swayed the souls of all who looked upon her, had pity for the woes of Cleopatra. He bade me warn her—for, as her physician, it was allowed to me to pass in and out of the tomb where she dwelt—that in three days she would be sent away to Rome, together with her children, that she might walk in the triumph of Cæsar. Accordingly I went in, and found her sitting, as now she always sat, plunged in a half stupor, and before her that blood-stained robe wherewith she had stanching the wounds of Antony. For on this she would continually feast her eyes.

"See how faint they grow, Olympus," she said, lifting her sad face and pointing to the rusty stains, "and he so lately dead! Why, Gratitude could not fade more fast. What is now thy news? Evil tidings is writ large in those dark eyes of thine, which ever bring back to me something that still slips my mind."

"'Tis the news, O Queen," I answered. "This have I from the lips of Dolabella, who hath it straight from Cæsar's secretary. On the third day from now will Cæsar send thee and the Princes Ptolemy and Alexander and the Princess Cleopatra to Rome, there to feast the eyes of the Roman mob, and be led in triumph to that Capitol where thou didst swear to set thy throne."

"Never, never!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Never will I walk in chains in Cæsar's triumph! What must I do? Charmion, tell me what I can do!"

And Charmion, rising, stood before her, looking at her through the long lashes of her downcast eyes.

"Lady, thou canst die," she said quietly.

"Aye, of a truth I had forgotten; I can die. Olympus, hast thou the drug?"

"Nay; but if the Queen wills it, by to-morrow morn it shall be brewed—a drug so swift and strong that not the Gods themselves can hold him who drinks it back from sleep."

"Let it be made ready, thou Master of Death!"

I bowed, and withdrew myself; and all that night I and old Atoua laboured at the distilling of the deadly draught. At length it was done, and Atoua poured it into a crystal phial, and held it to the light of the fire; for white it was as the purest water.

"La, la!" she sang, in her shrill voice; "a draught for a Queen! When fifty drops of that water of my brewing have passed those red lips of hers, thou wilt indeed be avenged of Cleopatra, O Harmachis! Oh, that I could be there to see thy Ruin ruined! La, la! it would be sweet to see!"

"Vengeance is an arrow that oftentimes falls upon the archer's head," I answered, bethinking me of Charmion's saying.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Caleb Wright, M.P. for the Leigh Division of Lancashire, has signified his intention of contributing £1000 towards providing recreation grounds for Tyldesley.

The church of St. Stephen, Bristol, has received from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co. a beautiful window, in memory of the late Mr. George Macready Chute.

Mr. C. V. Moore, tea merchant, and member of the Company of Loriners, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Court of Aldermen caused by the death of Sir Thomas Dakin.

A memorial bust of the late Lord Penrhyn, who was for many years the Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, was unveiled recently in the County Hall, Carnarvon. It was executed by Count Gleichen, and erected by public subscription. Another form of the memorial is an addition of a wing to the Anglesey and Carnarvonshire Infirmary, at Bangor, of which his Lordship was president.

The County Council on June 4 received reports from committees respecting the Livery Companies of London, electric-lighting in the Metropolis, and the inspection of theatres and music-halls. The consideration of the first matter was adjourned to the first Friday after Whitsuntide. Upon the subject of electric-lighting, a draft letter to the Board of Trade was adopted. The inspection of places of amusement was entrusted to the Architect's Department.

## FOR SALE.

The people at No. 10 are looked upon as quite old inhabitants, because they have lived in the street close upon seven years—the first three years, to be sure, they were at No. 8, but the two houses are exactly alike, so that they could hardly have known that they had moved; indeed, nobody could imagine what they moved for. Drains, probably; it is generally drains now-a-days.

And ours is by no means a new street; the greater part of it has been built these twelve years—before this new-fangled way of building houses without basements, and giving servants as much light and air as their betters, came up. To be sure, it is surrounded by a lot of mushroom red-brick streets and terraces, and new shops so bright and clean and tastefully decorated that they only need customers to be quite a success. The fact is, that all our surroundings have been built for a different stage in the ascent of life from our own; and a stage distinctly lower, let me remark.

Of course you know how life is graduated now-a-days, and how our dwelling places mark the steps. You do not buy a home now-a-days—still less, alas! do you inherit a home—but you hire a house for a few years, until you have got richer and can hire a better one; and so forth, and so forth. This is a very sensible plan in many ways. The main objection that I have to make to it is that it leaves your children's minds so naked—and you must recollect that a child's mind is the one he has to go through life with, and that if it be not well stored at first, the danger is that it will be only packed afterwards—crammed in a hurry, probably, with things which do not fit it nor belong to it in any way.

Think of those old children who grew up to be our grandfathers and grandmothers! Must we not envy them, most of us, for the wealth of meaning that they could get into that word "home"? They wrote songs about it, and said that, were it never so humble, there was no place like home. They could not have looked forward with hope and eagerness to being able to move into a better street at the end of the three, six, or nine years for which alone they had the option of renewing. They knew what it was to sit in a room, every corner of which took them back to babyhood; to dwell in a house where every room, each turn of the staircase and every dark cupboard had memories of childhood's adventures, of little tragedies that time had turned to comedy, which would fill volumes and which yet rose before them, fully told, in a moment's reverie. And the rooms where death had been, and where life had begun; and the fresh and pleasant chambers, with flowers at the casements and the spring wind blowing in, that were for ever sacred to the memory of some long illness, which spread a quiet through the house—that it was like Sunday to visit, standing, hushed and pious, by the bedside of the patient invalid.

To think that even in our street there are houses that have not received the consecration of life or death—houses whose history is scarcely more than a list of tenants who have come for a brief season, grumbled, and gone, and of their constant changes of servant-girls who sniffed at the neighbourhood but admired the butcher! Indeed, these losses have their compensation—if it is worth while to escape sorrow by ignorance of the higher happiness, such tenants lose many a pang at the uprootings which must sometimes come to them; the pain of changing a home can scarcely be greater than that of drawing a false tooth!

As time and history go on, the meaning of words grows and gathers like a snowball; yet there must be words that lose their meaning too. There is an announcement, commonly painted in white letters on a black board, to be seen in London almost in every street, and common too in every quiet country place in villages and stately parks alike—"For Sale." Now we do not notice it; we only think that another tenant has exercised his option of departure at the third, sixth, or ninth midsummer of his lease, and that the landlord would like to get the house off his hands.

But think what those words meant, almost always, in days gone by—in those nearly forgotten days when a man built his own house, to live in for his life, and for his great-grandchildren to live and die in: think what, in a great country-house or in a farmer's dwelling here and there, they mean even now!

These homes—the actual brick and mortar of them, the trim garden, the smooth grassplot—are so sacred; within and without, the family has so lived itself into walls and furnishings; Master Henry's garden, and Miss Lottie's room, and—always this—"the nursery"; who does not know and cherish the names long years after one is, perhaps, a sea-captain far away, the other lies at peace in the shade of the village church hard by, and not a child under five-and-twenty dwells beneath the old roof? In the great dining-room the furniture, a little prim but excellently comfortable, stands each chair in its immemorial place, and every nook and corner has its tenant. The hearth has not a speck; there is a pride without stiffness in the long folds of the window-curtains; in the whole room is the true English feeling of cosiness with dignity. The sea-captain in the windy night has but to close his eyes for a moment, and he knows that the picture that comes before them unbidden is a true one. When Lottie with her pale face lay, in the chamber upstairs, thinking of the future without her, she could see her father's hand resting a moment on the empty chair—she knew what the corner by the window would mean, for all time to come, to all she loved. This was the home, this was the dear room; and now all is for sale.

The room is all bare and disordered—quite dirty and comfortable, somehow, in a day. The carpet is rolled up in the middle of the floor, and the bare boards are muddy with the porters' boots. The pictures hang askew on the walls; the curtains are looped back with a piece of cord, and labelled "Lots 71 and 72"; everything is "lotted" in printed figures or marked with chalk. The whole house has sent deputations of its furniture, to see what is going on, here in the centre of its life: brooms, fireirons, stewpans, jugs and basins, oak cabinets and old carved chairs; even the great old-fashioned bedstead, in which they say that Charles II. slept, escaping from Worcester. Cases of birds, that the soldier-uncle shot, keep company with the stuffed fox, with his bright eyes of glass. On the mother's work-table lies a great bundle of stair-rods; nothing is in any set place, except the kitchen-table, with a smaller table on it with a chair behind, for the use of the auctioneer who is to "knock down" the family portraits, the family books, everything that the generations have gathered and cherished. The old mirror above the chimney-piece—dirty, splashed, and marked in chalk—reflects the strangest company it has ever known. Some neighbours, curious, and ready for a bargain; Jew brokers; auctioneers' porters busy putting the lots together; and, worst of all, mere strangers, come in to spend an hour or a sovereign. At such a time are not these the worst of all? Would not one rather meet an enemy, a triumphant rival, even an old friend of whom one had borrowed money, than a stranger: quiet, uninterested, pleased at the fine weather, not caring and not knowing that now was the fourth act, the climax of our life's drama—that our hearts were broken because the old place was "For Sale"? E. R.



## ON THE CLIFF.

On the edge of the steep cliff—some hundreds of feet above the sea—where, in the stillest noon, a movement of the air is pleasantly perceptible, and on the hottest day a feeling of freshness prevails, I pause to enjoy the glory of the prospect. It holds me spellbound as my glad vision sweeps over leagues of dark green waters—streaked and bordered with edges of silver where they quiver in innumerable waves—the multitudinous laughter of the sea, and brightened with a myriad tracts of radiance where they slowly roll into great sliding undulations—dappled here and there with dusky patches where passing clouds intercept the sun's golden shafts—and slowly sinking on the horizon into a great bank of luminous purple mist, out of which, with a bold upward curve, springs the blue sky, growing bluer and bluer as it nears the zenith. Though we know from the geography books that the earth is a sphere, and that the point where we are standing is much higher than yonder distant rim, yet it seems to the wondering eye as if the reverse were true, and as if all that shining mass before us were heaving landward, and would speedily burst against the shuddering cliff. But no such invasion occurs, and I am free to contemplate the scene magnificent; to dwell upon that widening vista of waves and sunbeams—at this height it is scarcely possible to separate them—which opens into such a world of dreams.

Every time we look upon the sea, we feel, I think, as if we had but just discovered it, like the stout Spaniard, when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific—"silent, upon a peak in Darien." We are as deeply impressed by its strangeness as if we had never seen it before. For though there are, and must always be, some elements of sameness—the relations of earth and sea and sky cannot alter; the magnitude of that "life of waters" must remain unchanged—yet there is always something different in the form and movement of the waves—in the particular character which they temporarily assume—in the fitful play of light and shade—in the effects of storm or calm—perhaps in the thoughts which they suggest, and in the emotions which the changeable spectacle inspires. At one time, all is sunshine—sunshine and soft, creamy ripples, and a deep, low murmur of music, into which the cries of the wheeling seagulls seem naturally to subside. The porpoise tumbles in the bay, and the light yachts tack to and fro to catch the wavering airs. A sense of calm and peace and repose invades the human soul, and lulls to sleep its passions. But at another, it is all murky gloom, and gathering clouds, and clashing, clanging breakers, ominous of wrecks. The billows heave with a visible strain. The wind shrieks across the leaden waste; and the sea-birds as they skurry homewards lift their voices in harsh, discordant tones which pierce through the gale. In mid-channel the great steamers labour strenuously on their unseen paths; and the fisher-boats, tossing and dipping, with their large brown sails full-blown, run for the haven under the hill, guided by the flashing lantern of the tall white lighthouse perched on yonder windy headland. Yet another shift of the scene—when the storm goes down, and the hoarse, angry sounds die away in the far distance, and the waters cease to plunge and roar; when the gull and the cormorant issue from their breeding coverts on the rocky ledges; and the moon, coming out upon the cloudy night, traces her silver furrow across each sloping wave, each narrow ridge and wavering hollow. Pictures such as these the observer watches with an interest that never tires—with abrupt changes of thought and feeling—from his standpoint "on the cliff."

In one direction the cliffs curve towards a storm-beaten promontory, where the echoes have sometimes resounded with the thunder of battle; in another they trend towards the green wooded valley, within which an ancient town lies half asleep. The grey ruins of an old castle, not far away, assist in giving interest and importance to the landscape. From the green sea I turn to the green grass, with its scattered clusters of furze and fern; and as I look inland a long succession of hill and vale carries the eye downward from the high summits of the cliffs to the country lying mistily below. Here and there the green surface is broken by a white chalk-pit, or a grey, lichened boulder, or by a blown hawthorn clump; and in the combs, sequestered farm-houses shelter behind their gnarled oaks and lofty elms. You may see the sheep huddling together in their pens on the hills aslope; and wedge-shaped flights of rooks sailing through the air; you may catch the blithe song of the lark in the blue above you, while lower down the finches make merry among the hazel, and the glancing wings of the swallows cast swift lines of shadow across the sward. Still lower, and the corn-fields begin, and quiet villages nestle round old timbered manor-houses or ivy-clad parish churches; and trailing clouds of snow-white vapour mark the course of the distant iron-way; and the toil and moil of modern life endlessly revolve in the busy towns which the genius of the locomotive has roused from their slumber of centuries.

What a place is this for dreams! Dreams of sea-nymphs and sea-monsters, of the sweet fancies and quaint extravagances of the elder world; of Thetis in her pearly car, swept through the dusky depths by championing sea-horses, while Tritons, sporting around her, blow their "wreathed horns"; of Aphrodite, in her sleek loveliness, rising from the wondering, whispering waves; of that perilous music of the Sirens which charmed Odysseus and his seamen, and rang despairingly in the ears of Jason as he steered his bark to the land of the Golden Fleece. Dreams of Phœnician galleys bravely tempting the dangers of unknown channels; of the old Norsemen crossing the wintry main to the icebound shores of a frozen continent. Dreams of the wonder of the Western navigators when they burst into the long-hidden world of the Pacific; and of the daring of English seamen when, in cock-boats of fifty or sixty tons and tiny pinnaces of ten, they forced their way into the white wan wildernesses of the Pole. Dreams of Henry Hudson and John Davis and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; of Drake and Cavendish and Dampier; of Sir Richard Grenville, who in that famous ship *The Revenge*, fought three-and-fifty Spanish galleons through "a long summer's day"; of rich Spanish argosies captured by a handful of bold sea-rovers; of Blake and his war-ships beating down the defences of Santa Cruz; of a hundred battles in which England has striven for the mastery of the seas; and of that memorable day of conflict off Trafalgar's cape, which humbled the pride of France and Spain, and crowned the life and fame of the greatest seaman the world has ever known. Dreams such as these—and, oh, so many more!—of adventure, of heroism, and of suffering, of wreck and disaster—of all that appertains to the endless romance of life and death on the ocean-wave!

Surely a man must always feel a sense of joy when he looks out upon this abounding sea; when he breathes its fine salt breath; when he takes into his soul the mystery of its being. How it is I know not, but it has a power beyond anything in this world to stir the blood and touch the heart, and pour rapture and excitement into the brain. It possesses such a variety of aspect—such a swiftness and freedom of motion—such a fullness of life—such a solemn majesty, a majesty which it does not lose even in its softest moods—such an infinity of change—that in its presence one seems to live ages

in an hour. No wonder that men whose lives are mingled with it wear serious brows and grave, thoughtful eyes! They cannot escape the magic of its influence. For my part I can forgive anyone who rhapsodises about the sea; can sympathise with Mr. Clark Russell in his glowing prose descriptions, and Mr. Swinburne in his noble lyrics; it is such a mystery and an awe, such a terror and a joy—it is so immense in its beauty and its might. "Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," is the cry of the poet, and we who are not poets are fain to repeat it. We cannot speak what we feel; we do but stammer out half articulately our consciousness of all that it is and means. O sea! O wonderful sea!—

As the thoughts of our heart are thy voices.

And as thine is the pulse of our veins! W. H. D.-A.

## WATER-NYMPH FOR BRONZE FOUNTAIN.

Among the works of sculpture in the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is the group of a water-nymph and an aquatic bird, modelled by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A. This is to form the apex of a bronze fountain, to be presented to the city of Sydney, New South Wales, in memory of the late Hon. Lewis Wolfe Levy, by his children. The figure of the nymph is about seven feet in height. In her right hand she holds a shell, from which is projected a jet of water, falling in a bell-like shower into the basin below. At the angles of the plinth



A WATER-NYMPH—THE APEX OF A FOUNTAIN FOR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A., IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

are four frogs spouting smaller jets. The fountain was designed and constructed by Messrs. Edmeston and Gabriel, architects, of 42, Old Broad-street. The figure is cast in bronze by Mr. J. Moore, of Thames Ditton.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Venerable William Lefroy, Archdeacon of Warrington, to the Deanery of Norwich, vacant by the resignation of the Very Reverend G. M. Goulburn, D.D.

At the annual meeting of the Council of Diocesan Conferences the New Education Code was discussed, and a resolution was carried approving of the Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Powell.

READY JUNE 17.]

THE

## SUMMER NUMBER

OF THE

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CONTAINS

## TWO COMPLETE STORIES:

"WILD DARRIE,"

By CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER and G. MONTBARD.

"A SECRET OF TELEGRAPH HILL,"

By BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

## TWO PRESENTATION PICTURES IN COLOURS

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## PICTURESQUE ATLAS OF AUSTRALASIA.

The first folio volume of a splendidly illustrated Colonial work, for which all the printing and the engravings, with a very few exceptions, were done at Sydney, New South Wales, has been delivered to us by Mr. D. E. McConnell, agent of the "Picturesque Atlas Publishing Company," whose London office is at 6, Bride-street, Fleet-street. Its authenticity as a Colonial publication is certified by a letter from Lord Carrington, the Governor of New South Wales, who visited the works of that company in Wynyard-square, Sydney; while among the earliest subscribers were Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of Victoria; Sir W. Robinson, Governor of South Australia; Sir A. Musgrave, Governor of Queensland; Sir G. Strahan, Governor of Tasmania; and Sir W. F. Jervois, Governor of New Zealand. The late President of the United States, the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Brassey, with other public men interested in Colonial affairs, and the Manager of the Union Bank of Australia, have given their patronage to this work.

Its title does not readily, as the name "Atlas" is commonly applied, give a true notion of the work; for it is not a series of maps. It is a descriptive literary treatise, geographical, topographical, and historical, furnished with several very good maps, and illustrated by numerous fine wood-engravings and some on steel; not unlike the plan of Cassell's "Picturesque Canada," "Picturesque America," and "Picturesque Europe." The editor, the Hon. Andrew Garran, LL.D., a member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, is assisted by many specially competent authors: Baron Von Müller, the Government botanist; Mr. C. S. Wilkinson, the geologist; Mr. R. D. Fitzgerald, Government surveyor; the Hon. J. L. Dow; Dr. Von Lendenfeldt, and others; with a good staff of writers and artists. The work of the latter, with the engraving, is under the direction of Mr. F. B. Schell.

The literary work in this volume is contributed by Mr. Alexander Sutherland, who writes on the early discoveries of Australia, Captain Cook's visit to the eastern coast, and the settlement of New South Wales; Mr. G. B. Barton, giving an historical sketch of the progress of that colony, under successive Governors, to the date of its obtaining a Constitution; Mr. F. J. Broomfield, relating the first explorations both of the coasts and of the inland regions; Messrs. F. Myers, J. P. Dowling, and Von Lendenfeldt, treating minutely of the topography of New South Wales, the city of Sydney, and many other towns, the botanical and zoological collections, and the remarkable Jenolan Caves; and Mr. James Smith, who undertakes, on a similar plan, the description and history of Victoria, with its great city of Melbourne. These articles, in the first volume, as well as the general description of South Australia, Queensland, West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, portions of which we have read, are written with ability, and doubtless with accurate knowledge. They do not, however, add much to the information derived from other books, of which we already possess a considerable library, on the different Australasian countries and the Colonial institutions; or even the "Australian Handbook," including New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea, published yearly by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch—a volume crammed with precise facts, in close small print, which is most useful for reference. The "Official Handbook of New Zealand" is now out of date; but there are many special and statistical publications issued by several of the Colonial Governments. We can seldom recommend, for accounts of the Colonies, any of the books produced by globe-trotting tourists. Those written by professional London literary men, who are the worst possible reporters of what they intend to see, or what they believe themselves to have heard, even such eminent authors as Mr. Froude or Mr. Anthony Trollope, are not to be relied on. Returned colonists, if they ever write books, seem to be acquainted only with the particular district in which they have more probably failed than succeeded. But we can recommend, for New Zealand, Mr. John Bradshaw's two books, published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., the first in 1883, the second in 1888; and that of the Hon. James Inglis, in 1887. Dr. R. W. Dale's "Impressions of Australia," reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, seems a very fair account of the social life and manners, and the political institutions, of Victoria and New South Wales.

The "Picturesque Atlas of Australasia," however, by the artistic finish of its external preparation, the fine quality of its paper and typography, and more than eight hundred engravings, which are mostly equal in style to the average of the best class produced in Europe, will command a high degree of public favour. It is issued in monthly five-shilling parts, to subscribers only; and the complete work, forming a permanent memorial of the recent Centenary of Australian Colonisation, will have its value for the posterity of this generation, which has witnessed the wonderful growth and promise of a new branch of the English nation at the antipodes of the terrestrial globe.

## THE MINT.

The nineteenth annual report of the Deputy Master of the Mint has been issued. The gold coinage of 1888, although exceeding that of 1887, was below the average. No half-sovereigns were struck. The demand for silver coin was again excessive, and the Colonial coinage was very large. It is remarkable that, although upwards of £860,000 worth of silver coins of the new designs have been issued for England and Wales alone, comparatively few are found in circulation. Fourpences, of the nominal value of £570, were withdrawn, and for the first time since 1856 a coinage of fourpences was executed. These were shipped to British Guiana, where they are largely used for payment of task-work.

The amount of new coin issued to Ireland during the year was much larger than usual.

The general account shows a net excess of receipts over expenses of £137,077, which is the largest balance of profit made in any year, except 1887, since the publication of the reports. A calculation with regard to the waste in gold coinage within a definite period has resulted in showing a gross waste of more than £745 per million. The fall in the price of copper is remarked upon. The average price paid by the Mint for this metal, which forms 95 per cent of the bronze coins, was during 1888 about 84s. From March, 1889, it rapidly declined, the price paid early in May being about 43s per ton.

There was a large gathering in South Kensington on June 5 at the sale of art needlework, when some five hundred prizes were distributed. The sale has attracted much interest.

A Parliamentary paper has been issued giving an account of the gross public income and expenditure in the year ended March 31 last. The total income is £88,472,812, to which Customs contribute £20,067,000, Excise £25,600,000, stamps £12,270,000, and property and income tax £12,700,000. The total expenditure is £87,683,930, leaving a balance of £788,882.





A STATE BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



## THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS IN ART.

The committee brought together by Mr. Joseph Grego to illustrate the history of English humour as shown in Art may be fairly congratulated on the result of their efforts in an altogether novel line. The collection of drawings, from whatever side we view it, cannot fail to be attractive, and our only feeling of regret is that so many interesting works should have been brought together at a time when the whirl of London life leaves but little leisure to those who would best appreciate them.

The period covered by the present exhibition extends from Hogarth to the present time; but, it is to be hoped, should another exhibition of the same character be attempted, that it will be borne in mind by the committee, both humour and caricature are to be found at much more remote periods of our national art. The Puritans, the Roundheads, the Nonconformists, the Jacobites, and the Hanoverians by turns furnished subjects to their opponents, and it is not the least noteworthy point of difference between our own and Continental countries that from a very early period political and social satires were illustrated by "cuts," many of them engraved on copper, and executed with considerable skill. The reigns of William III., Queen Anne, and first two Georges gave a fresh impetus to squibs of all kinds; the quarrels of rival politicians and ecclesiastics, many of whom kept artists as well as scribes in their pay, furnished materials and stimulated the taste for caricature. For a while, French and Dutch artists were largely employed in this work—in fact, it may almost be said that Romain De Hooghe was the founder of the school of which the followers are so well represented in the present exhibition; but nearly all his plates were engraved in Holland, in consequence of the inferiority of the English workmen. To Dr. Sacheverell we probably owe the first outburst of English caricature; but the names of the artists on whom the chief work devolved are lost, or, at best, only the subject of surmise. George Bickham, John Collet, and Robert Dighton are, perhaps, among the best known political caricaturists of the first half of the eighteenth century; but there were many amateurs who exercised their talents in the same way, and were not afraid to allow their names to transpire.

Hogarth, however, will be always regarded as the leader of that school of English artists who have found in the follies and vices of their fellow-men a scope for their undoubted talents. For a long time he confined himself to social subjects, and dealt with them in a more artistic spirit than either his predecessors or his followers. "The Rake's Progress," "The Marriage à la Mode," and the like naturally find no place in such an exhibition as the present—nor is there any record of his transition period, which was marked by such works as the "Election" scenes—unless it be a pleasant rendering of "A Country Inn Yard" (6). The only personal squib by Hogarth in the gallery is a pen-and-ink sketch for the caricature of John Wilkes (3) with the cap of liberty. More interesting, however, is a letter containing two sketches of Quin and Garrick, showing their comparative height, with Hogarth's notes thereon. In a more refined style, too, are the outline portraits of Frederick, Prince of Wales (2), and others seated round a hazard-table.

Of Paul Sandby, not by profession a caricaturist, but forced into the lists by the sneers of Hogarth; of Collet, Kay, Sayer, and Woodward, no specimens are included in the present exhibition: and without such the history of English caricature can hardly be regarded as complete. But the real strength of the exhibition lies in the collection of Thomas Rowlandson's works, of which very nearly three hundred, mostly originals, are to be found here, arranged with as much regard to method and subject as is possible. The series leads off with "An English Review" (10) and "A French Review" (11), both lent by her Majesty from the collection at Windsor Castle. They were originally exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786, where for many years Rowlandson was represented, testifying to the great importance attached in those days to his work. He had begun life as a student at the Royal Academy, and subsequently went to France, where he may have learnt that delicacy and refinement by which his caricatures are distinguished from those of his contemporary, Gillray. He was, moreover, an ardent politician, throwing himself into the contest then raging between the Pittites and the Foxites, and siding with the latter. Of these caricatures there are no specimens in the gallery; but, on the other hand, the sketches and pictures of more lasting interest are strongly represented. In many of these it is difficult to find the "humorous" side, for they are often serious enough when dealing with charming women or with scenes at home and abroad, by the help of which we can see how much the surroundings of our lives have been modified in a century. There are sketches from Newmarket, with its frequenters, in 1789; Vauxhall Gardens, with portraits of all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the Duchess of Devonshire to Dr. Johnson; the "Post-Chaise Scenes," in fifty drawings, illustrative of Rowlandson's journey from London to Portsmouth to see the wreck of the Royal George, in 1782; an Oxford series and a number of others, in which the artist's taste for grace and elegance is conspicuous.

His rival, Gillray, was before all things a political caricaturist; for, though he occasionally lashed social follies, he preferred the rougher horseplay of the political arena. He was a strong partisan of Pitt, and sustained that Minister's cause against Rowlandson's caricatures with effect. Unfortunately, we have no means of comparing the original work of the two men. Gillray's sketches were roughly engraved, and still more roughly coloured; and, although we may admire the vigour of the drawing, it is impossible to trace in them the sense of beauty which distinguishes Rowlandson's work. Isaac Cruikshank, who followed on the same political side as an admirer of Pitt, is represented by half-a-dozen sketches; but, unfortunately, none of those possessed by Mr. Fairholt figure on the walls of the Institute in this collection, an omission we hope to see rectified on a future occasion. On the other hand, the exhibition is a little overweighted by the work of his son, George Cruikshank, which, though exceedingly clever, is somewhat monotonous. The coloured etching of "The Battle of Waterloo" (387); the illustrations for Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion" (398), for "Pilgrim's Progress" (408), and the etchings lent by Sir William Fraser are, however, especially noteworthy. Of even more interest, perhaps, is the solitary instance of the brothers Chalon's work, "Early Times" (374), containing portraits of a number of Royal Academicians in 1818 and their lady associates. Bunbury's "Academy for Grown Horsemen" (326); the four drawings by R. Dighton (340), lent by her Majesty; and Robert Seymour's sporting caricatures are all worthy of prolonged examination. Coming to more recent times, we have specimens of the work of Thackeray, R. Doyle, Hablot K. Browne (Phiz), John Leech, and, best of all, of Randolph Caldecott, who here shows the high place his works are destined to occupy in English humorous art. Mr. Fred Barnard, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. John Tenniel, Mr. Linley Samborne, Mr. Charles Keene, Mr. Harry Furniss, and Mr. Gordon Thomson, show the present range of caricature, which

whilst still dealing with social and political topics has acquired a literary side far more pronounced than in its earlier days.

It must remain an open question whether artists who have been employed to illustrate the works of humourists have necessarily a claim to be ranked as such themselves. Our own opinion leads in the opposite direction, and we think that the present collection might have been made more effective had a more rigid interpretation been given to the term "humour." It is, doubtless, akin to true pathos; but the indiscriminate mingling of the two is apt to jar; and each has a sufficiently wide field in English art to furnish provision for separate display.

Here we break off, not for want of matter but of space, with the recommendation to all those who are interested in everyday life of Englishmen through a century-and-a-half to study its amusing, and often exaggerated story, as told on the walls of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

## DOWN WATLING STREET.

Through the open casement, all night long, has come the river's murmur, like a lullaby. No moon was there in the midnight sky wherewith to "view aright" the witchery of "fair Melrose"; but the gentle airs which came sighing, ever and again, across the abbey close, brought with them plaintive memories of the place. No bell, it is true, tinkled its summons there at vesper-time; no glory of altar lights within flamed through the mullioned oriels; and on the listening night arose no harmony of monkish voices chanting their evensong. Only the faint whispering of the abbey trees at times recalled the fact that, close by, abbot and priest lay asleep under the aisles which their sandalled feet once trod, filling the heart with a strange awe and pity at the nearness and the oblivion now of that once warm-breathing dust. Alas, that murmur of river and sigh of night-wind articulate nothing to mortal ear of the dreams of those who sleep so soundly!

But morning has come—morning, with the crowing cock and the waking town—a sunny morning, the inspiration of a pedestrian; with the promise of a glorious day, though the mist lies grey yet in the meadows.

Two miles and a half to the east, towards Dryburgh, on a little peninsula washed by the Tweed, lies the site of Old Melrose, with, on the way to it by the river, the quiet village of Newstead, famous for its sundials. But little is left there of the ancient hamlet or of its Culdee monastery—home of St. Cuthbert, and contemporary with Iona and Lindisfarne; and the spot, with most of the countryside—river and tower and town—will be very well seen from the top of Eildon Hill. A last look, then, at the ruined pile in the quiet abbey close, a drink from the famous St. Dunstan's Well, a glance at the quaint old market-cross of the town, with its slender shaft and curious crest, whose upkeep forms the quit-rent of a ridge of land close by; and then away for the top of the three-peaked hill.

The supernatural lore with which the whole countryside is invested has a legend to account for the strange shape of the mountain. It seems that the famous wizard Michael Scott, whose tomb is shown in the abbey close by, at one time found himself compelled to provide occupation for a certain troublesome fiend. First he set the latter to build a dam across the Tweed. This, however, to the wizard's surprise and dismay, was accomplished in a single night. The result is still to be seen near Kelso. A more formidable command seemed to be to "cleave Eildon Hill in three." But the too energetic familiar accomplished this second herculean feat likewise in a night; and he was only found in constant employment finally by being set to the somewhat unsatisfactory task of manufacturing ropes out of sea-sand. In the same way, popular legend assigns Eildon Tree on the hillside as the spot at which Thomas of Ercildoune first met the Queen of Faerie—

"Harp and carp, true Thomas," she said,  
"Harp and carp along with me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your body I shall be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunt me,"  
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

Upon many a strange historic scene has the silent mountain looked down, though the record has been all but lost. Northward, wave after wave across its foot, have come the trampings of many nations. A great Caledonian tumulus and the remains of a Roman encampment rest close by; in the Leader valley near, the British Arthur is said to have fought his eighth great battle; and under the shadow of the hill, in Dryburgh, the Druids lit their beltane fires. No better view of the Borderland is to be had than that from the top of the Eildons; and it was hither, as to the Delectable Mountains, that Scott brought Washington Irving and many another guest to look upon the scene of ancient fire and foray.

Does not the storied vale of Tweed stretch away to the eastward, by Kelso and Coldstream, to Berwick on its purple verge, and dusky Flodden, where a dark harvest once was reaped? Southwards roll the Cheviots, mindful of Otterbourne and Chevy Chase—those dire raids of the Black Douglas and the Red—away to the hills of Liddesdale and Eskdale in the direction of Merrie Carlisle. Due westward lies the pastoral vale of Yarrow, home of so much romance. And to the north, beyond the smoke of Galashiels, rise the Mirkfoot Hills and the lonely Lammermuirs. Almost at the mountain foot, too, are not the abbey ruins seen of Melrose and of Dryburgh, among its woods? And, further off, Sir Walter could point out Smailholm Tower, and tell how, in his grandfather's farmhouse of Sandyknowe at its foot, he, when a lame child, had listened long nights by the ingleside to ballad and legend of his ancestors. He himself early invested that ancient tower with a weird interest by making it the scene of his tragic "Eve of St. John." By Smailholm, too, at Earlston stood the tower of True Thomas, the Merlin, it is supposed of ancient British story. And nearer lie the Cowdenknowes, famous in the ballad as the place where once mysteriously spear and helm "glanced gaily through the broom."

Down the road below, from Abbotsford through Darnick and Melrose, one autumn afternoon fifty-seven years ago, the Eildons saw a dark train moving. Slowly it wound its length of more than a mile down Tweedside; and those who beheld it knew that Sir Walter Scott was passing to his long home. It is possible almost to recall it now, the dark cortège silent in the distance. Suddenly, on Bemersyde hill, it stopped. Was there something wrong? Only the carriage-horses, accustomed every day, as he drove over the hill, to pause and let their master gaze at the joining of Teviot and Tweed—the magic of wood and waters—had halted there to please him still who could look on these things no more.

Beautiful and quiet at this time of year runs the road through the woods down to Dryburgh. Under its swinging wire foot-bridge the river runs clear and swift and broad; and the red fallen beech-leaves, pushed off by the summer greenery, make the path in front appear as if stained with blood—the blood, it might be, of monks slain long ago in defending their abbey.

The priests of all ages have chosen the sites of their temples well. Here, in Dryburgh (perhaps Dryad, perhaps

Druid burgh), on the rich alluvial level in the depths of the primeval forest, girdled by the swift and silvery Tweed, and on the ruined shrine, it may be, of some older worship, the Druids reared an altar. No rude barbarians were these, though they have left no books to tell us of their faith. Rather, indeed, may they have been missionaries, who brought to these islands the lore of ancient Chaldaea. The soul, we know from Cæsar, they deemed immortal, and Bel they worshipped in the image of the sun. Their cup-hollowed stones may have held water-mirrors for the reading of the heavens; and their circles of monoliths, ranged suggestively in the distance-order of the planets, formed dials of the time of year and day. Here, then, if the urn-shaped stones could speak which have come again to light after buried centuries, might be told many a tale of mystic rites performed to moon and sun two long millenniums ago, and remembered now only by the place's name. Here, later, came the iron Roman, and left his ashes in coffin of stone—far from his home by the yellow Tiber. Presently, in their turn, the simple Culdees brought hither the elements of Christian faith. And, last of all, the lord of Lauderdale, Hugh De Moreville, in 1141 founded on the spot a house of the White Canons. This same Moreville or his son, it may be remembered, was one of those four avenging Barons who secretly left Henry II.'s Court, in Normandy, hurried over to England, and, on Dec. 29, 1170, transacted that dark scene in the cathedral of Canterbury, the assassination of Thomas à Becket. The founder's grave is marked with a circle drawn on the earthen floor of the Chapter House.

And here rest the remains of the author of "Waverley," among the ashes of his ancestors. For Dryburgh, now owned by the Earls of Buchan, had belonged to the family of Scott's grandmother, the Haliburtons of Newmains. He lies under the last fragment of the groined roof in St. Mary's aisle, his wife and his soldier son by his side, and his son-in-law, Lockhart, at his feet—a tranquil and appropriate rest for one who loved so much to dwell amid the glories of bygone days. Daws preen their wings in the ruins now, and wild wood-doves rustle at home in the trees close by; but the wanderer comes hither still to worship at the shrine of the Past, and, under the ancestral cedars and sycamores, feels something gather upon him of the awe of lost religions.

Through a rich cultivated loneliness winds the road back across the Tweed and down the country southwards from St. Boswell's. In the quiet fields there is little life to be seen. The work of spring is over and the hay harvest has not yet begun. By the wayside the hedge-banks are blue with speed-well, and the hedges themselves are white with hawthorn foam; and about them and in the woods the air is heavy with scents which recall old garden memories. Overhead in the avenues the branches of the stirless trees are stained, like cathedral clerestories at afternoon, with the pale splendours of their summer colour; and from the woodland depths on either hand only sometimes is the stillness broken by the whistle of a bird. Slowly the country rises to Lilliard's Edge, the watershed between Tweed and Teviot.

Here, just on the ridge, in the heart of the plantation to the left of the road, lies a small walled grave with a history. It is quaintly inscribed "To a true Scotsman. I hae mendit it. To you I commend it." In the hollow of Ancrum Moor just beyond it was that, three hundred years ago, was fought a great battle of the Borders. To Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Laitoun, Henry VIII. had assigned possession of whatever lands they might capture in Scotland; and, in 1544, they had laid waste with dreadful havoc the valleys of Merse and Teviotdale. In 1545 they set forth again with 5200 men, and, ravaging as they went, had reached Melrose. There they heard that Earl Douglas of Angus, breathing vengeance for the destruction of the tombs of his race in that abbey, was, with the Regent of Scotland, gathering a force to oppose them. At these tidings they retired towards Jedburgh; and Angus, with but a fifth of their force, was not able to do more than hang upon their rear. On Ancrum Moor close by here, however, the Earl was reinforced by Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, with three hundred spearmen from Fyfe; and Scott of Buccleugh came galloping up to say that his borderers were rising. Angus then invented a strategy. Dismounting his men, he made the camp-boys ride back up the hillside here on the horses. Evers perceiving this, and believing the Scots to be in retreat, made hasty pursuit, and his troops, coming precipitately over the brow of the next hill, with the afternoon sun blazing full in their faces, almost ran upon the spear-points of the compact little company of the north. A long account was due for the ravages Evers had been making in Scotland, and it was settled here. A thousand of his men, with Laitoun and himself, were slain, and almost as many were made prisoners; small mercy being granted to foes who, in their time of power, had shown none. Many gallant deeds were done on the field that day, and many a hard blow given and taken. But the greatest credit of all in the fight was accorded to a Scottish maiden who had followed her lover to the field from the village of Maxton close by. Seeing her lover fall, she had rushed with Amazonian courage to avenge him, and dealt her blows right and left to such good purpose that her name was given to the battle-field. The ancient legend reinscribed upon her tomb runs:—

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;  
Little was her stature, but muckle was her fame.  
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,  
And when her legs were cutt off she fought upon her stumps.

Poor lass! if the story be true, hers was a doughty way of expressing her grief. Let us hope they buried her lover by her side.

Downhill from Lilliard's Edge, the road runs to Teviotside through forests lone and fair, with hamlet and cottage sometimes in leafy glade and on open hillside. A little later, the walls of these will be glorious with blue convolvulus and crimson tropeolum, purple clematis and yellow canariensis. Even now, amid their clambering greenery, the rustic dwellings are nests to be envied. Historic associations are crusted thick upon the landscape here. A little way down the road which branches off to the right lies Ancrum village, burnt by the Earl of Rutland, when pursuing D'Esse, the French ally of the Scots in 1549. The place has a cross of the date of Alexander III., and some remains of the house of the Knights of St. John. There are the ruins near it, too, of a Pictish fort, and of one of the monasteries of David I., besides fifteen caves of refuge in the rocky banks of the Ale Water. These are similar retreats to the caves at Roslyn used by Ramsay of Dalhousie in the wars of David Bruce.

But Jedburgh is still two miles away, and already it is growing dusk. There is time, however, for a glance at the deer in the forest-park about Ancrum House. The place was the favourite residence of William De Bondington, Bishop of Glasgow in the thirteenth century; and he died here, after resigning his bishopric, like Abbot Boniface, in 1258. About the house, in the twilight, a mighty cawing of rooks fills the air, and its moss-grown gateway looks ancient enough to have seen the entry of the good prelate himself. On, however, across the stone bridge of the Teviot, with its quaint pointed pillars; and up the quiet little valley of the Jed. And as the gloaming at last is deepening into mirk, it is pleasant to hear the bells of Jedburgh ringing the quarter-chimes.—G. E. T.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS. OUR AUTOMATIC LIFE.

There is no one of all the phases of existence which affords more room for speculation and surprise than that which relates to what I may call our unconscious life. I might go further and say our unconscious actions, and still be within the margin of fact. Few of us, I apprehend, ever consider how much of life is spent in an utterly unconscious fashion, or how many acts we perform in an unheeding state of mind. At first sight it might be thought our working hours were fully supervised by our intelligence, but this is true in a limited sense only. It is easy to prove that a vast part of life and of life's actions is really lived and performed unconsciously. Do we take heed, for instance, of our steps as we walk? A negative answer must be returned to this query; for locomotion is as truly an automatic action as is the movement of one of Maskelyne and Cooke's figures. We step out bravely, and let our locomotion mind itself; or, rather, it is duly supervised for us by the automatic action of the brain. Again, do we think of our words as we speak, or of our letters as we write? Experience answers in the negative; yet, once upon a time, we had to take heed both of written letters and of spoken words. In our infantile days, reading and writing did not come by nature. Once acquired, however, these gifts become part and parcel of our life. We exercise them unconsciously. They have passed from the intellectual to the automatic stage of things, like walking itself, and trouble us no more regarding their due performance.

Still more clearly do we witness this automatic or machine-like action of body and mind when we note how the exercise of any trade comes to be a matter of purely unconscious action. Watch a girl folding envelopes, for instance, in a manufacturing stationer's work-room. Time was when she had to learn and acquire the art of feeding the machine and of dealing deftly with its products. Now, however, her lissom fingers move as if by instinct. She does her work like the machine itself. Practice has made her perfect in her labour, but it has done so because it has made that automatic which at first demanded the exercise of close attention. Watch your piano-playing friend, as he sits at the instrument discoursing a waltz. Every note is correctly rendered; yet all the while he is

talking to his neighbour about his coming holiday, or the last opera he heard. It is clear, we are witnessing in such a case a dual action of brain. There is one man talking to the friend, and there is another man playing the piano. The conscious man is speaking; the unconscious automaton is playing the waltz. This is a good example of an exception to the rule that one cannot do two things well at the same time. As a matter of fact, we do many things in this double sense, and perform both sets of actions perfectly. We walk and talk; and we may perform our work, and chatter as we work; and all because, as life is constituted, we possess a power of handing over to our automatic brain-parts tasks which our intellectual centres have mastered and acquired.

We may readily see how this machine-like condition of things in our mental estate operates in producing not only the phenomena of dreams, but of sleep-walking and mesmerism besides. In each of these shapes we see the individual withdrawn, as regards his conscious self, from the outer world, and made to act as though under the dominance of suggestion or a will other than his own. Later on, we may discuss in these pages both dreams and mesmerism, regarded from a scientific point of view. Suffice it for the present to note that the automatic action of our brain which guides our unconscious life, is also responsible for many other curious phases of the mental state of man. The explanation of this machine-like action of the brain is very simple in reality. Our brain, be it known, is not a single but a compound organ. It is not one brain, but a whole series of brains, great and small, included within the compass of the cranium. Thus we find parts which are truly intellectual in their nature included in the brain; and, if science be correct in its deductions, these intellectual centres are situated in the forehead (or frontal) lobes of the brain. Then there are parts devoted to the reception and regulation of the information which the senses bring to us. There are sight-centres and hearing-centres, and so forth, all to be mapped out in the mass of the organ of mind.

Then come parts which deal with automatic or machine-like acts, and which govern our unconscious life. When we come to think of it, we may judge that these latter parts are of highly important nature. For how many actions of life, necessary and essential to our physical well-being, are performed independently of our will altogether! The heart does its

work without our supervision; indeed, the less we interfere, through our emotions, with the heart's work, the better will that organ discharge its duties. Breathing is, essentially, an involuntary action; and so is the regulation of the blood-vessels. Then the digestion of food is accomplished independently of us. We have not to bethink ourselves how the liver is acting, how the pancreas is working, or how the stomach is performing its share in the work of nutrition. So that all our physical life may be said, in this sense, to be unconsciously performed. Health really means and implies, in this view of things, the utter unconsciousness of our physical self. "Happy the man who does not know he has a stomach," was the French cynic's way of putting this important matter; and his saying is true, because health is largely a negative thing, and because it is only when its working is disturbed that the stomach (or any other organ indeed) gives us any concern.

The truth is, then, that our brain includes parts which regulate the unconscious acts of life, and which serve as private secretaries to the more intellectual centres. We can easily detect the good of this arrangement, on the principle that it only worries the head of a house to be forced into taking account of every petty detail of his home-life. The master of a domicile has other concerns than to see to the cooking of food and the blacking of boots; and on the same principle—that of the physiological division of labour—the intellectual brain-parts have many more important things to do than to supervise the body's movements in walking; or the task of writing or reading. We save a vast deal of trouble and worry through this arrangement of brain-work. Our mind, truly so-called, is left at liberty to tackle the grave questions of life, and is not bothered about the petty things of existence. These latter details are duly supervised by our watchful lower brain-centres. "Homer sometimes nods"; but the same cannot be said of the automatic centres of the brain, which, whether we sleep or whether we wake, keep watch and ward at the very citadel of life itself. ANDREW WILSON.

The Board of Agriculture Bill was discussed at a meeting of the Council of the Associated Chambers of Agriculture. A motion approving of it, on the understanding that it created a responsible Minister, sitting in the House of Commons, was adopted.



French steamer Penguin, and three other French war-vessels.

OBOCK BAY, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA.

### OLD DEAL.

The low, flat, open part of the eastern shore of Kent, between the South Foreland and the North Foreland, in the opinion of some local etymologists, was called "Dwyl" in the ancient British language. If Dover was "Dwyffrha," meaning the steep place or cliff on that coast, Deal may have retained its name, with some alteration, being the "Dole" of the Saxons and the "Dael" of the Danes, from the earliest period. Some think it was the landing-place of Julius Caesar. The Romans of aftertime must have been very familiar with Deal, which is about three miles from Sandwich, in Pegwell Bay, near where they built their great fortress of Rutupia (Richborough Castle), to guard the entrance into the estuary of the Stour, and the safe passage through the navigable Wantsum strait to Regulbium (Reculvers), that made Thanet really an island.

The sea has receded from Deal, which may as well have been caused by the building of Tenterden steeple, thirty or forty miles distant inland, as the formation of the Goodwin Sands, formerly ascribed to that cause by a proverbial Kentish joke. Deal, looking on the famous anchorage of the Downs, the Salamis of English sea-fighting, and beyond it to the perilous quicksands, which extend ten miles along this coast, is renowned for its pilots and for its life-boat men, to whose skill and courage we have often rendered a due tribute of praise. We have received, upon this occasion, from Mr. John William Arnold, one of the Deal pilots, who has a taste for antiquarian lore, some notes concerning the history of the place.

Deal was, early in the thirteenth century, with its appendage Walmer, annexed to the port of Sandwich, one of the Cinque Ports, the history of which, by Captain Montagu Burrows, R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, is an excellent volume recently published of the "Historic Towns" series (Longmans). The castle was built in 1539 by King Henry VIII., who also built Walmer Castle, the official residence of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Sandown Castle, to the north. The town of Deal spoken of in Leyland's "Itinerary," as our correspondent observes, "is no doubt what is now known as Upper Deal, where the old parish church is situated. Within the ancient portion of this old church is what is now known as the Pilots' Gallery, the front of which is decorated with a life-like painting of an old-fashioned ship in full sail, dated 1705. Some of the prayer-books dated 1754 are now used. The tower of this church is not only used as a landmark to point out the danger of the southern Goodwin Sands, but also to point out the anchorage of the Downs,

where the British fleet congregates on certain occasions. The church tower, and that erected in Admiral Harvey's Park, are most conspicuous and interesting objects at sea. For visitors fond of sketching, no quaint old place than Deal can be found in the neighbourhood. Its old manor house, of Elizabethan construction, is at present occupied by the descendants of a very ancient and respected family. Other ancient dwellings are near at hand, reminding us of former generations. Deal and its neighbourhood have many attractions for a visitor; not to speak of the healthy bracing air and climate, and there are delightful walks in this part of 'Britannia Prima.'

One of those pleasant walks on the road to Canterbury, through broad cornfields and meadows, with fine elms by the roadside, passes through the village of Mongeham. The stately village church, restored in good style, is worthy of observation. It contains monuments of the knightly family of Crayford, whose mansion was at this place.

### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on June 6, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £113 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the month of May. The Seaham life-boat rescued the crew, consisting of fifteen men, of the stranded steam-ship Terlings, of London, in a rough sea and foggy weather; and the Montrose No. 1, Gourdon, and Boulmer life-boats assisted fishing-boats which were in much peril, having been overtaken by sudden gales of wind. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3700 were made on some of the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. The receipt of various contributions was announced. The Removal of Wrecks Act (1877) Amendment Bill, promoted by the institution, has become law, having received the Royal Assent on May 31. New life-boats have recently been forwarded to Donna Nook, Lincolnshire, and Whitelink Bay, Aberdeenshire.

Mrs. Henry Fawcett and her daughter, Miss Philippe Garrett Fawcett, have jointly paid over to the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India, £400, to be devoted towards the founding of two scholarships or prizes, one in Calcutta and the other in Bombay, for native female medical students.

### OBOCK, EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

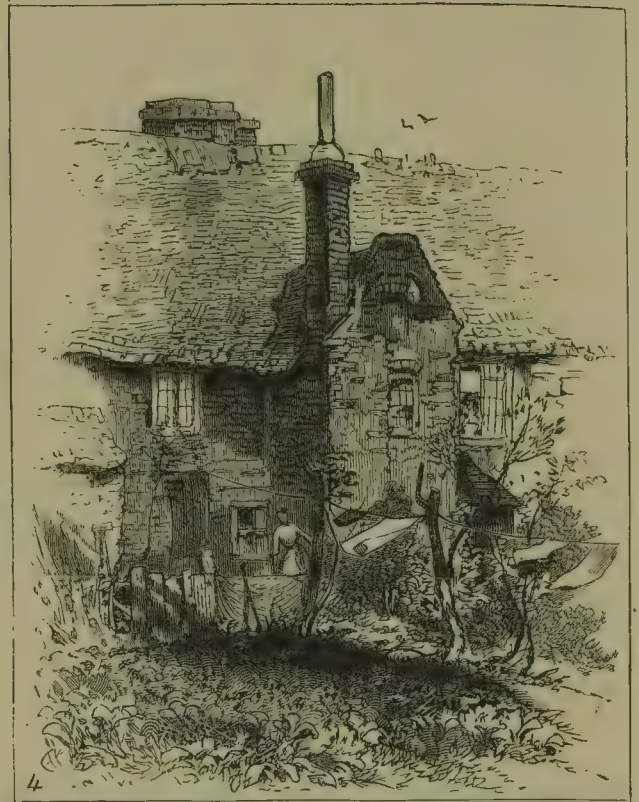
On the north side of the Bay of Tajura, 120 miles west of Aden, near the entrance to the Red Sea at the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, a small territory on the African coast was acquired by the French Empire in 1862. The port of Obock is a place of no mercantile importance, containing only a small factory, a French mission-house, and a military cantonment, with the Commandant's house and barracks for a few men. In the Arab village there is a café, and the steamers' agency office is here. Obock and the Bay of Tajurah were noticed some months ago as the scene of a conflict between the French and the Russian Cossacks belonging to Atchinoff's party, who landed there in defiance of a prohibition from the French authorities, with the intention of forcing their way into Abyssinia. When our Correspondent, Mr. R. H. Alexander, was at Obock, the Russian prisoners were detained there, pending a decision as to what should be done with them; while their chief, the Hetman Atchinoff, was a prisoner on board the Penguin.

From the emigration returns it appears that in May 19,022 English, 3888 Scotch, and 13,433 Irish emigrants left the kingdom. For the first five months of the present year the numbers were—English, 66,169; Scotch, 12,317; and Irish, 37,971.

The Admiralty have ordered two fast cruisers of a new type, to be named the Andromache and Apollo, to be built for the Royal Navy. They will each have a displacement of 3400 tons, and their machinery will propel them at twenty knots per hour. Their armament will consist of two six-inch breechloading guns, fifteen quick-firing guns, and a strong equipment of machine guns and torpedoes.

The proprietor of "Beecham's Pills," emboldened by the success attained by the annual he published last Christmas, has issued "The Beecham Illustrated Holiday Number," an extraordinary pennyworth. Comprised in 100 pages are twelve complete tales by such popular authors as James Payn, G. R. Sims, Hawley Smart, James Greenwood, Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., Geo. Manville Fenn, Philip May, Howard Paul, and others, each story having been written expressly for this work. The book is well printed and in clear type, and is just what a holiday number should be. It is published by F. J. Lambert and Co., 18, Bouverie-street, London.





1. Elizabethan doorway, Upper Deal.  
2. Old knocker.

3. Old Deal Church, from Church-walk.  
4. Cottage, Church-walk.

5. View of Deal, from the Sand-hills.  
6. Old cottages, Upper Deal.

7. Mongeham Church.  
8. View of Mongeham.





BURMESE SKETCHES: A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH YAW VILLAGERS.



TYPES OF THE FRENCH NAVY: THE RÉDOUTABLE, IRONCLAD.



SKETCHES IN UPPER BURMAH.

We add to our Illustrations of the frontier campaign against the marauding Chin tribes, beyond the Yaw country, to the west of Upper-Burmah, another supplied, like those formerly published, by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Service, who was with the 10th Madras Native Infantry in that campaign. It represents a group of Yaw villagers meeting some of the British officers, and engaging in a friendly chat. These people had, indeed, suffered grievously from the Chin inroads, and were inclined to look to the British Indian military force, which lately entered their country, for aid and protection.

THE FRENCH NAVY.

The *Rédoutable*, one of the ships in the French squadron of evolution at Toulon, was constructed in 1876; she is built of iron and steel, 318 ft. 2 in. long, and with 64 ft. 8 in. breadth of beam, having a displacement of 9200 tons, and drawing 25 ft. 6 in. water. Her engines are 6071 indicated horse-power, working twin screw-propellers, and giving a speed of 14.66 knots an hour; the coal storage is 510 tons, sufficient for steaming 2800 miles at 10 knots an hour. The hull is protected by a belt of armour-plate 14 in. thick, and the central battery has 9-inch plate armour, with 15 in. backing. The guns in the central battery are eight breechloading twenty-four ton guns, with calibre of 27 centimètres diameter, rifled; and the barbette guns are six three-ton guns of 14 centimètres bore. She carries also twelve machine-guns, and four torpedo-tubes.

SELECTIONS.

Is it because every popular author writes too much that now-a-days it has become necessary either to print his choicest words in a separate volume, or to abridge his works? The attempt to sift the gold from the quartz in this way is often a dangerous process, for much of the charm of some books lies in their diffusiveness. In trying to compress them their beauty is destroyed. The late Mr. Dallas tried his hand on "Clarissa Harlowe," the most pathetic and, perhaps, the longest novel in the language, and failed in the effort. Miss Braddon attempted the same process with some of the Waverley novels, with the same result; and several years ago a young man—he must have been very young—undertook to abridge Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

The poets, too, are put into the compiler's furnace that nothing but the purest metal may be extracted from their works. No doubt, in some cases, this is an advantage. Even a poet may occasionally, as Scott said of Wordsworth, "creep on all fours" and write prose; and considering how impatiently the public study all works of fine art, it may be necessary to make the road easier by throwing these baits in their way. Matthew Arnold's selection from Wordsworth does not fully satisfy the poet's admirers; but it may lead more readers to appreciate and to understand him, and it is even possible that students of Arnold's own poetry may prefer to have his good things marked out for them. It would be absurd, therefore, to condemn the process wholesale. There are some living poets I could name whose poems would prove considerably better for compression and whose beauties could be easily stored in a small pocket volume. Selections are of good service sometimes in these days of travel, when we want books that take up little room and can be readily carried about in a portmanteau. At the same time they are rarely satisfactory to a student, even when, as in some recent instances, poets have undertaken to choose from their own works what they deem most worthy to be read. An author of the highest mark cannot be estimated by his "beauties"; but the reader requires to have the full expression of his mind in its weakness as well as in its strength. One does not want a Shakspeare, a Molière, or a Scott served up in snippets, and George Eliot in fragments is not a dainty dish.

Selections are the delight of idlers. They can be taken up at any moment and thrown aside at pleasure. They make no demands upon the intellect, and can be read in the half-sleepy mood which makes light literature welcome after dinner. Also, like the monthly magazines, they give a lazy society-man something to talk about. For literature in itself he cares little; but he is glad to make use of it at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room. When all chat about the picture-galleries is exhausted, when the last ball or the last lawn-tennis match has been discussed, he will turn probably with a sigh to books, and yet with something like gratitude to the compilers who have shown him what he can safely praise. Mr. Sidney Colvin, in the preface to his selections from Landor, says that the volume is intended "for that large class of readers who have an appetite for the best literature, but not the leisure or not the tenacity to overcome difficulties in its approach." I suspect that it is not so much the busy man as the reader who lacks "tenacity," or, in other words, shirks trouble, to whom selections are most welcome. And they appeal very forcibly to the weak side of all readers, for the most diligent of students like sometimes to play with books. I can believe, for example, that there are times when even an ardent lover of good literature will prefer to have Landor's characteristic things in Mr. Colvin's volume than to read the large body of his works. One must allow something for human frailty and not expect to find every man a hero.

It is perilous to an author's fame to have his best sayings printed apart from the context, unless the quality, as in the case of Landor, is of a mark sufficiently high to bear the exposure. Some men's thoughts need to be externally supported; they depend upon the setting, and, even where the thoughts are weighty and beautiful, they lose much of their charm when deprived of the art that gives to them harmony and purpose. What idea can a reader form of the scope of Hooker's mind from passages taken from the "Ecclesiastical Polity"?—what of Shakspeare's genius from the "Beauties" extracted by Dr. Dodd?

There is a class of selections not only wholly unobjectionable, but of good service to literature; I allude to selections of poetry for the young. Children obviously cannot go afield in search of their own intellectual food, and if they could they have neither taste nor judgment to guide them. They need to have the best poems or those best adapted to young readers placed in their way in order that they may be read and learnt. Poetry is the chief glory of English literature, and much of it will attract children by its music and rhythm, even when they have only a faint consciousness of the poet's meaning. They will learn insensibly to admire what is admirable and so lay up life and food for future years. Such anthologies as Mr. Patmore's "Children's Garland," Mr. Palgrave's "Children's Treasury," the three poetry books edited by Miss Woods for school use, and Mr. Mowbray Morris's "Poet's Walk," unlike though they may be in character, fulfil the same purpose of making the finest part of our literature known and loved by the rising generation. In days when there are so many weak books and books that minister to excitement, to give young readers a taste for something nobler and more lovely will not only contribute to their pleasure, but may do them lasting service.—J. D.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

AMATEUR (Rio de Janeiro).—I. Yes; White can so Castle and give check with the Rook. 2. "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," price 7s. 6d.

W BIDDLE.—Your ambition is good, and we trust will be realised in the no-distant future. Your problems are undoubtedly full of promise.

M HARRISON (Fulham).—The need of an authoritative standard is undoubted, but meanwhile there is nothing better than Staunton's "Praxis."

A NEWMAN.—Your last problem is incurably wrong. The Queen can check in three different places, and mate in two moves follows in each case.

W M.—Yes, in the position in your diagram. The White Pawn is taken off, and the Black Pawn is moved from Kt Kt 5th to K B 6th.

H CONROY.—Received with thanks, and shall have attention.

A E A (Jewry-street).—What do you mean by a good work on chess? If one on the openings, "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern", if a collection of tournament games, the selection published by the British Chess Magazine of the 1888 Congress is as good as any.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2354 received from F Loraine, Sergeant Gordon (Aberdeen), John G Grant, Emil Frau (Lyons), and T Bound; of No. 2355 from T Roberts, R F N Banks, C E Perugini, and W Biddle.

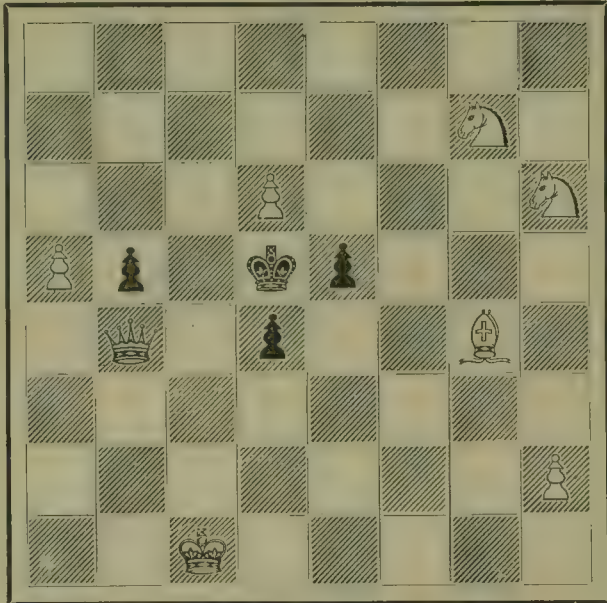
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2356 received from Julia Short (Exeter), Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Mrs W J Baird, W R Rallem, Rev J Gaskin (Reims), Charles Worrall, L Desanges, Key Winfield Cooper, E E H, T Roberts, R F N Banks, James Paul (Tulse-hill), F Loraine, B London, R Worries (Canterbury), H S Payer, W Biddle, Shadforth, A Newman, E Casella (Paris), J Hepworth Shaw, J Dixon, Jupiter Junior, Howard A, J Ross (Whitley), A W Hamilton Gell, H S B (Shooter's-hill), Hereward, J D Tucker (Leeds), T G (Ware), Dawn, R H Brooks, N Harris, Columbus, Ruby Rook Thomas Chown, Fr Fernando, F G Washington, G J Veale, Emil Frau (Lyons), L K de Pries (Grouw), A Gregory, H B S, W A Kent (Manchester), S B Tallantyre, J W Marchant, O J Gibbs (Coventry), J H Vickers (Newcastle), Alfred Castellain, F Mackie, H Bullock, and T Bound.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2354.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to Q Kt 4th Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2358.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Messrs. WEISS and POLLOCK.  
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black would reply, B takes P (ch), K to Q sq, Q takes P (ch), &c.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Castles	Kt takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	14. Q to K R 5th	B takes B
4. B to B 4th		15. P takes B	R to K sq
		16. Kt to Q 2nd	
By this unusual continuation, the opening is resolved into a Two-Knights' defence—a game all in favour of Black, especially now that he is a move to the good.			
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	17. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to K 2nd
6. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	18. K to R sq	B takes P (ch)
7. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. P to R 3rd	Q takes B
8. P takes P	Kt takes P		
9. Q to K 2nd		Black has now an easy-going game; but his method of finishing it off leaves nothing to be desired for brilliancy. Chessplayers ought to be thankful the opportunity fell to one so competent to do it justice as Mr. Pollock.	
White's characteristic cautiousness is so far more striking for its feebleness than for its skill.			
10. Castles		20. R takes Q	R takes R (ch)
The K P is Black's weak spot, but by this move he gets two pieces into play before it can be taken.			
11. Q to K 4th	B to K 3rd	21. K to R 2nd	B to Kt 8th (ch)
12. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	22. K to Kt 3rd	R to K 6th (ch)
13. Q takes Kt	Kt to Q Kt 5th	23. K to Kt 4th	Kt to K 7th
A very ingenious and dashing piece of tactics introducing a situation of extreme interest and crowded with possibilities—for instance, if P takes Kt,			
14. Q to Kt 5th		24. Kt to B sq	P to Kt 3rd
15. Q to Q 5th		25. Q to K 5th	P to K 4th (ch)
16. K to Kt 5th		26. K to Kt 5th	K to Kt 2nd
17. Kt takes R		27. Kt takes R	P to B 3rd (ch)
And White resigns.			

Game played between Messrs. BLACKBURN and DELMAR.  
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	11. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
2. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	12. P takes P	Q Kt takes P
3. B to Kt 2nd	P to B 3rd	13. Kt to B 2nd	B to B 4th
4. K Kt to R 3rd	P to K 4th	Useless; but what can Black do in such a position. The game is lost.	
A move which well deserves to lose the game.			
5. P takes P	Q to R 4th (ch)	14. P to Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes P	15. P to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th
7. B to B 4th	Q to K 2nd	16. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
Another bad move, Q to B 4th is better.			
8. Castles	P to Q 4th	17. B takes B (ch)	P takes B
9. R to K sq	Q Kt to Q 2nd	18. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to R 4th
His safest move is Q home again.			
10. P to K 4th	B P takes P	19. Kt to Q 3rd	K to B 2nd
And Black resigns.			

The Athenæum Chess Club, which has proved itself the strongest local club in the metropolis, played a match against the British at the rooms of the latter a few days ago, with the result that each side scored five. Neither team were of full strength, but the performance was not a bad one on the part of the visitors.

Mr. Gatti has again won the Lowenthal Cup at the St. George's Club, a trophy he has held since 1886.

Mr. Parrell has intimated to the Town Clerk his acceptance of the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh, and has fixed Saturday, July 20, as the date on which it would be convenient for him to receive the honour.

Lord Herschell presided on June 6 at Exeter Hall at the annual meeting on behalf of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, in which some 1200 waifs and strays are taken good care of, and afterwards helped to support themselves.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued an order relating to the musketry training of Volunteers, which lays down imperatively that the rifle must be used exactly as supplied by Government, and that colouring or marking the sights in black or white or with pencil, or in any other way, and the use of any addition, such as paper sights, is strictly prohibited. Another order, dealing with the uncertainty as to the mode of selecting the best marksman in a company or battalion, states that he must be that marksman who makes the highest aggregate number of points throughout his class firing.

POLO IN BALTISTAN.

Baltistan, sometimes called "Little Thibet," is the northern province of Kashmir, traversed by the Upper Indus, parts of which have an elevation of 11,000 ft., rising towards some of the highest peaks of the Himalayas. The feudal chieftains and Nawabs of that country are fond of their ancient sport, polo, which has been made known to Englishmen, of late years, through its adoption by officers of our regiments stationed in the Punjab. A correspondent, Mr. E. Giberne, who has travelled in Kashmir, furnishes us with Sketches of the playing of this game at Skardo, and with the following account of his observations:—

"I had been on a shooting trip at Arundoo, and along other side nullahs of the Great Shigur Valley. I had just crossed the Indus on a 'kál,' a raft made of bamboos tied loosely over skins blown out like bladders. I met a very smart-looking native, dressed in the English fashion, except a hat of gold lace like an artilleryman's forage-cap. He talked excellent English, even making several bad puns. I found out he was the Wazir of Baltistan, under the Maharajah of Kashmir. He told me that all the neighbouring Nawabs were assembled at Skardo for a week's polo, their national game, and that he would be happy to mount me that very afternoon.

"I jumped at the opportunity of seeing the original native game, from which the favourite Indian amusement had been developed. It is known that polo had been a national game in Baltistan long before an Englishman ever handled a polo-stick. In the afternoon the Wazir picked me up at my tent, bringing my mount, an animal in a native's idea of condition—as fat as a prize pig, and as difficult to move.

"We rode together to the polo-ground, a rough grass-field, bounded by stone walls, about 300 yards long by seventy broad, with permanent goal-posts of masonry about thirty yards from each end wall. It was about as nasty a ground to play a pulling pony as one could imagine. The sticks were very like German pipes, having a thin handle about 4 ft. long fitted into a bit of heavy, hard wood, like the pipe-bowl.

"We were six players on each side, the Wazir and I being on the same side. Such a motley get-up I never saw; yet each man seemed content with his turn-out. Ponies of all shapes and sizes were there; with bazaar-made Srinagar saddles, Spanish-looking red plush saddles nearly covering the ponies, and bits of extraordinary shapes, and with stirrups like great boxes, such as one sees in Spain. Such was their varied appearance.

"The Wazir hit off for our side; he was most correctly turned out. He took the ball and his stick in his right hand, galloped down from our goal towards the centre of the ground, threw up the ball and tried to volley it. Then began a game of hard galloping, jostling, crossing, and falling, such as I never saw.

"There seemed to be no particular rules, such as off-side, and other regulations of the game, as we know it. There were no intervals in the game; when a player or his pony was done, he stopped a bit and cut in again. Our side eventually won by several goals.

"To score a goal, one had not only to hit the ball between the goal-posts but also to dismount and get hold of it, before the other side could get at it. The effect can be imagined; with three or four hot-headed ponies galloping about loose, screaming and fighting, and as many men doing much the same behind the goal.

"After three-quarters of an hour the Wazir held up his hand, and said 'Bus!'—that is, 'Enough!'—and we stopped. As we were riding back to my tent, the band of the Maharajah's regiment at Skardo struck up 'God Save the Queen,' which was played over and over again.

"The Wazir and some Nawabs sat round my tent and smoked cigarettes for upwards of an hour; the Wazir telling me he was thinking of taking a polo team to play against Umballah and Rawul Pindi. I laughed to myself, a few weeks after, when playing at Umballah, to think of the way a regiment like the 9th Bengal Lancers would have beaten the Wazir's team. Next day I started towards Srinagar, after enjoying capital fun, thanks to the Wazir's hospitality."

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

The annual meeting of this society was held on June 6 at St. James's Hall, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The report stated that the society had to be thankful for an income larger by many thousands of pounds than had ever been before intrusted to its administration, the gross income amounting to £138,366, as compared with £109,765 last year. The number of ordained missionaries on the list, including ten Bishops, was 637. There were also in the missions 2300 catechists and lay-teachers, 2600 students, and 38,000 children in the mission schools in Asia and Africa. During the year 1888 the Board of Examiners had recommended twenty-seven persons out of those presenting themselves for missionary work. Rarely did a week pass which did not witness a substantial increase of the society's field of work, and it was hoped that this year a mission will have been equipped for the Corea. One is about to start to New Guinea.

The chairman congratulated the meeting on the satisfactory nature of the report. Year after year they had been told of good and great work being done, but this year they had to rejoice in the committee having at their disposal so much larger funds than they have ever had hitherto. This was due not only to a steady growth of the subscriptions, but to a noble example set by a clergyman who had given five-sixths of a property which had come to him. He had hitherto been a great friend to the society, always anonymously, and now that he had given £25,000, he desired that his name should not be disclosed except to those who must know in order to receive and pay over the money. They had consequently much to be thankful for, and, encouraged by such an example, they ought with fresh energy to go on and spread the work of this great society.

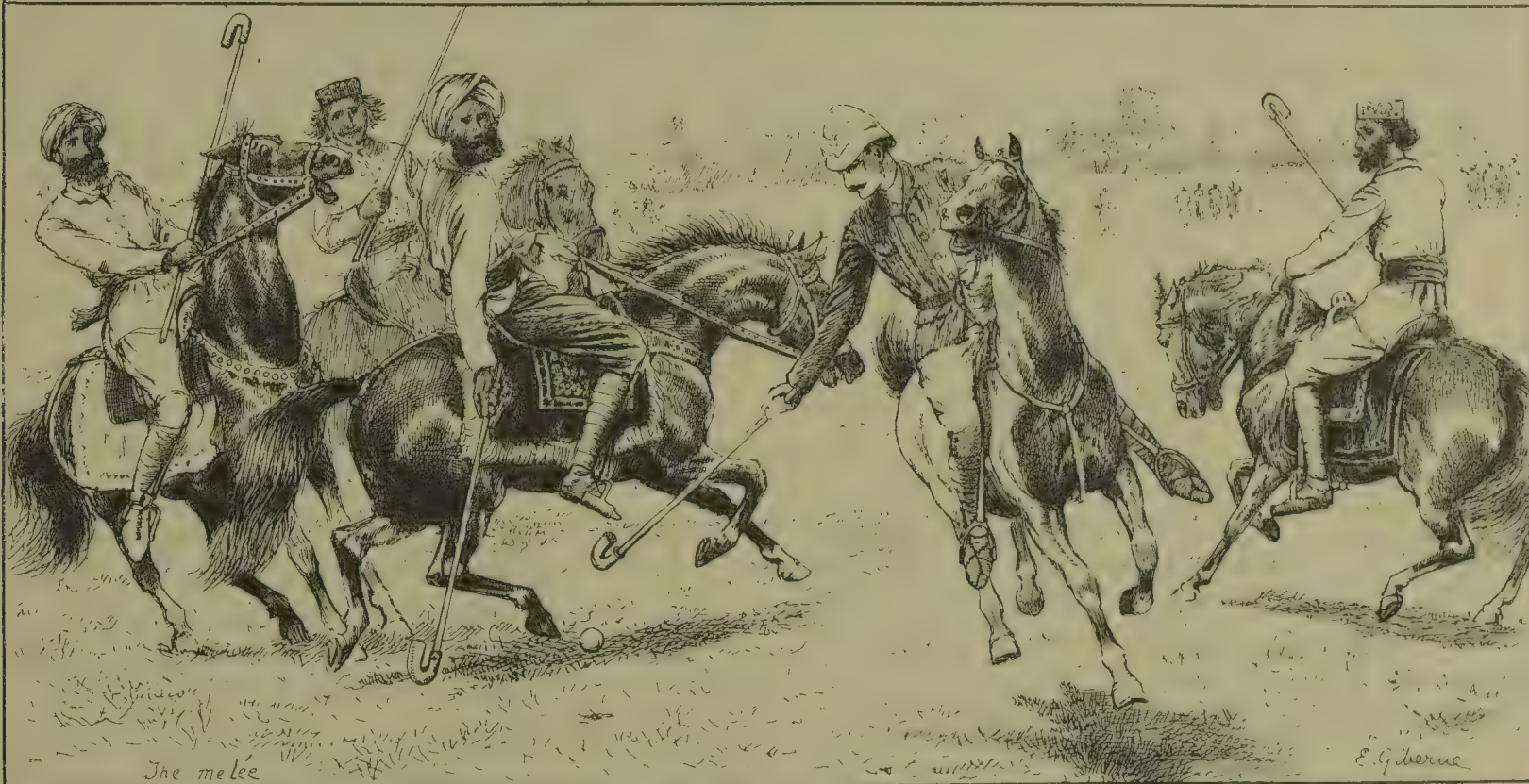
The Bishop of Ballarat said it was a comfort to remember that this society, with its Royal charters and national complexion about it, lived and flourished. In Australia they began with one clergyman and no church. Now they had 700 clergymen and between 2000 and 3000 churches. He expressed a wish that the different churches should join their forces in missionary enterprise, and save the waste of energy and funds which characterised the present system.

Sir Richard Temple, M.P., and Canon Body also addressed the meeting.

A shark, 10 ft. long and 4 ft. in girth, was caught recently in the Channel, about twenty-four miles south-east of Ventnor, by the mackerel-nets of the smack Pioneer, of Brighton. The fish has three rows of teeth and is supposed to be three years old.

A choral festival, under the auspices of the Salisbury Diocesan Choral Association, took place in Salisbury Cathedral on June 6, a vast congregation being present. The choristers numbered nearly 3000, and there was an orchestra consisting of eighty performers.





POLO WITH NAWABS OF BALTISTAN AT SKARDO, NORTH KASHMIR.



A HOT DAY IN JUNE.

Here I am, under the shade of green boughs; and here, to use a famous historic phrase, I remain. *J'y suis, et j'y reste.* Phew! what an agony it was to toil along that dusty road, to cross those open, treeless meadows—in the full blaze, mind you, of a pitiless sun, its rays beating on the fevered head and smiting like thongs of fire the burning shoulders—and then, to climb the steep precipices of this mountain height (a hundred feet or so in all; but on this tropic day suddenly elevated, as it seems to my bending knees and lagging feet, some thousands at the least—a Chimborazo or a Kinchinjunga is nothing to it!) before I could reach the green, green copse, with its oaks and elms, its beeches and its chestnuts, in the welcome shadows of which I stretch my tired humanity and am happy!

Blessings on the trees—on their rounded, shapely trunks, which have so fine a character of stability and repose; on their sweeping branches, their quivering sprays, their masses of graceful foliage; on the pungent aromatic odours with which they pervade the soft bland air, and revive the senses of the exhausted wayfarer who has taken refuge in their midst from the cruel tyranny of summer! Blessings on the trees—for see how the golden light dimples in among their pendent leaves, touching them here and there with flecks of radiance, and falling on the turf beneath in wavy patches, which, changing their tremulous outlines every minute, delight the eye with all manner of fantastic motions! What a melodious hullabaloo the finches are making among the green gloom of these intertangled branches! Yonder, on almost the top limb of a gnarled oak, which looks ancient enough to have heard the Roundheads' "surly hymn," like its congener in Sumner Chace, a blackbird is piping as though he would never grow old; piping a song straight out of his own head, as the children say, or out of his little heart—uncertain, various, but exquisitely sweet—lilting of the pride of life and the glory of the summer noon. Blessings on the trees, sprouting a shady boon for those lazy sheep, which have drawn together in a heap under the chestnuts, some standing, some recumbent, to enjoy the present hour and the lush grasses, blissfully unmindful of the judgment to come in the shape of the butcher's knife. How the jackdaws prattle in the elms! No doubt their noisy talk is all about the biped who has found his way, unasked, into their sylvan shades. Chatter, chatter, in spite of the cuckoo's monotonous notes, which every now and then break in upon their babble with tranquil iteration, as if to recall the feathered gossips to the subdued tones that alone are fitting on a drowsy day in June.

How hot the parched earth looks all around! The buttercups that sprinkle the slope down towards the lake in the hollow—Heavens, they burn like so many dots of golden flame! And the lake itself—even at this distance I can scarcely look upon it; for the noontide splendour has filled it with fiery shafts, each of which it throws back as from a surface of molten steel. The cattle, slowly ruminating, and churning patient mouths, stand silent under the hedgerows;

but a couple of horses rest their glossy necks on the topmost bar of the paddock-gate, occasionally brushing the flies from their heaving flanks with hasty-jerking tails, as if they resented the necessary exertion. Not a bird ventures out into the open. A soft quivering haze trembles on the horizon; but above my head the bright blue is innocent of the slightest cloud, and almost palpitates with lustre.

Phew!—how hot it is!

Never before have I felt so profoundly convinced that idleness is a virtue, and that the moralists who preach up industry as the whole duty of man are hopelessly in the wrong. Your Brindleys, Arkwrights, Stephenson—oh, mention not their names, I pray you! Who wants to cut canals, invent spinning-jennies, lay down railways, on a hot day in June? You tell me that without diligence, application, and all the rest of it, no man can "get on." But who wants to get on—that is, on a hot day in June? You remind me of the voice of duty; but who can hear it when the thrushes sing, and the green leaves rustle, on a hot day in June? I am deaf to the call of every mundane passion. What a mad dream is ambition, what a painted show the world, what silly baubles are the prizes of society! At least, they seem so on a hot day in June! As for the strife of politics, the applause of listening senates—what are they but a weariness of the flesh! Idleness, my friend, is the best thing for a man's moral nature, on a hot day in June. It relieves his temper, sets free all his better qualities, permits the leisurely development of what there is in him of honour and veracity. It is free from such despicable passions as envy, malice, and uncharitableness. I declare to you that at the present moment I hate no one—a heavenly frame of mind which every divine approves of. How could I take the trouble on a hot day in June? I am positively incapable of committing the most trifling peccadillo! I lie here, under the green boughs, a pattern of passive goodness, a living proof of the fallacy of Dr. Watts's calumnious assertion about Satan and his connection with "idle hands." How, indeed, can hands which are idle do mischief? The question opens up a striking line of argument; but who can argue on a hot day in June?

Phew!—how hot it is!

Yes; idleness, I am sure of it, is a great virtue—inimical to pride, prejudice, envy, and other naughty things; in which it is not possible to indulge without a good deal of effort. It is so nobly disinterested—asks for nothing but to be left alone. So magnificently unselfish—never grumbling while the children of this world push ahead and take all the stars and crosses, along with the trouble. While they go down into the arena and fight with wild beasts, or strain their heart-strings in the race for wealth or fame, idleness lies under the green boughs, content, and loses itself in dreams. And such dreams! Dreams of that forest of Arden, where the leaves never fade, where the birds' songs are never still, and Rosalind and Orlando roam the green glades together in immortal youth. Dreams of that land of flowery meads, where the paladin Rinaldo pines for the peerless Angelica. Dreams of that enchanted

wood through which the spotless Una wanders with her snow-white lamb. Dreams of the shady sadness of that vale, far from the fiery noon, where sits the grey-haired Saturn in his awful silence, and the Naiad mid her reeds presses her cold finger closer to her lips, that none may break it. Dreams of that vast mass of mingling shade through which the poet in "Alastor" makes his way, where the pyramids of the tall cedar, overarching, form most solemn domes. With such dreams as these idleness disports its fancy—on a hot day in June!

Phew!—how hot it is!

And yet, at this very moment, how many thousands of my fellow-subjects are "in cities pent," hurrying to and fro, rushing hither and thither, at the summons of business or pleasure, of poverty or pain! I think of the ardent sunshine struggling down into the close, stifling thoroughfares; of the hot pavement, which almost blisters the pedestrian's feet; of the perspiring faces which look into other perspiring faces, and are not the cooler for what they see there; of the tired horses which stumble along the dusty roads; of the geraniums and fuchsias in the balconies which hang down their sooty petals, faint and fading; of the endless rattle of carriages, and cabs, and busses, and cars, and vans; of all the noise and heat, all the stir and tumult, all the worry of Commerce and weariness of Fashion, and I thank my stars for the hush and coolness of my sylvan retreat—on a hot day in June!

O. Y.

The Judges rose for the Whitsun Vacation on June 7, and there will be no further sittings in court again till Tuesday, June 18, when the Trinity Sittings begin.

In response to the appeal made by Lord Hartington and other gentlemen, a friend has forwarded a cheque for £500 towards the Polytechnic Endowment Fund.

The Board of Trade has received through the Foreign Office a gold watch and chain and a gold medal, which have been awarded by the United States Government to Alexander T. Crighton, master, and William Lang, first mate, of the British steam-ship *Circe*, respectively, in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the American brig *Mary E. Dana*, on March 17 last; and also a gold medal awarded by the same Government to Captain John Williams of the British ship *Canute*, in recognition of his services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner *Georgia B. McFarland*, on Feb. 3 last.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on June 6, Mr. Judd moved that on the occasion of the approaching second visit of the Shah of Persia an address of welcome in a suitable gold casket, of the value of 200 guineas, be presented to his Majesty; that the Shah be invited to attend at the Guildhall to receive such address; and that a special Ward Committee be appointed to make arrangements for the reception of his Majesty, and for an entertainment in the Guildhall at an expense not exceeding £2000. Alderman Sir W. Lawrence seconded the motion, which was carried with but one dissentient.

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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Considerable interest has been aroused in society in London by the publication in the June issue of the *Nineteenth Century* of a "Protest against Women's Suffrage," signed by women. Very few of the signatures are those of women who have ever done anything to give their names weight. Though several are the wives or widows of famous men, there are less than half-a-dozen out of the hundred signatories who can, even by a stretch of courtesy, be said to have themselves given any proof to the world of intellectual greatness, governing or organising power, philanthropic earnestness, or interest in social progress.

Far less are there appended the names of any women who have worked for women. The document itself hails "the rise of a new spirit of sympathy and justice among men" towards women, "answering to the advances made by women in education," and in social and public influence; and it says that its signers "rejoice" in the work of women on school boards and boards of guardians, and in "the more extended powers and opportunities of usefulness recently opened" to their sex. But, with the solitary exception of Lady Stanley of Alderley, who has done something to help women's medical education—with this solitary exception, no one of the women signing this paper has ever given a shred of assistance in bringing about the legal and social reforms, and the changes in spirit, and the enlarged powers and opportunities of usefulness, in all which they profess to rejoice. These changes have not wrought themselves. Every legal reform, every new means of education, every fresh professional opening, every public office undertaken, means that money and labour and thought, aye, and sorrow have been freely spent by some women—but not one of them is counted amongst those women who sign this paper of "rejoicing" that the position has so far improved, while hoping that "the emancipating process has now reached its limits."

If the women who have worked for and procured the changes in the married women's property laws, in the custody of infants laws, and in many other cruel statutes, said that their success so far had convinced them that women did not need the vote: if the women who have forced the right to attend other women in sickness from a close corporation: the women who have procured for girls the possibility of University and high school education: the women who have profited by that education and distinguished themselves by gaining scholastic honours: the women who have shown by serving on public bodies that a lady can even fight a hotly-contested election without loss of dignity or grace: the women who have devoted themselves to securing better conditions of life for pauper children, or for working girls: the women who in literature or science have made themselves a honoured place: the women who have shown themselves capable of conducting great organisations in time of peace or in service of war—if such women expressed themselves against Women's Suffrage, their opinion would not only command respect, but would even, if anything like unanimous, conclude the matter for this generation.

But so far from this being the case, women known as workers in the cause of humanity in these directions are all on the other side. Who have signed this *Nineteenth Century* "protest against women's suffrage"? Well, there are about a dozen Peeresses, and as many Peers' daughters. There are the wives of Professor Huxley, Professor Max Müller, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Dean Church, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and a few more clerical, literary, or political men

of note. I do not know if we are to conclude that these ladies sign as representing their husbands; but even if so, they count no more on a women's protest than the rest of the signatories who are equally unknown outside private life. "Mrs. Bishop, Prince of Wales-terrace," "Mrs. Wells, Manchester-square," and the rest are, doubtless, estimable ladies, but do not record anything more than an ordinary woman's opinion; and they are swamped by the tens of thousands of their compeers who have signed petitions or gathered in great meetings to express an opinion in favour of Women's Suffrage.

Leaving aside these unknown gentlewomen and the equally unknown quantity of capacity and public-spirit possessed by the wives of active men, there remain, as signing this petition to represent the known intelligence and work of women, only the following few names—Mrs. Humphry Ward, novelist; Mrs. Lynn Linton, novelist and essayist; Miss B. Potter, said to have worked a week in a "sweater's" shop; Miss Lawless, novelist; Miss Garnett, essayist; and certain "Primrose dames," Lady R. Churchill at their head. (It surely was a great humourist, by the way, who invented the notion of getting a posse of Primrose dames to protest against "women mixing themselves up in the coarsening struggles of party political life"! This is exquisite from the female leaders of the Primrose League!)

To turn from this list of signatures to one issued a few years ago of women who are in favour of Women's Suffrage is indeed a striking lesson. The most honoured names of the womanhood of the Victorian age are here. The women who protest against the continued exclusion of their sex, who have to pay the taxes and who have to obey the laws, from all direct authority in the levying or spending the taxes and the making of the laws, include practically all the women famous for intellect, philanthropy, or individual achievement.

Here, in protest against the exclusion of women from direct political influence, is the great name of Florence Nightingale, who organised order from chaos in the Crimea; who, by her executive power saved the lives of thousands of men, who would have otherwise died not so much from want of nursing as from want of proper administration of the vast national resources; and who was for years after the most influential and trusted authority in War Office reforms. Here is one who, in the Russo-Turkish wars, followed that great example, and again showed how women can organise public resources—Miss Irby. Here is Mrs. Hilton, of the Crèche; Mrs. Nassau Senior, who initiated boarding-out pauper children; the late Mary Carpenter, the founder of girls' reformatories; Miss Ellice Hopkins, the friend of poor girls; and Mrs. Josephine Butler, who to many is as an apostle. Here are Mrs. William Grey, and Miss Sheriff, and Miss Emily Davies, the first workers for girls' high schools, together with women-teachers of the young of the standing of Miss Buss, Mrs. Byers, Miss Jones, of the Notting-hill High School, Miss Grove, of the London Queen's College, and Miss Corlett, founder of Queen's College, Dublin. Here are the scientific women, with the late Mrs. Somerville at their head, and Miss Buckland, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Dr. Garrett-Anderson, Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., and a host of other women-graduates. Here are the literary women, with the late Harriet Martineau for their leader, and the late venerable Mary Howitt and charming Mrs. Ewing, and Miss Anne Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie), Mrs. Augusta Webster (the poetess), Mrs. Spender, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Charles (the authoress of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family"), Miss Sarah

Tytler, Mrs. Molesworth, and Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Here is practically every woman who has ever held a seat on a School Board or a Board of Guardians. Here are Mrs. Bodichon, Madame Parkes-Belloc, and the other founders of the Society for the Employment of Women.

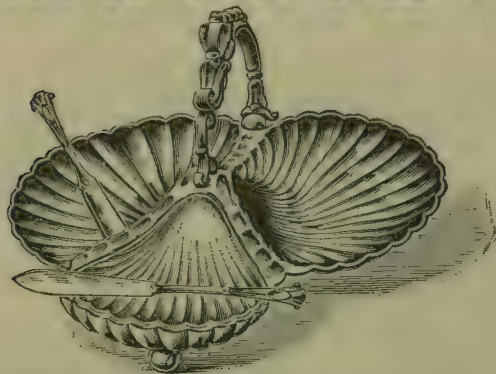
Enough! I say nothing of the arguments of the "protest." They have all done duty before, and been answered again and again. The force of the document does not rest in the least in its substance; it is the names appended to it that are supposed to give it influence. Those women who care for women—who can never be happy, though they themselves have all the rights they want, while they see around them other women suffering and wronged and starving because of bad laws and of the low status given to their sex—those women to whom their own power of thought, their knowledge, and their sense of right are high and sacred trusts to be used for the good of their motherland, and their race, and their sex, by all legitimate means—those women may take great comfort from these lists of names. Verily "the ebbing tide is with you—the flowing tide is with us."—FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

Mr. D. Christie Murray, the novelist, previous to his departure for Australia on a lecturing tour, was entertained at the Criterion by a numerous company, representative of literature, art, and the drama. Mr. Edmund Yates presided, and the guests were over 150 in number.

The date of opening the exhibition of the "R.A. Crowded out and Rejected" at Olympia, Kensington, has been fixed for Saturday, June 22, and the pictures are being received. Royal Academy "Doubtfuls" and "Rejected" will be exhibited, as well as other pictures which may or may not have been shown at any exhibition. It has been decided that the prizes, which range from £50 to £5, shall be awarded by the public vote. Each visitor will be presented with a voting card, on which he will be asked to fill in the name and number of the picture he deems most worthy to receive the first prize, and to deposit the card in a ballot-box. The picture obtaining the highest number of votes will receive the first prize; the next highest, the second; and so on. The ballot-box will be opened publicly at a fixed hour on a certain day each week, and the number of votes will be regularly published.

A special court of the subscribers to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was recently held at Freemasons' Hall, Mr. W. Beach, M.P., in the chair. The meeting was called for the purpose of considering the report of the special committee which was appointed last year to inquire into and report upon the discipline, expenditure, and administration of the institution. The committee held its meetings and investigated the three subjects, and they presented their report to a quarterly court on April 26 last. The report made recommendations for an entire change in the administration, and notified the particulars of the changes that should be made. The secretary (Mr. Binckes) then read a number of resolutions which had been passed at Masonic meetings condemning the management of the school and supporting the recommendation of a complete reform. Several members of the House Committee had already resigned. The report of the Investigation Committee was adopted. After a long discussion, a provisional committee was appointed to manage the affairs of the institution, and that they should report to a future meeting of the court the best and most effective mode of carrying out the recommendations contained in the report of the committee of inquiry.

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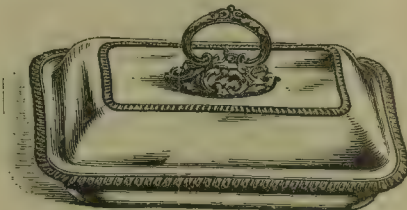
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1865), with five codicils (dated Feb. 20, 1869; Jan. 24, 1878; March 22 and April 7, 1879; and Aug. 14, 1883), of her Royal Highness Augusta Duchess of Cambridge, late of the Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, and of Cambridge Cottage, Kew, who died on April 6, was proved on May 31 by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £159,340 14s. 7d. She bequeaths all her furs, Indian shawls, jewels, and furniture to her two daughters, the Duchess of Teck and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; her wines, linen, carriages and horses to the Duchess of Teck; an annuity of £200 to Lady Geraldine Somerset, £100 to Lord William Paulet, £150 to the Princess Augusta of Hesse, £200 to Colonel Greville, £100 to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and annuities to members of her household and servants. For making further provisions for the children of the Duchess of Teck, she directs that all accumulations of income, both in England and abroad, from the year 1867 are to be held upon trust for them in equal shares. The golden toilet presented to her mother, the Landgravine Caroline of Hesse, by the town of Maestricht for the gallant defence thereof by her husband, the Landgrave Frederick, against the French, shall go as an heirloom, and on her death revert to her great-nephew, Prince William of Hesse, and after his decease shall pass from him to the members of the House of Hesse, but shall always remain in the Castle of Rampenheim, where she was born. The residue of her property she leaves, as to two fifths thereof, to her daughter, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; two fifths, upon trust, for her daughter, the Duchess of Teck, and then to her children; and the remaining one fifth, upon trust, to pay the interest to her said two daughters for life, and on the death of both of them, upon further trust, for the Duke of Cambridge, and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1885) of the Most Noble Richard Plantagenet Campbell, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, G.C.S.I., C.L.E., P.C., late of Stowe, Bucks, and Chandos House, who died on March 26 last, was proved on May 31 by William Williams, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. After confirming his marriage settlement the testator bequeaths £500, such plate, furniture, and household effects as she may choose to the value of £2000, and the use, for life, of the "Temple" diamonds, to his wife; and £10,000 each to his daughters, Lady Mary Morgan and Lady Anne Hadaway. He devises his estates, lands, farms, and premises in Cornwall to his daughter Lady Caroline Grenville; and the remainder of his real estate, including Stowe, upon trust, for his eldest daughter, Lady Mary Morgan, for life, with remainder to her first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to her daughters, and with remainder over to his second daughter, Lady Anne Hadaway; but these estates are charged under his marriage settlement with jointures to his younger children. The Grenville, Chandos, and Temple-Nugent family pictures, and certain presentation plate, and, on the death of his wife, the "Temple" diamonds, are to go as heirlooms, and follow the trusts of his settled estates; and the residue of his personal estate is to be held on similar trusts.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1884), with three codicils (dated July 11, 1884, and Feb. 16 and Aug. 2, 1886), of Miss Mary Eason, late of No. 5, Ladbroke-gardens, Notting-hill, who died on May 15, was proved on May 30 by William Edward Gillett, Thomas Wilkes, and Harry Horsman Coles, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £113,000.

The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, and expresses the wish that the first boat provided out of this sum may be called the "Margaret," in memory of her sister; £1000 to Miss Elizabeth and Miss Bridget Hartley; £500 to each executor; her jewels, plate, pictures and furniture, and any money he may owe her, to Thomas Wilkes; and legacies and annuities to servants. She devises her land and premises at Park Gate, Darlington, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for the purpose of erecting a church thereon. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for the Middlesex Hospital.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1887), of Mrs. Maria Louisa Richardson Gardner, late of No. 41, Grosvenor-square, who died on April 2, at Cannes, was proved on May 29 by George Henry Long, William Compton Compton Smith, and Lionel James Richardson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £87,000. Subject to the legacies of £1000 to each executor, and her £3 10s. per cent Indian Stock, upon trust, for Charles Franklin, for life, and then to his children, the testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her husband, Robert Richardson Gardner, M.P., for life. On his death she gives and devises her estates at Eton Clewer and Windsor to Lionel James Richardson; £5000 each to her nieces, Mrs. Esther Geraldine Connor and Mrs. Mary Augusta Salmond; £3000 each to William Compton Compton Smith, Horace Grant Richardson, her niece Maud Richardson, her niece Mrs. Lily Fussell, her cousins Miss Alice Woodfall, Miss Frances Woodfall, Mrs. Sarah Jolly, and Mrs. Rose Peach, and Mrs. Jeanie Francis; and £2000 each to Miss Marian and Miss Alice Isaacson. The ultimate residue of her property she leaves to the Hon. Stanley Goulburn Giffard, the son of Lord Halsbury. She desires that the marble busts of herself and husband shall be given to the Albert Institute, Windsor.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1889) of Mr. James Folds, J.P., late of Brunshaw House, Burnley, Lancashire, who died on April 1, was proved on May 30 by Thomas Frederic Artindale, James Langfield Ward, and Obadiah Folds and James Folds, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £77,000. The testator gives £1000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Helen Ward, Mrs. Ann Holroyd, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper; £4000, upon trust, for Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Roberts, the widow of his deceased son, for life; an annuity of £100 between his three nieces, Mary Tweedale, Ellen Tweedale and Alice Brierley; and £36,000, upon trust, to be divided between all his daughters, with powers of appointment at their decease to their respective husbands and children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his two sons, Obadiah and James, absolutely.

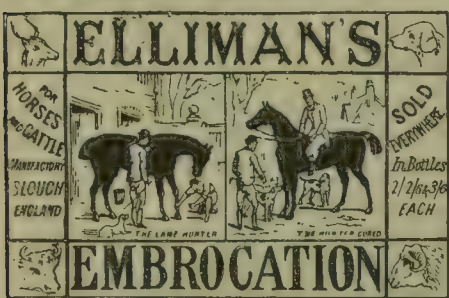
The will (dated Dec. 1, 1887), with two codicils (dated Jan. 22 and Aug. 16, 1889), of Mr. John Neate, late of No. 16, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, No. 53, Belsize-park, and Trafford, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, who died on April 26, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Sophia Neate, the widow, and Rayner Storr, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £62,000. The testator gives £7500, and all his furniture and household effects, and such a yearly sum, as will, with that received by her under her marriage settlement from the property settled on her by her uncle and under her father's will, make up £1500 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Neate; £5000 each to his sons, Percy John and Rayner Maurice; £2500 to his son, Arnold Edward; and numerous small legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said three sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1882), with seven codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1882; May 23, 1883; Jan. 8, 1884; Jan. 5, 1885; Feb. 1, 1886; May 25, 1887; and Aug. 14, 1888), of Mr. Charles Ansted, late of No. 29, Penton-place, Pentonville, who died on April 20, was proved on May 30 by the Rev. Joseph Board Ansted, Edward Ansted, and Danby Stevens Christopher, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testator gives £1000 to Christ's Hospital; £500 to Christ's Hospital for Hetherington's Trust for the Blind; £100 each to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the London Fever Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum (Bagshot), the Middlesex Hospital, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Foundling Hospital, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £200, upon trust, to apply the income in the purchase of blankets, coals, bread, and bacon to be distributed at Christmas time among the poor of Quorndon, and a like sum, upon the same trusts, for the poor of the parish of St. James, Pentonville; £500 to Miss Emily Sarah Carter Rendell, and a further sum of £4500 if she is residing with the deceased at the time of his death; his house, No. 29, Penton-place, with the furniture and contents thereof, to Edward Ansted; and numerous other legacies. He devises his copyhold premises in Middlesex to the Rev. Joseph Board Ansted; and all his real estate in Leicestershire, and elsewhere, to his sister, Ellen Ansted, for life, and then to Edward Ansted, in fee simple. The residue of his property he leaves between Edward Ansted, the Rev. Joseph Board Ansted, and Alfred John Ansted.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1889), with a codicil (dated April 8, 1889), of Charlotte Sophia Cambell, Baroness Craignish, late of Richings Park, Iver, Bucks, who died on April 10, at No. 3, Welbeck-mansions, Cadogan-terrace, was proved on May 31, by James Adams Hewitt and Mrs. Philadelphia Rosa Leigh Spencer, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testatrix gives £300 to Mrs. Adelaide Caroline Meeking; £500 to her nephew Bertram C. C. S. Meeking; £500 to her niece Mildred Meeking; £300 each to her nephew Hume Meeking and her niece Adelaide Meeking; £100 to her nephew Kenneth Meeking; £500 to her niece Mary Kate Hall; £300 to Mrs. Florence Sheepshanks; £1000 to Mrs. Shute; £2500 to her aunt, Mrs. Philadelphia Rosa Leigh Spencer; £5000 to her godson, Herbert Arthur Blunt; and very many legacies and annuities to relatives, friends and servants. Under the powers contained in the will of her late father, Charles Meeking, Esq., she appoints the sum of £200 per annum to her husband the Baron Craignish. The residue of her property she leaves between her nephews Hume Meeking and Charles Spencer Hall, and Mrs. Florence Sheepshanks, she knowing the testatrix's wishes as to the disposal of the said one third share.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1887), with three codicils, of Mr. James William Pankhurst, formerly of Borleston, Staffordshire, and late of No. 6, Abbey-crescent, Torquay, who died on April 27, was proved on May 29 by George Frank Paddock and the Rev. Francis Hoare, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator gives £50 each to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, the British Home for Incurables, and the London City Mission; and legacies and annuities to friends. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £500 per annum to his adopted daughter, Mrs. Annie Hoare; and the remainder of the income thereof is to be accumulated till the death of Mrs. Hoare, or until she shall give notice, in writing, when the capital and income are to be divided between her children.

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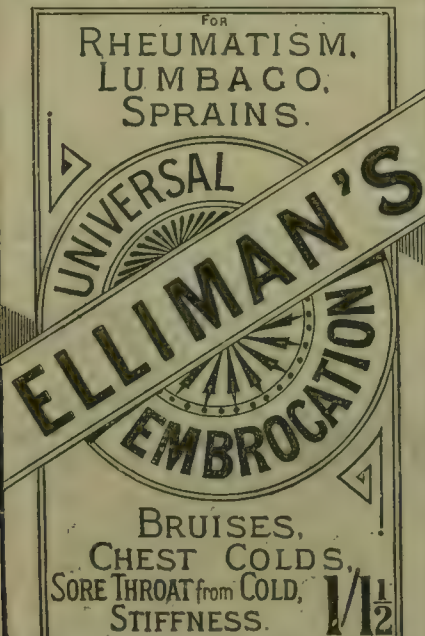
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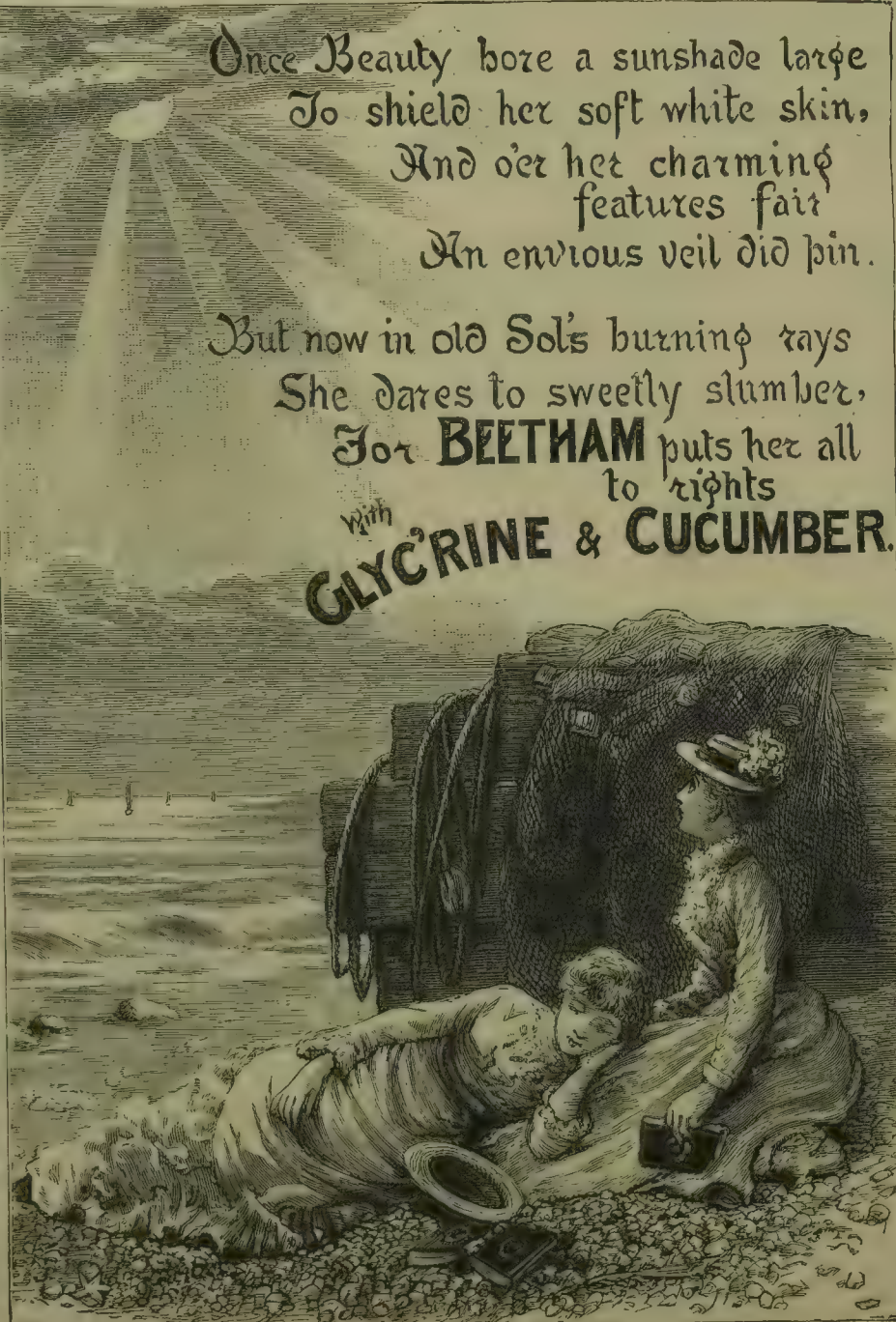


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However, it is all right now. The Ibsenites have changed their minds and altered their policy. Five years ago they solemnly assured us that Ibsen was impossible on the English stage. But they strove to make him possible. The great high priest of Ibsenism in this country—Mr. William Archer—faithfully translated the "Doll's House," word for word and idea for idea. A deserted theatre was hired specially for the occasion; a clever little company, inspired with the principles of the Ibsen faith, worked heart and soul to do justice to the master. They studied, they rehearsed, they slaved. Money and brains were freely expended on the first-fruits of the new creed. A more attentive and earnest audience never assembled within the walls of a theatre. The chaffing gallery and the irreverent pit religiously remained away. We were treated to Ibsen undiluted, Ibsen from the pure fountain-head, and we were asked to believe that the human nature we had hitherto studied was all wrong, and that the new "fad" was wholly and incontestably right. The doctrinaires seemed to say, "Look here! Human nature as it is, is all wrong; this is what human nature ought to be."

So we saw this wonderful Nora, who, in the space of twenty-four hours changes by some miracle from a doll stuffed with sawdust, into a thinking, earnest, calm philosopher. We were introduced to a playful kitten who bounds

over chairs and tables, tells fibs, munches macaroons, and is more a spoiled baby than her own children, and saw her next day, calm, sedate, clothed in her right mind, arguing out the philosophy of love and the relations of the sexes as if she had been an ideal Princess Ida, or a modern Becker or Besant. We were asked to believe that a sober commercial man could give his confidence to a child-wife who was perpetually fibbing, who did not know it was wrong to forge, who considers that everything dictated by sentiment should be protected by the law, and who after eight years home-life with her husband calls him a stranger, and deserts her innocent children without a kiss or a farewell. Nothing was spared us. On they came, the selfish, egotistical, unimaginative, and sensual husband; the doctor who discusses hereditary diseases with the friend's wife he is tempted to corrupt; the female friend and widow who proposes to the villain of the play, so hungry is she for companionship; and the villain himself, who to our benighted understanding, is the only strictly moral and upright person in the whole crew. Everyone in the play does something mean but the villain. Nora forges and fibs, and deserts her innocent children. Her husband loses his temper, and abuses the weakling he ought to protect, if not pity. The doctor is a contemptible scoundrel, who does not even respect purity in a woman or pride in a patient. But Krogstadt, the villain, apart from his early error, has suffered more than anyone, but still does noble things when he might be cowardly and revengeful. If Krogstadt has sinned in his youth, at any rate he has repented, and when he is buffeted he nobly turns the other cheek. The rest are vain egotists: he is a Christian and a man.

There is much truth, no doubt, in Ibsen's theory that women are not studied by selfish men, and that existing influence is not used in the right direction. But what was there in Nora, in her nature, in her habits, in her disposition, in her temperament, to induce her husband to treat her differently than he did? He was a man without imagination or tenderness, and he treated her like the little fool that she was. It was a rude and coarse thing to abuse his little wife when she had made a particular idiot of herself; but he apologised

for it, and humiliated himself far more than most men would do under the circumstances. Nora could never have loved or respected Helmer at any time if she could not forgive a fit of petulance sprung from vanity, and if she could seriously determine to abandon him and his children because her own vanity was piqued. In truth, Ibsen, in stating his case, has stated it badly. What of the supreme unselfishness of woman? what of her devotion under trial? what of her power to be man's helpmeet, and half of his existence? what of her glory of forgiveness? what of that pure essence of "maternity" that is given to woman as a compensation for man's waywardness and unreasonable temper? Do women endorse the proposition that an eight-years' married wife, with the swell of maternal love in her bosom, with her innocent children dependent on her, would leave husband and children because her husband called her a fool when she was acting generously towards him? What a small woman, what a miserable little woman Ibsen would make of her! Hitherto men have venerated women for their exquisite womanhood; they have respected them even when they transferred their personal love from husband to children; they have admired those singular beauties of character that have enabled women to forgive in far worse cases than that of Nora the sins of far baser men than Helmer. To my mind Nora and all her companions in this play are wholly unbecomingly. They are a mass of frivolity and selfishness. If it were possible to find a human being more ignoble than Helmer, it would be the wife who, after eight years' companionship, deserted her home, her husband, and her children, and sacrificed her claim to the title of woman in its purest and best sense. It is said of Ibsen that he is one of the few living authors who understand women. If this be a specimen of his knowledge, I doubt if he understands women at all. There is another writer nearer home who certainly understands them far better. Let those who are so interested in this wondrous Ibsen discovery take down from the book-shelves "Sesame and Lilies," by John Ruskin, and read the remarkable essay, "On Queen's Gardens." For my own part I prefer the doctrine of John Ruskin to that of Henrik Ibsen.

C. S.

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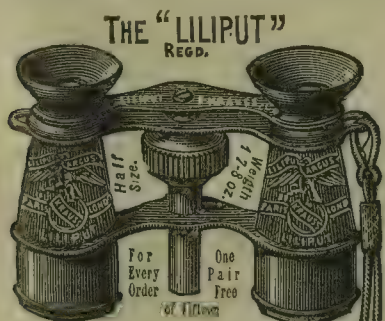
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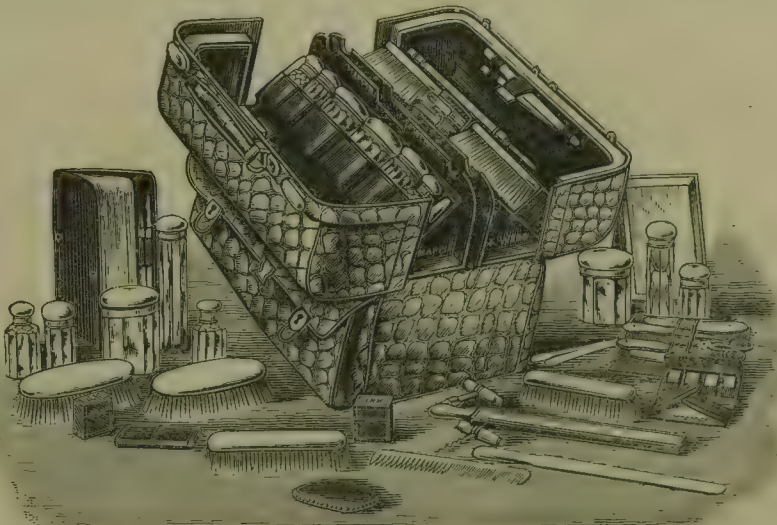
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The MOST PERFECT EVER INVENTED. The best and cheapest. Made in all shades to match the hair. Soft and pliable. Simple in construction. Will not break the hair or hurt the head. THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS. 6 Curlers, in Handsome Metal Case, 6d. OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS AND DEALERS. Wholesale—51, Fenchurch-street, Soho, W.



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Serge in general utility. They are woven in ROYAL NAVY  
BLUES, WOODED BLACKS, all plain colours and a variety of  
FANCY WEAVINGS. Prices, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s.,  
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they are most useful. Very excellent qualities are manu-  
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freights at low rates.

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.  
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It arrests falling, causes lux-  
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In Cases, 10s. 6d.; of all Hair-  
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PURE CONCENTRATED  
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To secure this Article, please ask for  
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"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs  
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WONDROUSLY FINE  
**BISCUITS De HAAN**

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**COCA TABLETS.**

Containing Borax, to promote action on the Throat and  
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Without the Borax, for persons to whom its flavour  
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These preparations may be obtained of all Chemists and Grocers. An Explanatory and Historical Pamphlet,  
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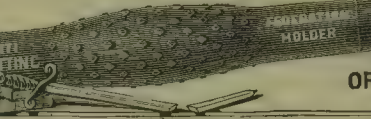
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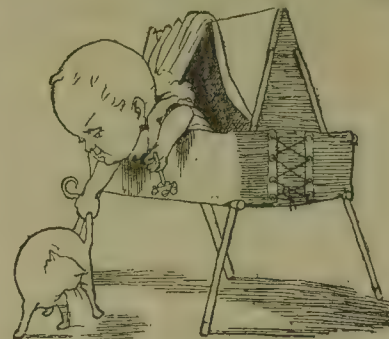
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"THE QUEEN"  
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use—  
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"Here is my bed."  
"Sleep give thee all his rest."  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



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This invention is very strong and simple;  
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weight, 12 lb. The canvas is in one piece,  
which is stretched on to a frame, thus forming  
an easy, pliable Bed. Made in several sizes  
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**IF PEOPLE KNEW**

How speedily every nerve and muscle of the  
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**HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT**

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CURE FOR ASTHMA**

Established nearly quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.

It is used as an inhalation, and without any after bad

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Among the thousands of testimonials the following will

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"The only relief I could get."—"If I had known

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COD LIVER  
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PERFECTED IN ONE OPERATION

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INCORPORABLE,

PALATABLE,

PERFECT,

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ONE BOTTLE 2/3,

TWO BOTTLES 4/-

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BEWARE OF RECENT

IMITATIONS! SO

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THE PRICE OF PURE OIL.

**IT FLOATS ON WATER.**  
**"IVY" SOAP**

LADIES will find this Soap especially adapted for  
Washing Laces, Infants' Clothing, Silk Hose,  
cleaning Gloves, and all articles of Fine Texture and  
delicate colour, and for the varied uses about the house  
the ordinary and common Yellow Household Soaps.  
"IVY" Soap cannot possibly be lost when in use. It **FLOATS** in the Wash-tub! It **FLOATS** in the  
Bath! It **FLOATS** in the Wash-Bowl! And **FLOATS** away with all Stains and Dirt from the Clothes.  
IT IS A LUXURY for the Children's Bath.

**THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP MADE.**

A SAMPLE CAKE will be sent POST FREE on receipt of Address. If there be any difficulty in obtaining IVY Soap  
we will send a Large Cake on receipt of 4 Stamps, or 3 Cakes for 12 Stamps—POST FREE. Please name this Paper.

**Sole Makers—GOODWIN BROTHERS, MANCHESTER.**





# SUMMER NUMBER of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1889

WILD  
DARRIE

BY

CHRISTIE MURRAY  
AND  
HENRY HERMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY

A. FORESTIER AND G. MONTBARD



AND

A SECRET  
OF  
TELEGRAPH  
HILL

BY

BRET HARTE

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. B. PARTRIDGE



OFFICE:

198, STRAND,

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# NOBILITY OF LIFE.

**WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.**—Milton.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

**WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?**

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the *Tale of Life*; what sheds the *purest light upon our reason*; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to *soften the heart* of man and elevate his soul,—I would answer with Lassus, it is

**EXPERIENCE.**—Lord Lytton.

"J. C. ENO.

"SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on your justly celebrated FRUIT SALT? Being the writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my occupation being a very sedentary one. I came here for a few weeks, in order to see what change of air would do for me, and at the wish of some *personal friends* of mine here, I have taken your FRUIT SALT, and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing you.—

"I am, Sir, yours truly, A LADY."

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,  
Which dearly do we love to trace;  
As welcome as the flowers in May,  
That bloom around us on our way;  
As welcome as the wild bird's song,  
Which greets us as we go along;  
As welcome as the flower's perfume,  
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June,

**Is Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!**

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,  
To Headache it gives certain ease;  
Biliousness it does assuage,  
And cures it both in Youth and Age;  
Giddiness it will arrest,  
And give both confidence and rest;  
Thirst it will at once allay,  
And what's the best in every way?—

**Why, Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!**



The Appetite it will enforce,  
And help the system in its course;  
Perhaps you've eaten or drunk too much?  
It will restore like magic touch.  
Depression with its fearful sway,  
It drives electric-like away;  
And if the Blood is found impure,  
What effects a perfect cure?—

**Why, Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!**

Free from danger, free from harm,  
It acts like some magician's charm;  
At any time a dainty draught,  
Which will dispel Disease's shaft;  
More priceless than the richest gold  
That ever did its wealth unfold;  
And all throughout our native land  
Should always have at their command

**Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!**

**"This Life is the great Schoolmaster, and Experience the Mighty Volume. It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and gather the honey of wisdom not from flowers but thorns."**—LORD LYTTON.

**AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."**

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—Richard is himself again!" So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take  
No waste of this Elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup  
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in

grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,  
And still our health renew."

**FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.**—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**

**STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE, WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.**

"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

TO AID NATURE in CHILDHOOD, MIDDLE AGE, or ADVANCED LIFE, without force or strain, use ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" (a simple Vegetable Extract). Occasionally a desirable adjunct to ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." They perform their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done"; and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the MOTO. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

**ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."** [TRADE MARK.]

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" ought to be kept in every house and every travelling trunk, in readiness for any emergency.

**Disordered Stomach, Seaside and Bilious Attacks.**

A GENTLEMAN writes: "Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Moto,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle and yet so effective that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

**A Gentle and Corrective Action.**

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your 'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., Sept. 13, 1886."

Eno's "Vegetable Moto" of all Chemists, price 1s. 1d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



1889



WILD DARRIE  
BY  
CHRISTIE MURRAY  
AND  
J. HERMAN

G. MONTGOMERY

THE play was "Hamlet," and the great Montgomery Bassett, who was nowhere more popular than at the Surrey, held a transpontine audience spellbound in the fifth act. The fatal fencing-match with Laertes was approaching, and the blackvised monarch drank to Hamlet, but not from the poisoned bowl. The lords and ladies of Denmark looked on at the scene with a curious want of interest, like spectators of waxwork. The duel began, Mr. Bassett and Laertes crossed rapiers, and the Courtly attendants were forgotten by the audience.

"Me darling," whispered one of the ladies of the Court to another, "I feel as if I should drop. Put your arm round me, there's a dear! I believe I'm dying!"

"Nonsense!" the woman appealed to whispered swiftly back, but she put her arm about her slighter companion all the same, and the two nestled together in attitudes somewhat more natural than those of their compeers.

The poisoned sword scratched the fated Prince. Then came the tussle and the change of rapiers. Laertes was down, groaning his last confession. The Queen-Mother had drunk of the poisoned goblet; and the Prince, mad for vengeance, stormed at the King with death in his hand. Nobody had an eye for the two supernumerary ladies; but the stronger of the two felt the other's figure dragging heavily upon her arm, and, looking down upon her, saw her face all lax and grey beneath the necessary paint. Hamlet took an unconscionable time in dying, and even when the potent poison had quite o'ercrowded his spirit, he displayed an unexpected vigour and muscularity.

"The rest is silence!" the great man moaned at last. The curtain unrolled itself slowly in the breathless, awestruck stillness of the house, and the roller fell with a dull thud upon the boards. The dead Prince recovered himself with dignity, and strolled to the prompt side, to stand in readiness for his call, brushing the dust from his Court suit as he went. The noise of applause filled and shook the house. The little Irish supernumerary lady hung limp and unconscious in her supporter's arms. The supers, under cover of the prodigious noise in front, were trooping from the stage, calling to one another as they went. One paused in the act of passing the fainting woman.

"Hillo, Nelly! what's the matter here? Who is it? Poor little Mrs. Desmond? I thought she was looking seedy."

"Help me to carry her up-stairs," said the other.

"She's no great weight," the man answered. "Let me get my arms round her. There you are. Where do you dress?"

"In the ballet-room," the woman answered.

"All right, I'll bring her along." He bore the slight and wasted figure easily up two flights of narrow stone stairs, between a bare, whitewashed wall and black iron railing. The air was nauseous and heavy with the smell and smoke of burning oil from the lamps which hung at intervals along the passages. The woman, leading the way, struck open a door at the end of the corridor, and a chorus of female voices shrilled "Who is it?" and somebody from within, with a half shriek of laughter, slammed the door and pressed against it.

"Mrs. Desmond has fainted," said the woman from without. "Deecy has carried her up-stairs."

Half a dozen women, in as many degrees of dishabille, were in the corridor in a moment. The man, being relieved of his burden, sped away in search of a glass of brandy, and was back in a minute or two. Meantime, one of the dressing-room windows had been opened, a keen wind battled with the stifling air, and a smart sprinkling of rain-drops, with here and there a snowflake, came in with it.

"Cover her chest and shoulders," said one. "She's consumptive, poor thing!"

"She's coming to," said another. "She'll be all right in a minute."

"She'll be all right when she's buried," said a third; "but never before."

The speech sounded brutal, though it was spoken in pure pity. The man had knocked at the door, and had passed in the glass of brandy. Somebody held it to the sufferer's lips, and poured a few drops beyond them. The complexion below the rouge and bismuth began to look less ghastly, and by-and-by, with the aid of her stage companion's arm, she gained her feet, and made her feeble way towards a chair. She sipped the remainder of the brandy, crying in the meanwhile out of mere feebleness, and then, still assisted by her companion, found strength to change the attire of Denmark's Court for the



dress of common life. She came out then as a decidedly Irish little person—pretty in a faded way, and having about her, in spite of her meagre shawl and shabby bonnet, an air of gentility and refinement.

"I don't know how I'll get home to-night, Mrs. Elsworth," she said weakly.

"I'll take care of you, dear," said Nelly. "It isn't very far. A cup of warm tea and a night's rest will set you up again!"

"I don't think anything will ever set me up again!" said little Mrs. Desmond, crying. "Nobody knows, Mrs. Elsworth, how ill I feel. I'm not like some of 'em—I've not been accustomed to hardships."

"Ah, my dear," returned the other, "it's bitter to come down in the world. But you have one consolation: it isn't your own fault!"

She heaved a sigh as she spoke, and then went on with her dressing with a manner of subdued resolution which had in it something very striking and significant. The two women were alike together in their neat and well-ordered poverty; but beyond that one point of union the contrast between them was strong enough to be even remarkable. Poor Mrs. Desmond's pretty Irish eyes had had all their colour washed out and their light quenched by a year or two of easy tears, and her beauty had long since gone to mere rags and tatters of itself. The other, though her elder by a year or two, was a regal creature still. In spite of her subdued and gentle manner, there was something of an air of being untamed about her. A certain imperiousness of tone, glance, and gesture, broke at times through the restraint which poverty or will had put upon her. She might have been, perhaps, eight-and-thirty years of age, allowing discount for hardship and suffering; but her magnificent black hair had kept its lustre, and her movements had lost but little, if anything, of the elasticity of youth.

"You bear it better than I do," Mrs. Desmond moaned behind a doubtful handkerchief. "It's clear you've been a lady, tew, my dear; but ye're stronger than I am, and I doubt if you've had as much to put up with."

"Perhaps not, dear," Mrs. Elsworth answered with another sigh. "Are you ready? The man's waiting to put the lamp out."

The other occupants of the room had left some time before. The two groped their way along the darkened staircases and corridors, where the lights were already extinguished, and, skirting the deserted stage, made their way towards the street. The rain pattered swiftly on the stones of the flagged court, whitened with intermingled snowflakes as it fell, and half obscured the yellow glare of light from the public-house opposite.

"What terrible weather for the end of April!" said Mrs. Desmond, shrinking back on her companion's arm. "I shall be catching my death in it, I know I shall."

There was no help for it, and they went out into the storm. The wind caught them both with a sudden fierce gust, and swept them into the doorway of the public-house facing on the street. A cabman, waiting in its shelter, staring mournfully across the watery curtain at his horse and cab, planted at the kerb, stood out in the rain to make room for them.

"This is nice weather for young ducks, aint it, ladies? Three hours I been here waiting for a job. Just as the theater closes another chap drives up and takes off the only chance I've seen to-night."

"It isn't a nice world for poor folks to live in," said Mrs. Elsworth. The cabman looked at her and shook his head in desponding agreement. He looked as if, under fitting provocation, he could have been a jolly fellow; but he was blue with cold, and his features were curled into an expression of weary scorn.

"I sha'n't be able to get home to-night," said Mrs. Desmond. "I should die before I got half-way."

"Tell you wot," said the cabman: "I'm pretty sick o' stopping here. I'm as likely to get a fare as I should be in the middle o' Sahairey. I'll give ye a lift, if you like. Where d' ye live?"

"In Angel-lane," responded Mrs. Desmond, eagerly.

"Why, that's only four or five hundred yards away," said the cabman. "In you get. The 'oss'll be glad of a chance to stir his circulation."

They were in the very act of thanking him, and he was bustling towards his seat, when the doorkeeper ran down the courtyard, bellowing "Cab!"

"Where for?" said the driver, pausing midway across the pavement.

"Bloomsbury-square," returned the doorkeeper.

The two women shrank back into their shelter, and Mr. Montgomery Bassett, wealthily lapped in a sealskin great-coat, with the assistant-doorkeeper holding an umbrella over him, appeared upon the street. The cabman threw up the window and opened the doors of his conveyance, and, groping in the interior, produced a rug.

"You know these ladies, don't you, Joe?" he asked addressing the assistant doorkeeper.

"Yes," the man answered with a sideway glance, "I know 'em."

"They'll give you that to-morrow night," said the cabman, holding out the rug, "and I'll call round for it. It's better than nothing," he added apologetically, "and if you"—turning to the doorkeeper—"was to chuck in your umbrella, they'd get home pretty dry."

"And I should get home pretty wet," returned the doorkeeper. "Get along, cabby; Mr. Bassett's waiting for you."

The great man's noble tones were indeed heard in remonstrance against delay, rolling out into the night like the voice of a prosperous and well-fed lion. The cabman mounted, awoke his horse by a touch of the whip, and drove away. Mrs. Elsworth wrapped the rug about the figure of her shivering companion, and led her out into the bitter weather.

The promised cup of tea and night's rest did no more than might have been expected from them. The resources of the Three Blind Mice Coffee-House in Angel-lane were not rich in comfort, and the two women could afford no firing. Mrs. Desmond was torn by a racking cough, and in the morning was too weak to rise. Her companion waited upon her with a constant, tender assiduity.

"I don't know what makes you so good to me," the little Irish lady said over and over again. "Ye're more like a sister than a stranger."

"You're in trouble, dear," Mrs. Elsworth would answer her. "That should be enough to make anybody kind to you."

Once, in her naïve Irish way, Mrs. Desmond, in the course of the morning, said: "Ye didn't greatly care for me when I was well, and ye can't like me the better for being a trouble to you. It's only your own good heart that makes ye so kind to me."

"Why shouldn't I like you?" the other answered. "I always liked you, Mrs. Desmond."

"Call me Norah," said the sick woman in impetuous Irish fashion, "and let me call you by your Christian name. I'd like to feel as if I had a friend again before I died, and if I was long for this world I'd love ye to the day of my death for what ye've been to me ever since I went to the theatre. Ye'll let me call you Nelly, won't ye, darling?"

"Call me Ella," Mrs. Elsworth answered. "That is my name."

"Ella, dear," said the little Irishwoman, and so took her hand and lay smiling for a minute or two; but, looking round by-and-by at her companion, saw that her dark eyes were brimmed with tears.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Ye're crying, my dear."

"Am I?" asked Mrs. Elsworth, brushing the tears away. "I didn't know it. It's fourteen years since anybody called me by that name."

"Ye've been alone in the world for fourteen years?" Mrs. Desmond asked her.

"I've been alone in the world for nine. It would have been better for me if I had been alone for the whole fourteen."

"Ah! my dear, it's plain ye've seen sorrow," said Mrs. Desmond, fondling her hand. "So have I, and it's that that draws us together. Tell me about it, dear. It'll ease your heart, maybe."

"You must never ask me," Mrs. Elsworth answered, almost sternly. "No, I didn't mean to be angry; but you mustn't ask me. I behaved wickedly, and like a fool besides, and I've no mind to talk about it."

Perhaps in spite of her refusal she might have offered some partial and broken confidence; but, Mrs. Desmond falling just then into a terrible fit of coughing, the talk came to a sudden close.

"There's no theatre for me to-night, Ella," the sufferer said an hour later. "I don't think I'll ever leave the house alive. If it wasn't such hard, slow work dying, I'd be glad to go."

"You musn't talk in that way," Ella answered her. "When the warm weather comes you'll get stronger and better every day." She had no great belief in her own

left the house, that she had bidden her friend a last good-bye; and even though the patient lingered for a week or two, no night passed without a renewal of that fear.

The end came on a Sunday in mid-May. The crazy window of the room was open to admit the sunshine and the warm air, which, even in Angel-lane, was charged with one of those mysterious hints of perfumed country places which invade the dingiest purlieus of the town at times, coming no man knows whence. The bells were ringing for morning church, and when their clangour was over it seemed to leave a sense of peace behind it. The dying woman lay in Ella's arms, as if she had been a child. She was free from pain, and the tormenting cough had mercifully left her. Her voice had sunk to a ghostly whisper, but she could still make herself heard.

"Ella darling," she said, with her lips close to her friend's ear, "I shall know all about it in a little while, but I'd rather you tell me."

"Tell you what, dear?" Ella asked her gently.

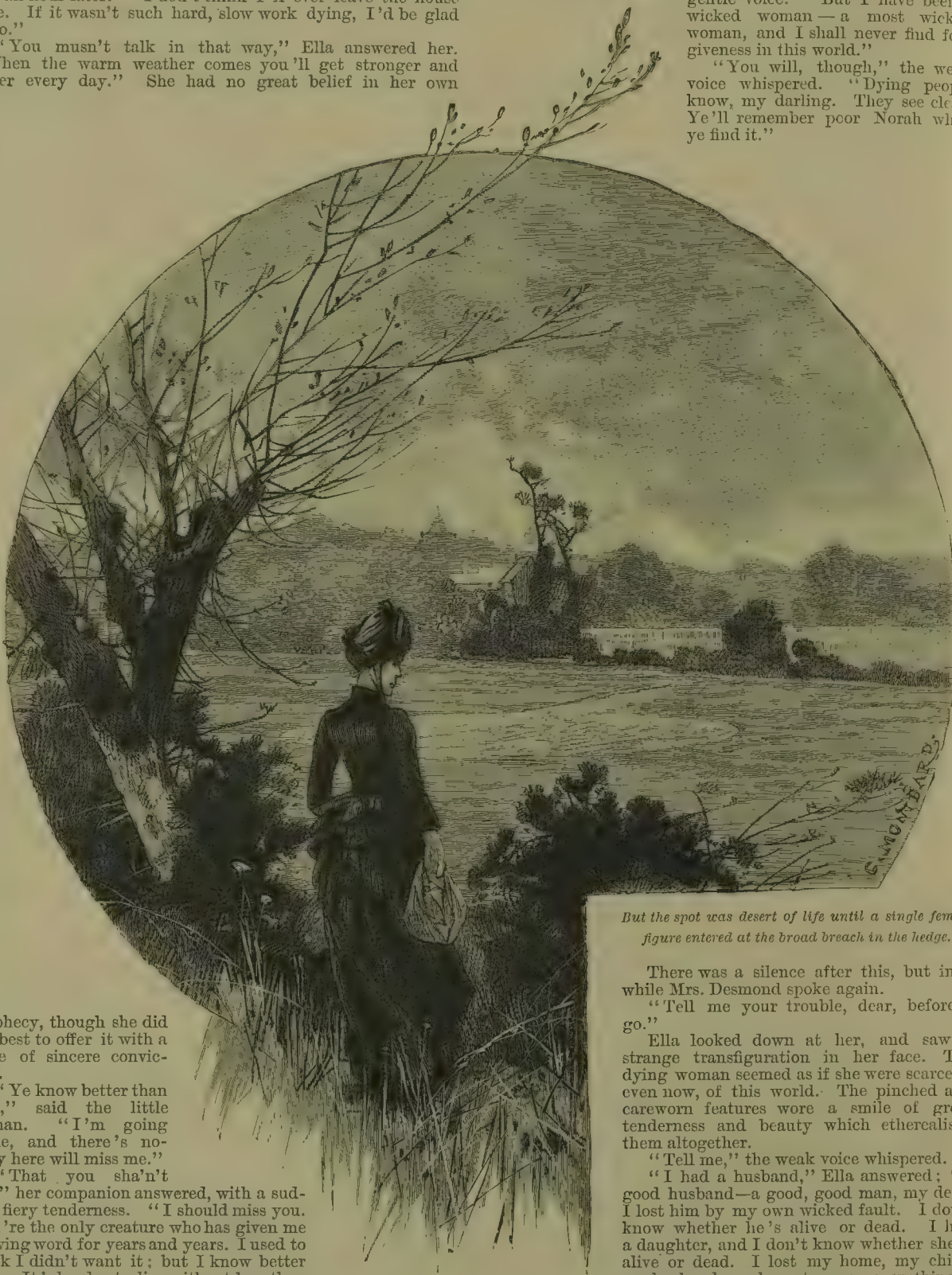
"Your trouble, darling. It doesn't matter now. I shall keep the secret, whatever it is. Folks don't tell tales in the grave."

"I can only tell you this, dear," Ella answered. "Whatever I have suffered has been brought about by my own wicked fault. I might have been happy, and I would not."

"You are no wicked woman, darling," said the sufferer, with a weak pressure of the hand she held.

"I humbly hope I am changed," said Ella, in a steady, gentle voice. "But I have been a wicked woman—a most wicked woman, and I shall never find forgiveness in this world."

"You will, though," the weak voice whispered. "Dying people know, my darling. They see clear. Ye'll remember poor Norah when ye find it."



*But the spot was desert of life until a single female figure entered at the broad breach in the hedge.*

There was a silence after this, but in a while Mrs. Desmond spoke again.

"Tell me your trouble, dear, before I go."

Ella looked down at her, and saw a strange transfiguration in her face. The dying woman seemed as if she were scarcely, even now, of this world. The pinched and careworn features wore a smile of great tenderness and beauty which ethericalised them altogether.

"Tell me," the weak voice whispered.

"I had a husband," Ella answered; "a good husband—a good, good man, my dear. I lost him by my own wicked fault. I don't know whether he's alive or dead. I had a daughter, and I don't know whether she is alive or dead. I lost my home, my child, my husband, my honest name—everything—and I deserved to lose it all."

The radiant dying smile met her despairing glance.

"You'll find them all," the thin voice whispered. "I know it, dear—you'll find them all."

These were the last words she spoke; for, falling afterwards into a sleep, she slipped little by little towards the lasting silence, and in a while was gone.

## CHAPTER II.

In the midst of smiling meadows by Avon side, near the old town of Bristol, one little tract lay desolate with late signs of human occupation. A broad roadway had been trodden out across the grass by the passage of thousands of feet, and a circle, scattered with tan and sawdust, was clearly defined, with hoof-prints plainly marked everywhere about it. The earth showed fresh where the stakes which had upheld the ropes of the canvas building had been recently withdrawn. There were scores of scattered houses within easy distance, shining pure and clean in the morning sun, with the blue smoke of household fires curling in unbroken spirals into the quiet air. But the spot was desert of life until a single female figure entered at the broad breach in the hedge where the pathway began, and advanced to the centre of the ring. The woman was shabbily attired in clothes of a dark texture, which had once been respectable, and were still made to look neat from a little distance by a score of careful poverty's devices. She carried a bundle in her hand, and looked around the



deserted expanse about her with an air of resigned disappointment.

"They must have been here till Saturday," she said to herself. "Here's Tuesday morning. Two days' start. They can't do more than fifteen miles a day—that's thirty start. I can do twenty-five. I can catch them up in four days at that rate. Let me see." She drew a shabby little purse from her dress pocket, and setting her bundle on the ground before her, turned into the palm of her hand a small heap of silver and copper money. "Two-and-ninepence-halfpenny. It isn't much; but I can manage with it—I shall have to manage with it. There's no chance in London, with all the houses closed this hot weather. Herrick will remember me, and will give me something to do—if it's only horsebreaking. I don't know whether he'd let me show in the ring again, with such a record as I have behind me. The first thing is to find out where they're gone. They've been at Bath already, and there are only the Cardiff and Exeter routes left open. They'll tell me at the theatre, I suppose. I shall find the lamp-man there by this time, and if he can't tell me anything I must find out the bill-poster."

She put her little store of money back into her purse, put her purse into her pocket, and took up her bundle from the ground. Then she took a step or two towards the road, and pausing, looked once more about her.

"It's the old pitch," she said, still speaking half aloud. "It's nineteen years since I was here. I was a pretty girl then, and had never done harm to anybody."

With this she gave a sigh, half resolute, half impatient, and walked away with a brisk and decided step. Her road led her to the heart of the town, and though she was forced to cast an inquiring eye hither and thither, as if her knowledge of the route she took was obscured by lapse of time, she had no need to stop or to ask her way. Passing through a narrow, low-browed arch, she came upon a narrow court, and so reached the stage door of the theatre. There she rapped, and receiving no answer pushed the yielding door open and entered. The darkness of the place seemed all the denser for the brightness of the morning light outside, and for a while she could see nothing of her surroundings. Then the glimmer of the white-washed woodwork of a passage slowly separated itself from the blackness of the floor, and she moved on again. A dim oil-lamp half revealed a wooden staircase, and mounting this, and pushing open another door at the top, she found herself upon the stage. Dazzling little shafts and rents of light shone from the gallery windows; but the rest of the house was filled with gloom. She could just make out a table near the footlights, and advancing towards it saw that it was strewn with assorted letters. As her eyes grew more accustomed she could see that these were addressed to the various members of the company.

"There will be somebody here by-and-by, I suppose," she said resignedly, "and I must wait."

She had not waited long when the sound of a banging door, followed by that of a shuffling footstep, betrayed the presence of another person in the house.

"Hallo there!" she called.

"Hallo there!" a voice answered from a distance. "What's up now?"

"I want to ask a question," she answered, advancing to the front of the stage.

Another door banged, and the lamp-man appeared in the dim inclosure of the pit with a frame full of oil-lamps held before him in both hands. He was grimy and of a morose aspect, and, peering across his burden at the figure on the stage, he offered his question with a preliminary growl—

"What's your business?"

"I want to know if you can tell me," the woman answered, "where Herrick's Circus has gone to?"

"Well, what next?" said the lamp-man. "To bring a man all the way from the front of the house for that!"

"I shall be very much obliged if you will tell me," the inquirer urged.

"As a matter of fact," the lamp-man answered, "I can't, and if I could, why should I? What's Herrick's Circus got to do along er me?"

"Draw it milder, Joseph," said an unexpected voice, so close to her that the woman started. "I really think you might try to draw it milder, Joseph. Perhaps I might be of service, Madam. I think I heard you asking for Herrick's Circus?"

"I want to know in which direction they have gone," she answered, turning upon the newcomer. Her eyes were accustomed to the light by this time, and she could make him out quite clearly. He was an undersized and wizened man, with a complexion from which the most casual observer would have missed its accustomed paint. He looked kindly, and stood before her, hat in hand, with a rather burlesque air of politeness.

"You're in the circus business, Madam?" he asked.

"I have business with Mr. Herrick, if I can find him," she responded.

"Yes," said the old man, "you've got the look of it. You've been on top of a horse before to-day, Madam, I'll warrant. I seem to know your face, if you'll excuse me." The woman shrank back from him by a step or two, as if willing to withdraw herself into the gloom. "It's a little odd," the old man pursued, "that you should ask about Herrick's Circus just as I happened to come in. Do you ever happen to have been with Mr. Herrick? You ought to know me if you have. At least, you couldn't fail to have heard of me. I'm plain H. H. Meadows now, second low com.; but I was the Great Little Grimaldi till I broke my leg, a dozen years ago. You must have heard of me?" He put the point with an air of mild insistence, and she, with a little hesitation, answered,

"Yes; I have heard of you. I didn't remember you at first, but now I know you very well."

"I know your face, too," said the old man; "but I can't place it. What might be your name?"

"You might not know it if you heard it," she answered hurriedly, and with a timidity of manner foreign to her aspect.

"Will you tell me where they've gone to?"

I don't suppose there was such another slasher in the world! Ride! Why, she'd ride anything with four legs on it. She did what she liked twenty years ago. She was the queen of the whole business."

"She don't look much like the queen of anything now," said the other.

"No," said the old man. "She's missed her tip somehow. She married well, into the bargain—married a gentleman farmer, with heaps of money. Wants to get back again into the business, I suppose. Young Jim Herrick would have given his head to marry her twenty years ago. She'll be all right when she catches up with them. I wish I'd known her, though. To think of the hundreds of times I've clowned for her!—and now not to know her!"

The woman, carrying her slight bundle in her hand, was far away by this time. She walked without haste, but without pause, like one bent upon settled business. She went on until high noon, and then rested at a little village shop, where an expenditure of twopence provided her with a small loaf and a glass of milk. With no better sustenance than this she pursued her journey until the shades of evening began to fall. Then she came upon a hamlet, and wearily asked the first rustic she encountered there—

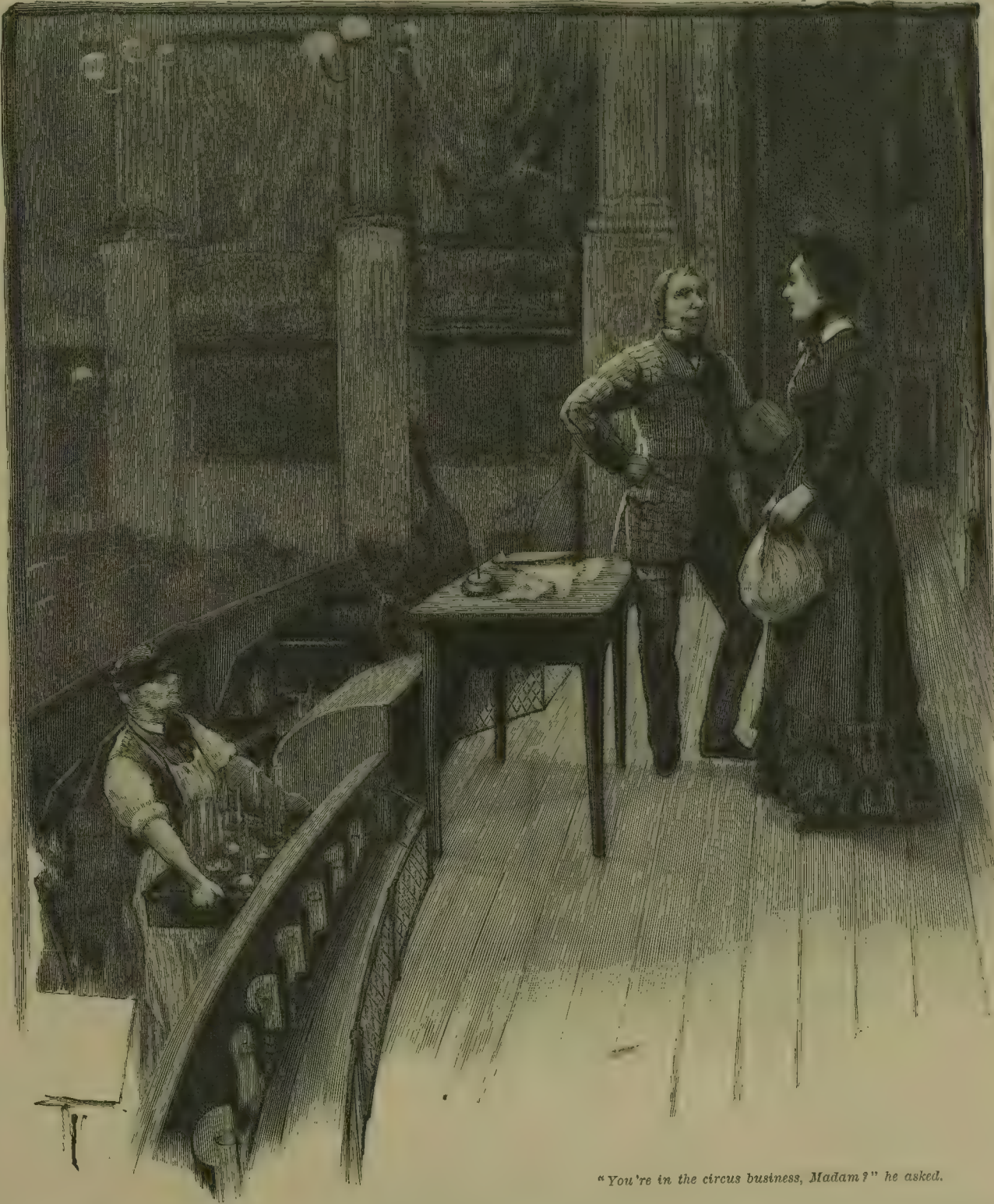
"How far do you call it from here to Bristol?"

"Seven - and - twenty mile, and rather better."

"How far to the next village?"

"Seven mile, and may be better."

She would rest here for the night, and found but little trouble in securing a bed. It cost her ninepence, and ate deep into her small store. She contented herself with a mouthful of bread and cheese by way of repast, and, after it, went straight to her chamber, and so to sleep. She was afoot early next morning, but walked with a greatly diminished energy and speed. She had been accustomed to poor fare for years, and had been wont to feel well and strong upon it; but she had over-estimated her own powers, and of the last third of yesterday's journey every mile covered robbed her of two to-day. She was almost in despair by nightfall at the tale the milestones told. At this rate she would be left penniless for a day or two, before she could hope to overtake the circus. The whole of the third long day was a battle between tired nature and indomitable will. She ate nothing but a single crust of bread at starting, nursing her last sixpence to pay her night's shelter. At the most favourable reckoning next morning the travelling circus was still thirty miles ahead of her, and she was penniless and hungry, and so footsore that the act of walking was an agony. She crawled on desperately for some four or five miles, not daring to rest by the way for fear that she should be unable to rise again. At last the blistered and weary feet could drag her no further, and she sat down in sheer despair by the roadside, resting her head against a milestone. Her bundle fell from her hand, and lay unnoticed amongst the flowering weeds. She sat dry-eyed for a time, but by-and-by a passing fancy as to the number of poor wretches she had seen in a like case in the days when she was prosperous and happy, brought the tears to her eyes with a vivid pinch of



"You're in the circus business, Madam?" he asked.

"They're gone to Exeter by way of Taunton. I had a parting glass with old Jim Herrick at the George on Saturday night. Old Jim always looks me up when he comes by, and I've got the route from his own lips. You may rely on me, Madam; my information is correct. They have gone to Exeter by way of Taunton. They stay three nights at Taunton, and they're billed for a fortnight at Exeter."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Meadows," she answered; "I am very much obliged to you."

She offered him her hand with a certain condescension which was in strange keeping with her dress, and then turned abruptly. The Great Little Grimaldi stood feeling his grizzled chin with a thumb and forefinger, and looked after her with a puzzled face.

"I say, gaffer," said the lamp-man, who had posed his burden upon one of the pit seats, and had listened in tranquil silence to the conversation, "that's been a clinking handsome woman in her day. I didn't make her out quite clear at first, or I'd ha' been civiller to her. For woman, lovely woman, oh, has been my motter ever since I was as high as sixpenn'orth of ha'pence!"

"Yes, Joseph," the old man answered abstractedly, "you might have been civiller. There would have been no great difficulty about that, and, as you say, she's a handsome woman. I've seen her somewhere," he continued, in a half inward voice. "I ought to know. I don't remember faces as I used to do. By George!" he cried suddenly, slapping his knee and speaking with an excited voice and face. "I've got her. It's Wild Darrie!"

"What is it?" asked the lamp-man.

"Why, that's Wild Darrie. If you'd been in the circus line twenty years ago you wouldn't have asked who that was.

pain. Once started, tears were beyond control, and she sat there at the wayside crying silently, until at last her weariness mastered her, and she fell asleep.

Not a creature had passed her for the last mile or two; and since she had sat there she had heard no sound but those made by birds, the drowsy clouds of insects, and the summer wind. Now on her sleeping car there fell the sound of a suddenly arrested footstep and a muttered exclamation. She looked up, wide-eyed, and broad awake in a second, and the face she saw lifted her to her feet.

"Bill!" she breathed, in a voice which expressed at once amazement and repugnance.

"Darrie, by God!" said the man, with no less of wonder in his voice; and the two stood staring at each other.

He wore clothes which, a year or two before, had been quite dandified, and were all the worse now in the ragged squalor to which they had fallen. He had shoes with patent leather tips and cloth tops, trodden long since into shapeless wreck. His elegant frock-coat had once been of a delicate fawn grey, but was now dyed green in places with damp grass, and stained brown with earth, and discoloured by the sun. He wore a great swallow-wing moustache, which might have given his pinched face an unmerited look of being handsome but for the fortnight's growth of stubble on his cheeks and chin. A tall white hat, not so far fallen into Time's gulf as the rest of his attire, was cocked with a forlorn swagger on one side his head; and he wore a black-rimmed eyeglass, attached to a dingy little wisp of ribbon, which passed round his uncollared throat. The man was the first to recover from the surprise which had struck them both.

"You're down upon your luck, too? How long?"—he





shot a furtive glance everywhere about him, and finished in a whisper—"how long have you been out?"

The woman said never a word, but, holding to the milestone with one hand, swayed slightly to and fro, and looked at him with eyes widening with hate and anger.

"You needn't look at me in that way, Darrie," said the man. "You owe me nothing. I was as innocent as you were." There was a look of scornful incredulity in her face, and he made haste to answer it. "I knew no more than those notes were stolen, when I gave them to you, than you did yourself. They came to me honestly, in the way of business. Farnham lost them to me at loo."

"They proved you were in the house where the burglary took place."

"All lies!" he answered. "The butler would have sworn my life away. He was jealous about that pretty housemaid."

"I heard your alias in court," she answered. "You were not known far and wide as Tricky Bill for ten years of your life for nothing."

"I was as innocent as you are," he repeated stubbornly, though his furtive eyes belied him, and he seemed to know it. "It's been pretty hard on me, Darrie; but I've thought about you a million times, night and day. I tell you I've cried many a time to think of you being cooped up there for nothing. And all the while I'll bet you've never given me a thought, unless it's been to curse me. You're innocent, and we both know it. Why shouldn't I be? But that's the way with women: there's no such thing as justice under a woman's skin."

"I don't care to speak to you," she said. "If the choice had been offered me, I would as soon put my hand in the fire as set eyes on your face again. I could almost bear to think of what I threw away, if I had thrown it all away for the sake of anybody but such a thing as you!"

"You were pretty glad to come," he answered brutally. "I'd only got to hold a finger up and whistle, and you came. I wasn't toggled out then as I am now, and I had money in my pocket. And as for what you suffered through me, look here, Darrie! If you'd have cared for me you'd have held your tongue about where those notes came from. It was your loose tongue brought me into the mess. How many women, I should like to know, would have taken seven years for a man they cared for? Your talking didn't help you, but it might have helped me if you'd held your tongue."

She seemed scarcely to listen to him, and the glow of colour excitement had called into her face had faded long before his speech was over. A sickly paller took its place, and as he spoke his last word she slipped back against the flowery bank upon which she had rested, and lay there in a swoon.

"That's the style," said the man, staring at her discon-

certedly. "That's where weak woman gets the pull of us. It isn't much in Darrie's fashion, though," he added, relenting a little into honesty. "I never knew her go that way before. She must have had pretty hard times of it. Here! Wake up, Darrie! Don't let's have any foolery of that sort. I wonder what she's got in the bundle? Oh, damn it! I'm not as bad as that yet; and it's a million to one she hasn't as much as would fetch the price of a pint there."

He undid the bundle for all that, and made a cursory examination of its contents. Finding them all valueless, he tied anew the Turkey red handkerchief which bound them, and, taking hold of the woman's hand, tugged at it in the hope of rousing her. Her head fell over and lay upon her shoulder with a motion so ghastly that it frightened him. For the moment he half thought her dead, and began to shake her roughly, and to cry out upon her in a wild and tremulous voice.

"Don't sham, Darrie. Wake up! We've had enough of this nonsense. Wake up!—wake up, I tell you!"

There was a sound of wheels and of a horse's hoof-beats on the road, and, looking round, he saw a country cart bowling along, driven by a small boy in a smock-frock and a billy-cock hat.

"My lad!" he cried, as the cart drew near. "For God's sake tell me if there's a house anywhere within a mile? Here's my Missis dying!"

The boy reined in the horse, and stood up in the cart to look at the fainting woman. He was a boy of uncertain age, and very small, but preternaturally sharp in aspect.

"There's no house nearer than the Pear-Tree Varm," he answered. "That's about fifteen score yard away."

"She can't move a foot!" the man answered.

"You can move a foot, I reckon," the preternaturally sharp boy answered, "and a hand too, if you was put to it. Lift her into the cyart. I'll get down and help you."

He clambered down with a "Wo, there!" to the horse.

Now on her sleeping ear there fell the sound of a suddenly arrested footstep and a muttered exclamation. She looked up, wide-eyed, and broad awake in a second.

"Now, then, stoopid, come along! Get your arm under her on t'other side. There y'are. Heave all!"

The small boy contributed but little to the labour of carrying the fainting woman; but he issued orders and instructions in a peremptory manner, like one who has long been accustomed to exact obedience.

"You can't leave the poor thing like thaht!" he expostulated, when at last, with great difficulty, the swooning creature had been placed in the cart. "D'ye want all the blood in her body to run into her head? Reach me up that there bundle for a pillar."

Having arranged things to his own satisfaction, the boy drove on softly, looking downwards at the woman now and again, and now and then casting a sidelong glance at the man, who trudged beside the wheel.

"Now, gaffer," said the small boy, magisterially, "where do you zuppose you've come from?"

"London," the man answered, possibly scenting a meal ahead, and not caring to resent the urchin's manner.

"Indeed!" said the boy. "And where do you reckon you're going to?"

"Plymouth," the man responded.

"Done it ahl afoot?"

"Every yard of it."

"You won't do much more of it in them there boots."

The man stared downwards at his feet, but said nothing.

"Missis walked as well?"

"Look at her," the man answered. "What do you think?"

"She looks to be a decent person," the boy answered, with an emphasis on the pronoun which the tramp felt to be offensive to himself. He kept quiet for the sake of the possible prospective meal, being, in fact, as hungry, woebegone, and desperate of his fortunes as he looked. At a little less distance than the boy had indicated, a turn of the road brought a house in sight—a cheery, bright, well-to-do looking building



in a sturdy, ripe old age. It was fantastically built, with great beams of black oak intersecting walls faced with rubble. Its windows were gaily curtained and filled with fuchsia-plants, whose bright red flowers helped to give the place a smiling aspect. The trellis-work of the porch was scarcely visible for climbing roses. By the side of the house stood a giant pear-tree, which might have been coeval with it, and round its gnarled old stem a green-painted circular seat was fixed. A little distance away was an outbuilding, which looked in its own fashion as anciently respectable and sturdy as the house itself.

"I don't like the look of this at all," said the man, staring over the tail-board of the cart at his newly-discovered companion. "I've never seen her like it in my life before. If there's a woman about the house you might get her to give a look at her."

"I'll see," the boy answered, and made his way to the back of the house, shrilling "Susan" in a treble pipe of great volume as he went. He was back in a minute or two with a jug of cider in his hand.

"I never see a house managed like this house is managed in all my days," he said, as if he had been of a patriarchal age and full of experiences of the world. "High nor low, there aint a soul to be found nowhere. I've drah'd a drop o' cider. Maybe it might do her good if you could get her to take it. My master, he's a kindish-hearted sort of a man, and he won't scrowl at me for that, I know."

"It isn't that so much as food she wants," said the tramp, probably with an eye to his own requirements. "She's dying of hunger, that's what's the matter with her."

The boy stood scratching his head irresolutely for a moment, with his felt hat cocked over one knowing eye.

"I'll chance it," he said. "I reckon they 'on't do more than kill me for it; and a bit o' bread and cheese 'll come a sight cheaper than a veneral. You help me to get the poor creature out o' the cyart. We'll lay her down on the hay in the barn; this here sunshine is too strong for her."

The man took a furtive pull at the cider while the small boy took out the tailboard, and then lent a hand as before. The woman opened her eyes, and began to look in a bewildered way about her. Recognising the man who held her, she made a weak but desperate effort to push him away.

"You can't stand by yourself yet," he said sullenly. "I was going to help you into this barn. You can lie there in the shadow. This lad says he can give you something to eat."

She did not answer him, but she never ceased to struggle against his hold until he released her, and then, with a tottering and uncertain footstep, entered the barn, and sat down upon a truss of hay with her head against the wall. The tramp, with a look half hangdog and half angry, lingered at the door, and, seeing that the boy had disappeared again, stole thievishly towards the mug of cider, and took a second drink at it, wiping his lips with his coat-sleeve. Then, entering the barn, he offered the half-emptied measure to the woman.

"The people of the house have sent you this," he said. "It's cider. A drop of it may do you good."

She gave him no answer, whether from disdain or from mere weariness, and setting down the crock upon the truss beside her, he walked back to the barn door again, and stood there lounging with his shoulder against the side-post, plucking at divers ends of straw and chewing them with an air of feeble spite.

Whilst he hung there, the shabbiest figure of fallen swell-dom the sun shone upon at that hour, the boy came round the corner, bearing in both hands a wooden trencher, on which rested the half of a goodly loaf, a big segment of cheese, and a table-knife. At sight of this the hungry wretch straightened himself and advanced a step or two with outstretched, eager hands.

"Ladies first," said the boy, evading him, and passing into the barn. "You take a mouthful o' bread and cheese, Missis, and a drop o' drink: that's what you want to do, you do."

He set the trencher down beside her, and stood by her whilst she ate; and he was obviously and greatly disappointed when she cut off a mere wafer from the loaf.

"Your man 'll do better than that, I reckon, Missis," he said; and the tramp, accepting this as an invitation, entered, and fell to ravenously.

"Beggars can't be choosers, my good lad," he said with his mouth full; "but if you could spare just a drop more cider"—

"All right," the boy responded; "as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Zider's cheap; and, if it comes to that, I can pay for 'un out o' my own pocket."

"I shall be a man again after this," said the human scarecrow, still eating hungrily. "Why don't you eat, Darrie? Take something: it 'll put a heart inside you."

She had dropped even the morsel she had taken before his entrance, and it now lay unregarded upon her lap.

"Eat!" she answered him, turning with a world of disdain in her dark eyes. "I would not break bread in your company if I were dying."

He took up a full half of the loaf, and, cutting off the lion's share of the cheese, made his way to the door.

"If I'm as unwelcome as that comes to," he grumbled, "you can be rid of my society!"

He waited as if in expectation of a retort, but receiving none went out in high ill-humour, and, seating himself on an upturned bucket on the shady side of the barn, continued his meal.

## CHAPTER III.

Whilst the tramp was still busy on the shady side of the barn, a young gentleman of six or seven and twenty years of age swung at a good round pace into the farm-yard, and advancing to the door of the house knocked there with the head of his walking-cane, and waited with a smiling expectation. He was clean-shaven and very sunburned, and his face wore an admirable expression of candour and good-humour. His dress was that of the average English gentleman of his epoch, but he had "British Sailor" written large all over him.

This was Griffith Broadhurst, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The air of smiling anticipation he wore was sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he stood at his sweetheart's door. It was none the less brightly noticeable for the other fact that he was going to be married next morning.

No answer being returned to his first summons he rapped again, and shouted "House ahoy!" in a jolly voice, which had just a tone of laughter in it. In answer to this appeal the small boy came round the corner, grinning broad welcome.

"Well, Tim?" said the sailor.

"Well, Mr. Broadhurst?" answered Tim.

"Is there nobody in the house?"

"No. They seems to ha' left me to take care of it, Sir. I don't know where all the folks is gone to."

"I shouldn't stand it, Tim, if I were you," said the

odours of the country, the bright sunshine, and the balmy wind.

"My darling!" cried the sailor, "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

"Grif," cried the young lady, feigning to be displeased, and making but a poor pretence of it, "you have disarranged my hat!"

"What are hats," asked the sailor, putting his arm about her waist, and repeating the action to which she had objected; "what are hats in comparison with the emotions? You have disarranged me altogether. Ada?"

"Yes, Griffith?"

"I'm not a swell at thinking; but I've got an idea."

"Never! Tell me?"

"I'm a deuced lucky fellow."

"Oh, you clever, discerning boy! When did your mind first grow clear on that point?"

"Well, in a sort of way it's been clear all along; but on an average about once in five minutes it grows clearer. Then I always think that that particular idea has reached its final stage of brightness. Five minutes later it presents itself anew with perfect novelty. I'm living in a condition of perpetual surprises over that one discovery. I have to go into corners to chuckle and rub my hands and congratulate myself."

At this they both laughed merrily. A moment later the girl spoke with an almost tearful earnestness.

"It's I who am lucky, Griffith."

They wrangled tenderly on this point for a little while, until Griffith had just the difference by a kiss. Such differences are easily reconciled between eighteen and six-and-twenty. But they both grew serious and began to make such pretty promises as lovers use, as to how each would try to keep the other in the same happy mind.

Whilst this sensible programme was being arranged two middle-aged gentlemen were riding at a foot-pace towards the lovers. The sailor's quick ear caught the sound of their horses' hoofs, and he slid his arm away from his sweetheart's waist, and turned, a mere second or two before the horsemen came round a bend of the road. There was a marked contrast between the two riders, one of them being dark, slight, and aristocratic-looking, and wearing clerical attire, and the other being broad, ruddy and massive, and presenting every indication of the yeoman type. The latter, though jovial enough to look at, wore a not easily definable air of being unbendable in resolution. His face was bluff, honest, and engaging, and, as he rounded the bend in the road and sighted the young couple, his features wore a smile of great sweetness, though even then his expression indicated an underlying inflexibility, an inaptitude for change. He had been a superbly handsome man in his day, and if time and care had wrinkled him, and dulled the crisp gold of his hair, and brought his underlying wilfulness to his face for any man to read, he was still an agreeable spectacle to look at, in his flawless health and the sturdy strength of middle age.

"Well, young people?" he called out cheerily.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Deering," Griffith responded. "I hadn't expected to see you back so soon."

"Look at the young rascal, Deering," said the cleric.

"How he beams!"

"Why shouldn't I beam, Sir?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Take the mote from your own eye before you take the beam from mine."

"Oh, Griffith," cried the girl, "that's irreverent!"

"Not at all, my dear," the sailor answered merrily.

"Here's my father seems to think it noticeable that a fellow should look sunshiny the day before he's married!"

"I hope you may look as sunshiny twenty years hence," said the parson. "That's an honest good wish, my dear, and no satire on matrimony. I am a firm believer there, as, after thirty years of trial, I have a right to be."

The handsome yeoman had reined in his horse beside the girl, and sat looking down at her, caressing her shoulder with the riding-switch he carried.

"Ay," he said. "It turns out well or it turns out ill, according to the people who enter on it. We need wish 'em well and start 'em gaily. There 'll be rubs enough to take the gilt off the gingerbread, let it be as happy as it will."

"The gingerbread may be the wholesomer for that," the sailor answered.

"We've no respect for fair-weather sailors, ch, lad?" said Deering, smiling again. "Well, that's right, too. They're a well-meaning, right-natured, good-hearted young pair," he added, with a sudden seriousness, turning to the parson.

"They ought to do well with each other's lives."

Perhaps the girl was embarrassed by this openly-spoken statement, or perhaps the intrusion of a doubt of happiness either for her chosen husband or herself made her anxious to turn the conversation. At any rate, she looked up and touched the speaker's hand.

"You and Mr. Broadhurst are both expected to tea, papa. Don't forget."

"No, no, my darling; I sha'n't forget. We're going home on purpose for it."

He touched his horse with his heel, and rode on, the clergyman following, with a nod and a smile to the young people.

"Deering," said the parson, "you shouldn't have taken quite that tone. You half frightened poor little Ada."

"Nonsense!" returned the other, good-humouredly enough, but brusquely. "They 'll do well enough, no doubt, and be happy together; but even married life isn't all beer and skittles, and it's just as well that somebody should tell them what they have to look forward to."



A cheery, bright, well-to-do looking building, in a sturdy, ripe old age.

Lieutenant, with a smile of simple waggery. "I'd have my authority better recognised. I'd have discipline aboard if I were in your place."

"La! bless your soul, Sir," Tim replied, "they don't mind me."

"Where's your mistress?" the young sailor asked.

"Oh, I can tell you where she is, Sir!" said Tim, with a broader grin than ever, "because she left word you was to be told, if so be you was to come. She's gone to the sempstress's, Sir, this hour and a half ago, or more. It's pretty high time she was back again by now, I should think."

"Yes; there's a sad want of discipline aboard this craft, Tim," said the Lieutenant. He was a young man of a sunshiny nature, and a very small joke went a long way with him. This small jest about Tim being Captain of the Pear-Tree craft and his having a crew of insubordinates to deal with had served off and on this two years. It was born of the preternaturally sharp boy's assumption of responsibility, age, and wide experience, and the jest was as much relished by Tim himself as by the sailor.

"Any orders for the village, Captain?" asked the Lieutenant, laughingly.

"No, Sir; thank you, Sir. Not to-day, Sir," Tim responded, with a smile so broad that his very smock-frock and gaiters seemed to share in it.

The tramp, still munching, craned his neck to look round a corner of the barn, himself unseen; and the Lieutenant, turning smartly on his heel, walked off, whistling a quick-step march.

He had not gone far when he encountered the object of his search—a demurely pretty little girl in a coquettish straw hat and a white morning dress. There was a kind of flowerlike freshness in her look, and though she would no doubt have made as pleasing a fireside ornament as any moderate-minded young man might have asked for, she seemed to accord particularly well with the fresh air of out-of-doors, the



"Well," returned the parson, half laughing, "if you take beer and skittles as a synonym for earthly felicity, I'm not quite sure you're right so far as marriage is concerned. I believe there are thousands of people who find it an unmixed good."

"And other thousands," said the yeoman, "who find it an unmixed evil; and millions who find it betwixt and between. I put the case fairly. It turns out well or it turns out ill according to the people who enter on it."

"After all," said the parson, "one can only speak of his own experience."

"Precisely!" returned the other, with an infinite dryness, and there the conversation ended.

A stableish nondescript had turned up from somewhere since the Lieutenant's visit to the house, and led away their horses when they dismounted in the yard. One of the female domestics had also returned, and the front door of the house was open. The tramp, three-fourths asleep after his meal, sat unseen on his upturned bucket on the shady side of the barn, one shoulder propped by the wall. The clergyman strolled to the doorway and waited whilst his companion called out some trifling order to the manservant. Standing there he gave a sideways glance through the parlour window.

"Why, Deering," he said, "you've got a silversmith's shop inside here."

The tramp had started suddenly broad awake at the sound of the farmer's voice. He stuck his fallen eyeglass into his eye and craned his neck to listen.

"Yes," said Deering, laughing, "everybody seems to think that a plated tea and coffee set is the one thing necessary for married happiness. There's no less than six of 'em. That's the oddest gift of all, of old maid Burton's. Sensible old woman, that! 'Let the child buy what she likes,' says she, 'and there's a hundred pounds for it.' Brought it in in sovereigns fresh from the bank. There they lie, in the old silver mug, in the middle of the table."

"With the front door wide open!" said the parson.

"Pooh!" returned the farmer, "that's all right. Everybody about the house is as honest as the day."

The tramp was all ears in his shaded corner, and when the voices ceased, and the fading footsteps told him that the speakers had entered the house, he rose softly, with a lurching and excited look, and stole on tiptoe to the back of the barn. There he remembered to have seen an open door, and peering into this he noticed that his female companion lay as if asleep. He walked with extreme caution to the darkest corner of the barn and there lay down, with a hundred suspicious glances towards the woman. She gave no sign at all, and her breathing was so deep and equable that at last the lurking rascal's doubts were set at rest. He lay in an attitude of fatigue which was real enough and yet was feigned, and watched a broad band of sunlight on the floor and wall as it gradually stole away from him. The rest of the barn seemed the gloomier for the sunshine which found its way in at the door; but, his eyes becoming accustomed to the difficult light, he saw that a great pair of wooden shutters near him were secured by a simple hook. They were not more than a foot from the ground, and stood full six feet high, so that, being opened, they would afford a passage as easily practicable as a doorway.

"If they leave us for the night," he thought—and then pretended to himself that he permitted his thoughts to go no further.

He lay hour after hour watching the broad band of sunlight as it moved, listening to the evidences of the profound slumber of his companion, and hearing every now and again a murmur of life from the open air. Every now and again his heart beat with a dreadful violence, and his mind was filled with numberless pictures, in every one of which he saw himself as the central figure. Now he was rehabilitated, clothed in splendour from top to toe; and now he was being seized by some burly person of unrecognisable exterior as he laid hands on the silver mug with the hundred pounds in it. All the time he made, even to himself, a parade of the fact that he was there quite innocently; and he rehearsed, a round score of times, the start with which he would awake if his presence were

remembered and he were sought, and he trained his looks to the necessary surprise and harmlessness in case his real intent should be suspected. These exercises, one and all of which had an accompaniment of nervous heartbeat, made the time seem long. Then he began to doze, but so lightly that the thoughts of his waking moments continued, running only into more fantastic forms. In an hour or two the doze became a slumber, and when he woke again, with a sudden start at some inward thrust from his own thievish and cowardly intelligence, the broad band of sunlight had travelled clean away, and the barn was wholly in shadow. The woman still slept, as her heavy and regular breathing testified. The light which shone through the chinks of the shutters was subdued and soft, and he guessed that it was after sundown.

Voices and footsteps sounded in the yard. A heavy-footed

rustic came clamping into the barn, and slammed the doors in the rear of the building with a noise which so startled the woman that she sat upright. The yokel, unaware of her presence there, gave no glance in her direction. He secured the doors from within, and went his way, dragging the folding gates in front after him, and turning the key in the lock with a reluctant rusty shriek. The woman, probably thinking her continued presence there permitted, and, in any case, glad of a night's shelter, addressed herself to sleep again. The man lay quiet, and scarcely dared to breathe.

The light which stole through the chinks of the shutters gradually died, and the place fell, little by little, into a dense darkness. It was difficult to keep count of time there, and by ten o'clock he thought it long past midnight. He had fixed so well in his mind the way he meant to take and the distances from point to point, that when he rose and began to move he was almost as certain as he would have been in daylight. His outstretched hand touched the wall. Six mitching steps brought him to the corner. Six more, with a groping hand along the wall, led him to the edge of the great shutters. He found the hook, and raised it with infinite slowness and caution. Then he drew one shutter gently open, and stepped noiselessly into the night. Neither moon nor stars were visible; but he could see the foliage of the giant pear-tree, and the chimneys of the house against the sky. The silence, when he stood still to listen, was something dreadful. Not so much as a breath of air was stirring, and move as cautiously as he might the sound of his own footsteps seemed to menace him with detection. His own tightened breathing scared him, sounding now like a distant rustle and now like a far-away voice. His fluttering heart beat a wild alarm at every fancied sound, and the darkness was full of waiting witnesses of his intent. He reached the house at last, and, drawing a broken-bladed clasp-knife from a pocket in his tattered trousers, opened it, and, thrusting the blade into the interstice between the upper and lower sashes of the window, forced back the hasp. The spring was weak and old, and yielded easily, and the window rose smoothly and almost without a sound. For a minute or two he peered into the room and listened with his heart in his ears; but being at length assured that it was untenanted, he clambered in. Then, kneeling on the floor, he drew a lucifer match from his waistcoat pocket, and, striking it on the leg of his trousers, nursed it with great caution and looked fearfully about him. An oblong dining-table in the centre of the room glittered with new electro-plate. The thief rose to his feet, still shading the frail flame of the match, but before he had found the object of his quest the light went out. He struck a second match, and saw in the centre of the table an old-fashioned tankard of chased silver, in the bottom of which glittered a handful of new sovereigns bright from the Mint. He took the cup delicately in both hands, and returning to the window, made his escape. Once outside, he stuffed a dirty ragged handkerchief into the cup to insure the coins from jingling. He was making his way still on cautious tiptoe to the gate when a voice he had heard already struck suddenly upon his ears.

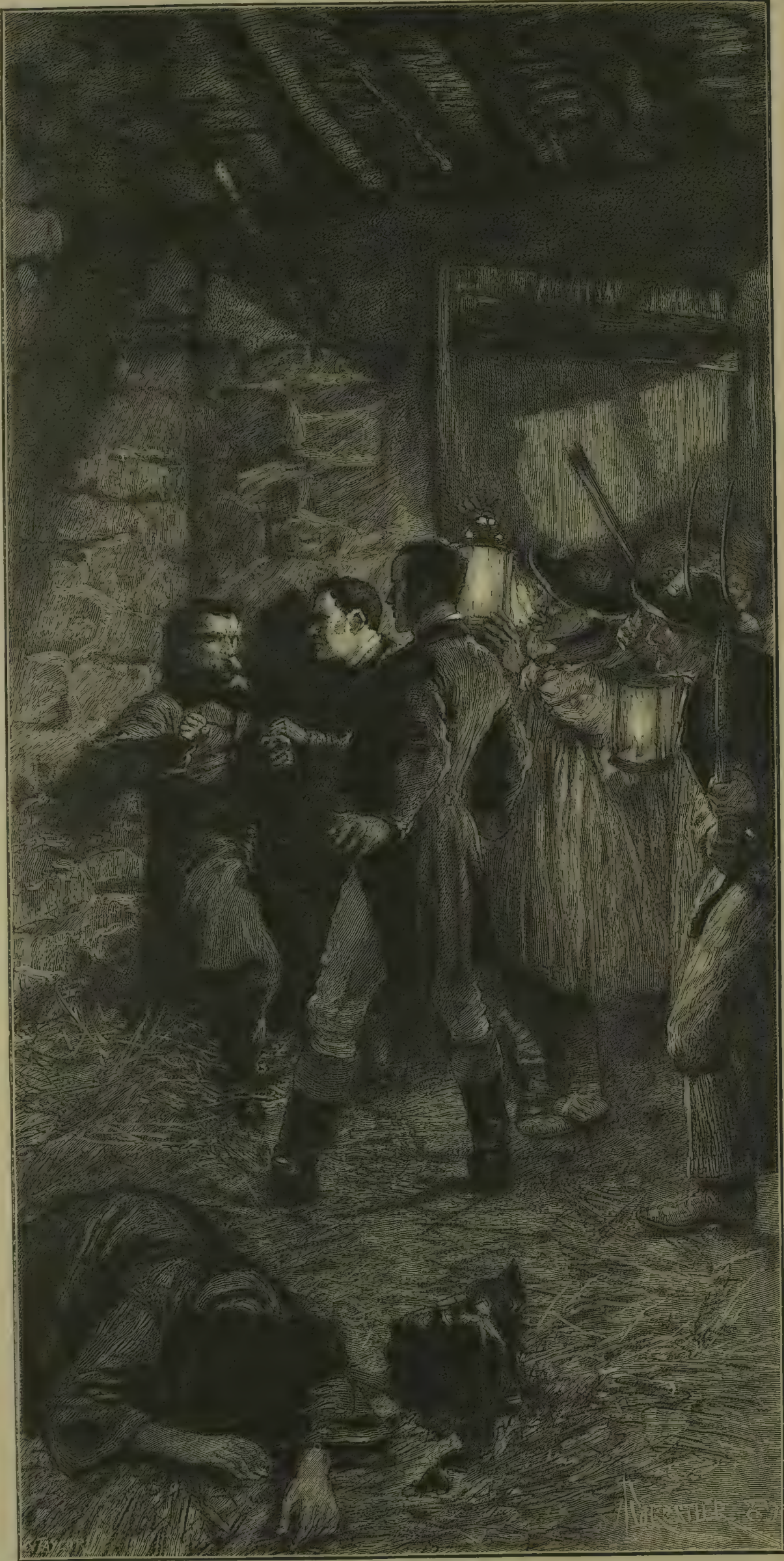
"You needn't hurry, young folks; I've got the key of the gate."

"All right, Sir," said a second voice, which he had also

heard before. The second voice was terribly near at hand, and the thief, smitten with a shaking terror, ran back towards the barn and glued himself against the wall. The voices came nearer and nearer, and once there was a burst of laughter, in which a girlish treble sounded. He heard the gate opened and closed, and then footsteps seemed to approach him. They faded into silence, and for the space of a minute the night was as still as ever, and then a voice cried out—

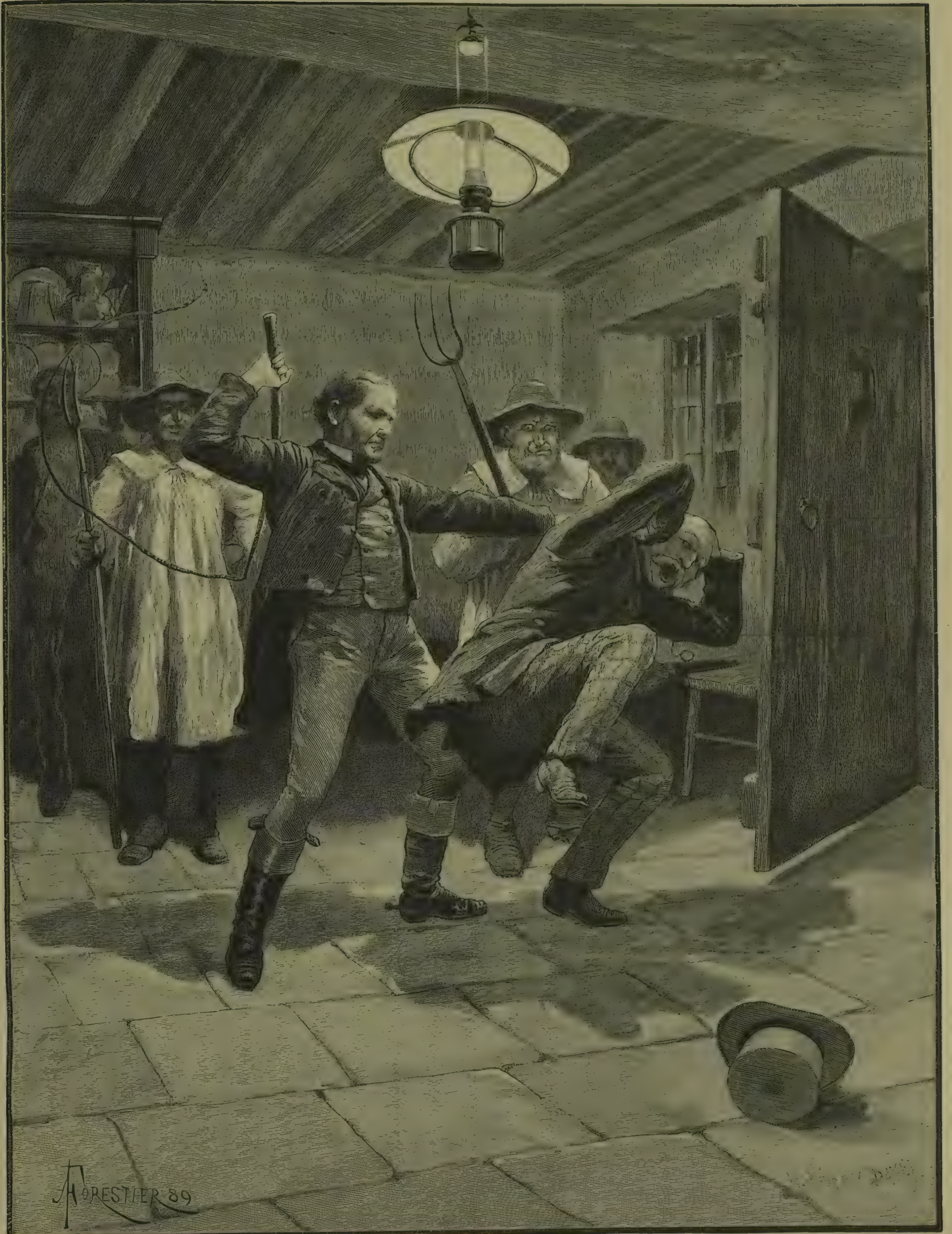
"Papa, papa! There have been thieves here!"

Men's voices called in answer, and there was a noise of many footsteps. The thief had mistaken his hour, and the rustic household was all broad awake. There were lanterns in the yard almost immediately, and broad flashes of light were glittering and dancing everywhere, to his bewildered thinking. He crept back into the barn and strove to close the shutters



A man held up a lantern to the desperate face . . . "Will Calthorpe!" said the yeoman, with a face as white as that of the detected thief.





Deering warded him off, and seizing him by the threadbare velvet collar of his coat, flogged him with a dreadful vigour and enjoyment.



from within. He had stuffed the tankard into his coat-tail pocket, and, making a false movement in the panic of his haste, he swung the pot against the wall, and the coins within it gave a loud metallic rattle.

"Who's that?" cried the woman, awaking at the sound.

"Hold your row!" he whispered fiercely. "Do you want to sell me again?"

"Sell you?" she answered. "What do you mean? You have been at some new villainy!"

"Hold your tongue," he whispered back, "or I'll throttle the life out of you!"

At that instant, a hoarse rustic voice pealed out, "Thieves! Stop thieves!" and she knew the story in a second.

"Here!" she shrieked. "This way!" And almost before the cry had left her lips, the scoundrel seized her by the throat, and struck her head violently against the wall.

"You will have it!" he muttered. "You'll sell me to the clink again?" He felt her whole weight hanging on his hands,

and, allowing her to fall, he turned and stood at bay. The shutters were half open, and a dozen men streamed in, armed with staves and pitch-forks, with Deering and the Lieutenant at their head. The sailor was the first to catch sight of the pallid rascal, panting with clenched hands in his corner, and laid a grip on him at once.

"You'd be a fool to fight," he said, in answer to a desperate motion of resistance. "Take it quietly, my man, or it will be the worse for you."

"Show a light here!" called Deering. "Let's have a look at the fellow."

A man held up a lantern to the desperate face, with its wicked eyes glancing swiftly hither and thither in hopeless search for a way of escape.

"Will Calthorpe!" said the yeoman, with a face as white as that of the detected thief.

The two glanced at each other in silence, and the rest stood round wondering at the recognition. "You've come to this, have you?" said Deering, with a stern mockery in his tone. "I suppose you know better than to expect any mercy at my hands?"

"I don't know," said the ruffian, vainly striving to moisten his parched lips with his tongue. "I've got a pal with me—perhaps she might intercede?"

Deering followed the direction of his glance, and, snatching a lantern from a farm-labourer's hand, bent over the prostrate figure, and looked into the woman's face. She was pale, and looked lifeless, with one sharply-defined streak of blood upon her forehead. Deering said nothing, but he looked twice or thrice from the senseless woman to the captive thief and back again. His face was awful, and his whole body vibrated like a shaken spring.

"Take that fellow away!" he said hoarsely. "Tie his hands, and mount guard over him. Griffith, my lad, fetch Ada and one or two of the womenfolk here. This woman's hurt. Tell the women there's no cause to be afraid. We can search that scoundrel afterwards!"

The Lieutenant went off at once to marshal in the prisoner, who was strongly held by as many hands as could find a place upon his person. The unconscious woman was moved a little later, and being laid upon a bed in one of the servants' rooms was tended there by Ada.

Deering fell into a chair in the room from which the tankard and the money had been stolen, and sat there with a face so ghastly that his companions were at once frightened and amazed.

"Deering!" said the clergyman, who had taken but a passive part in the events of the last few minutes, "you must not let yourself be shaken in this way."

"You don't know," returned the yeoman, in a voice unrecognisable for his own. "You don't understand. That wretched woman up-stairs is my wife!"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the clergyman. "Your wife!—and Ada's mother?"

"God help us all!" said Deering, "yes. My wife and Ada's mother."

## CHAPTER IV.

"I thought her dead!" said the yeoman in a groaning voice. "I thought her dead!"

Neither of his hearers answered him in words, but the parson, laying a hand sympathetically upon his shoulder, Deering groped for the other and wrung it hard. He rose to his feet almost immediately after this, and began to pace up and down the room. The natural colour returned to his face, and his companions could see clearly that the first effect of the shock was over.

"Look here," he broke out after a dozen turns, "you've both got a right to the story now, and you shall have it." He went on pacing up and down the room with his clenched hands rammed deep into the pockets of his riding-breeches and his chin sunk upon his breast. The words came from him with a dogged reluctance, and though he made no gesture and gave no glance, it was clear enough that he spoke in mental anguish. The very tone of commonplace he affected revealed instead of hiding the keenness of his suffering.



She had not reached the door when she turned, and suddenly seizing a hand that lay outside the coverlet, kissed it passionately, and fell upon her knees beside the bed.

"I'll begin at the beginning," he said. "I saw her for the first time nineteen years ago last Michaelmas in Herrick's Circus at Stafford. She was a horsebreaker and a professional rider in the ring. You can see she's been a handsome woman, and anything like her riding I never saw. It doesn't take much trouble to find reasons why a young fellow should make a fool of himself about a pretty girl. I fell in love with her and I married her. We lived at Trenton, down by Stafford, for three years or so. I can't say that we hit it off together. I went the wrong way about with her—I've known that much for years."

He cleared his throat there with a harsh sound, and took three or four turns in silence.

"She was always longing to be back at the old work, and, of course, I wouldn't hear of it. All my relatives disapproved of the match, and very few of 'em would recognise her. That made things no better, and we used to have constant rows. They were partly my fault, partly hers. I've thought her dead this four years, and I've had time to deal fairly with her in my own mind. There was a pair of us—a pair of angry, obstinate, self-willed young fools. We had a tremendous shindy one day, and when I came home at night she was

gone. Ada was getting on for two years old then, and she left a bit of a letter pinned to the child's frock. It just said she couldn't stand things any longer, and she was off, and that was all.

"I heard no more about her for four years, though I tried all I knew to find her. The first news that came was that she was in the dock of the Old Bailey."

His voice was as dry and commonplace as ever; but the struggle to make it sound so betrayed itself. His visitors looked amazedly at each other, and the clergyman, seeing his son's hand start and tremble where it lay upon the mantelpiece, set his own upon it with a wordless pressure.

"She was there," Deering went on, "with that scoundrel we caught to-night. He was charged with burglary, and she was charged with being his accomplice. They were both found guilty. He got twelve years and she got seven. And now you know as much about it as I do."

"Was there no doubt about her guilt?" asked Griffith.

"Doubt!" repeated Deering, pausing in his walk and

glancing at him under his eyebrows. "No. The case was as clear as daylight. There was a sheaf of bank-notes among the proceeds of the burglary, and she was taken in the act of passing them. No, there was no doubt about it."

"She wasn't in to-night's affair by her own consent," said the sailor. "She cried out, 'Here, this way!' and that villain maltreated her for it."

"Griffith, my lad," said Deering, with the first touch of open emotion he had shown; "that may be so, but this remains—she left her lawful husband and her child with that thief and scoundrel sixteen years ago, and she's with him again to-night after they both suffered for his villainy. Now, lad, you've got to look at it. You thought you were going to be a happy man to-morrow, and so did all of us. I thought my little girl was going to be happy, and I was willing to be lonely that she might be so."

"Wait a bit, Sir," said the Lieutenant. "If I am not mistaken as to what you are going to say, you may save yourself the trouble of saying it."

"Best hear me out," returned the other. "I've told you pretty often, Broadhurst, that I've got as solid a liking for the boy as if he were my own. You can't make him his own umpire in a case like this."

"Excuse me, Sir," said Griffith, "but no man living shall umpire for me now. This is a matter for Ada and myself, and for nobody else in the world."

At that moment there came a light tap at the door, and Ada entered. The natural excitement of the night's events had flushed her face and lent brightness to her eyes. The alarm was over, and only a sense of unusual interest and romance remained. The sensations they inspired were by no means disagreeable, though the girl had self-control and good sense enough to know that they might induce a headache and

pale cheeks for her wedding morning, and to act upon her knowledge.

"Papa," she said in a guarded voice, as she closed the door behind her; "there is something very singular about that woman. She is not in any way what I should have expected to find her."

Her father, turning his back upon her, made a pretence of busying himself with a small pile of papers which happened to be at hand.

"No?" he said. "What's strange about her?"

"I think," said Ada, "I am sure—she has been a lady."

"What makes you think that?" he asked, scarcely daring to trust his voice, and still fumbling blindly with the papers to conceal his looks.

"Everything she wears is so beautifully neat and clean," said the girl. "Her hair has been properly kept; and her hands—she has beautiful hands, and they are taken care of as nobody but a lady would think of doing."

Even in her own excitement she had been conscious from the first of a strangeness of manner, which was common to all three. Her father actually had turned his back upon her. The parson did the same; and her lover's face was half averted.



"What is the matter?" she asked, looking from one to another. "You are very strange, papa. Why don't you answer me? Griffith—Mr. Broadhurst! What is it? Has anything happened that I don't know of? You—you frighten me, all of you."

Deering rose from his stooping posture and, walking towards her, put his arm about her waist.

"Something has happened, my dear," he told her with a kiss. The touch of his lips upon her cheek was so cold that she started at it. "You'll have to know what it is, and you shall know. If you'll go up to your own room, I'll join you there in a minute."

All this was bewildering to the girl, and, taken in conjunction with the tragic looks about her, seemed dreadfully serious.

"Don't let me wait long, papa," she said, and so retired without further question.

"Do you see that, Sir?" asked Griffith, turning to his father. "Doesn't she stand well under fire?"

"She'll make it no harder for me than it must be," said Deering. "She hasn't got many of her mother's qualities, thank God! but she has got a bit of her courage."

He shook hands with Griffith before he turned to go.

"It's a queer world, parson," he said, with a miserable contortion of the face intended for a smile. "All sunshine an hour ago!"

Neither answered, and he went away. They heard his slow feet mounting the stairs and creaking on the timbers of the floor above them. Then, in the stillness they kept they could hear his deep voice rumbling in the beams of the ceiling, with now and then a pause. After the space of some half-hour they heard his returning footsteps on the floor and on the stair. He came in wearily.

"That's over," he said, with a perfect simplicity of manner. "She took it even better than I expected. There's no wedding to-morrow, Griffith."

"Excuse me, Sir," said the Lieutenant, "but that's a very serious matter. I'm not going to talk about my own personal disappointment if the wedding's put off. That's my affair, and, let it be as great as it may, I sha'n't try to make it weigh a feather's weight with you. But, look here, Mr. Deering: everybody for ten miles round knows that the wedding's arranged. Everybody will know if it's postponed. Everybody will want a reason. You'll be pretty hard put to it to find one, apart from the real one—and that, as I take it, nobody wants known. You see, Sir, I'm trying to look at the common-sense aspects of the case. The thing is to make the best of a very dreadful business. I don't think that my way looks the best to me simply because I like it. I'm trying to look at it apart from that, and I'm pretty sure I'm right."

The clergyman looked, with a perplexed uncertainty, from his son to Deering.

"I must own," he said, "that I do not see my way."

"Speak out, father," said the young man. "Let us have a complete understanding with each other all round. Does what you have learned to-night set you against the match at all?"

"I have never disguised my friendship and esteem for Deering," said the clergyman, not daring to face the issues thus presented to him. "I have never disguised my affection for Ada. I am sure that her unhappy mother's nature and her own are as wide apart as the poles."

"There's a 'but' behind all that, father," said the young man, with solid and simple gravity. "Please let us understand each other."

"My boy!" cried the father, "you know that I am devoted to your happiness! You know that there is nothing that I would not do to secure it!"

"Yes, Sir," said Griffith, "I've known that for a long time. I've believed that as long as I can remember. But—"

"The position is exceedingly embarrassing, Griffith," cried the clergyman. "In the presence of Deering's suffering—"

"Griffith's right!" cried Deering. "What we three have got to do is to understand each other. Leave my suffering out of question. If you're against the match, Broadhurst, I am with you. I am with you, heart and soul. We two have no right to see the lad tie a millstone round his neck!"

"I don't see the millstone," said the Lieutenant. "I see one or two things. Ada and I, Mr. Deering, care a great deal for each other. I don't believe we're the sort to change—either of us. Now, I'll show you my whole mind, father. If Ada won't marry me, there's an end of it; and if she will,

there's an end of it, and I sha'n't leave any means untried that I can think of to persuade her to marry me to-morrow. You'd have me think myself a pretty sort of fellow to run away from my promised wife because an unforeseen trouble falls on her! She didn't choose her own mother, and it seems to me that poor Mrs. Deering has made trouble enough in the world, and that it's our business as sensible people to see that she doesn't make more."

"Now, you listen to common-sense, Griffith," said Deering. "You're speaking the truth without knowing it. It's our business to prevent her doing any more mischief, as you say. She hasn't corroded your life yet, and she sha'n't if I can help it. She hasn't ruined your professional prospects yet; she

"Don't you see," asked Deering, "that I shall have to let that scoundrel in the kitchen go scot-free? Do you think he'll lose so fine a chance of blackmail?"

Griffith broke in with an angry and a scornful laugh. "I'll pay him all I owe him if he tries!"

"Yes," said the yeoman, "but you'd have the scandal. There's the wretched truth, Griffith. That terrible wife of mine's alive, and what's more, now that she's back in my hands it's my business at least to guard her from putting me to further shame. She and I are tied together for good and all. A divorce would spread the scandal everywhere. I'd have had one years ago if it hadn't been for Ada's sake."

"There has been no word of your mother in all this, so far," said Broadhurst. "She deserves to be remembered. For my own part, I feel keenly that Deering is in the right."

"I haven't forgotten my mother, Sir," said Griffith; "but I know beforehand on whose side she'll be. I don't want to be disrespectful, but it seems to me that you are both talking as if life were a feather-bed for a lot of lazy lubbers to loaf and idle in. What's it come to after all? If I marry I am to take a bit of trouble on to my shoulders; if I don't marry, is the trouble less for me, or any of us? I think the world's too honest at heart to go astray in the long run in a case like this. An honest man and a good woman can face its verdict at the finish if they do their duty in it. I take my stand on that, and if we talked all night I could say no more."

"I won't pretend," said Deering, "that I don't like you the better for it, Griffith; but the last word isn't spoken yet. Go and talk to your mother, and let your father talk to you. He's my friend and Ada's friend, and you see how he feels."

"He tries to take the worldly view for my sake," Griffith answered. "That's all very well on his side. I know it's kindly meant, and I know he thinks it wise; but the plain English of the whole business is that if I felt like that myself I should be a cur. If I thought I could ever be got to feel like it I'd go down the fleet and ask every ship's crew to boot me!"

"That's part of the trouble, Griffith," said his father. "It would look base in you to take the worldly side at once; but it would be very unwise and cruel in the rest of us if we closed our eyes to it."

The talk went on for half an hour, and the Lieutenant, warning out of his early self-restraint, grew loud enough for Ada, in the room above, to catch fragments of his fervent protestations. The argument came to nothing; and though the young man would willingly have continued it all night, the elders tacitly agreed to leave it where it was, and in the end their silence silenced him.

"Talk it over with your mother, Griffith," Deering said again; "and let your father talk it over."

Upon that the three shook hands and parted; and though there was no danger of bad blood between them, the young man went his way with a passionate resentment against his elders' prudence which almost cost him his temper.

Left alone, Deering sat for perhaps a quarter of an hour, plunged in a gloomy silence, and then, rising with an air of sudden recollection and resolve, strode into the farm kitchen. The prisoner sat there on a settle built into the roomy fireplace, with his hands tied behind him, and seven or eight of the farm labourers subdued guard and talking in subdued voices among themselves. William Calthorpe, caught in *flagrante delicto*, bore himself with a shabby bravado which suited itself so perfectly to his aspect that he might have been born and bred especially for its display.

"Oh, you're here at last," he said, as Deering entered; "you've taken your time about it. You'd better send these blackguards away, and we will have a talk about what we mean to do. I won't let the cat out of the bag, unless you force me to it."

"Have you searched this fellow yet?" Deering asked, turning to one of the men.

"We thought you'd rather as us waited, Sir," the man responded.

"Stand up, you," said Deering, with a gesture of command, to the prisoner. He obeyed, with the same look of lurking braggadocio. "Turn his pockets out, Shillito."

The whole rustic assemblage had long decided upon the whereabouts of the stolen property, the gleam of the polished metal having been visible to them through a rent in the prisoner's tail-pocket as he sat. The man whom Deering had named went straight to it and produced the silver tankard in the turn of a hand. The sovereigns jingled as he held it up, and Deering, taking it from him, drew out the dirty handkerchief,



Griffith Broadhurst met her at the foot of the stairs with open arms.

sha'n't, if I can help it. Just look at this, Griffith. 'Do you know Lieutenant Broadhurst?' 'Yes. His mother-in-law's done seven years' penal servitude.' You can fancy your Admiral's wife drawing up her list for a dinner. 'We must ask that pretty little Mrs. Broadhurst.' 'For Heaven's sake, no! Her mother's a convicted thief!' That's our burden, Griffith. That's Ada's and mine. It shall never be yours, with my good will."

"I'll make myself answerable," said Griffith, "for any man who talks in that way."

"Men won't talk in your presence," said the yeoman, sadly. "They didn't talk in mine. I've been through the mill, lad. I know what it is. Cold shoulder here, cold shoulder there. Friends going by you in the streets. And there's one thing worse than all—you've got to see the little girl endure it."

"It seems to me," said Griffith, desperately, "that you're all wrong. Who's to know it? Who's to tell it?"





He tumbled into a ditch at the roadside.

and emptying the contents of the cup upon the table, counted the coins. Having made their tale complete, he stood pondering for a moment, and then, looking round him with a start, threw open the door which led upon the yard.

"Untie his hands," he said, and one of the men obeyed him wonderingly, while the rest stared round wide-eyed and open-mouthed. "Go!" cried Deering, raising a hand and pointing imperatively to the door.

"Wait a bit," said William Calthorpe, "you're not going to turn out an old pal like this, are you? I don't want to say anything that's disagreeable, but it's hardly friendly, is it?"

Deering said nothing, but casting a glance about the kitchen made a step or two and picked up a heavy riding-whip which lay in a corner near the wall. He pointed to the door with this, and under his uneasy, shameful swagger the criminal became obviously disconcerted.

"I haven't got one red cent to chink against another," he said. "I've only had one square meal this four days. Now, I'm pretty desperate, and I've got a tongue in my head. There are reasons why you shouldn't make a row about this."

"There are good reasons," said the farmer, "and some of 'em are not very likely to have any value to your mind. I'll tell you one of 'em. The last time you robbed me—the first time you robbed me—your mother came to me and cried about you, as any mother had a warrant to. Her fear was I should kill you if I met you, and to comfort her poor old heart I promised her that I'd never lay a hand on you—for that. The poor thing died four years later of a broken heart. Your appearance at the Old Bailey killed her. We've got a new score now, and you'd better go before I settle it."

"No," said William Calthorpe, facing him with a watchful and wicked eye; "I don't think I shall go yet."

"You got twelve years for the last business," said Deering. "They'd put you away for life for this. You'd better go, and best go quickly."

"I'll take my chance of anything I'm likely to get," returned the other; and at this the farmer raised his hand and voice together, and made a step forward.

"Go, you scoundrel, or I'll be the death of you!"

The tramp's sallow, unwashed, unshaven face went grey, and his lips began to tremble, but his wicked and watchful eye was still fixed upon the farmer with more than a hint of threat and warning in it. The heavy whip curled round his legs like a snake, and he shrieked with the pain, and made a dash at his assailant's neck. Deering warded him off, and seizing him by the threadbare velvet collar of his coat, flogged him with a dreadful vigour and enjoyment. When at length he released him, and thundered "Go!" once more, the wretched creature needed no further bidding. He sped through the door in a flash, and the irate yeoman, following him, made the whip whistle round his ears as he chased him in the dark. He caught him up at the gate, and flogged him while he climbed it. The savage blows never ceased to fall until the fugitive dropped in a huddled heap on the outer side of the gate. He lay there for a moment only, for, hearing his assailant rattling at the inner fastening of the gate, he rose and ran.

The rustic judgment on this summary dealing out of justice was expressed by the preternaturally sharp boy.

"I bean't a old 'un," said Tim, "and I do suppose I've got a lot o' time afore me; but I'd sooner put it through in Taunton Jail than let the gaffer handle me like that!"

"My eye!" said one of the ancients of the farm. "The man stood there and asked for it."

"He got it," said Deering, entering at that moment, and throwing the riding-whip back into its corner; "and none of you fellows know how richly he deserved it."

## CHAPTER V.

The female wanderer awoke in the first fresh light of the summer morning, and looked upon her unexpected surroundings with a feeble astonishment. The sunlight streamed into the room between a window-blind and curtain which were too short to meet each other, and lay in so dazzling a

band of yellow on the wall that its plain whitewash looked vividly blue to the waker's eyes. She half rose, but fell back weakly upon the pillow, and was perforce content with such an examination as she could make in that posture. The room was very barely and simply furnished, with an unframed picture of the "Return of the Prodigal Son" fastened upon the wall by four tin tacks—a cheap and staring lithograph which almost succeeded in making the beautiful and immortal story laughable. The branches of the great tree hung sombrely in the air outside. There was a clatter of feet and a rattle of milking-pails somewhere near at hand.

She was too prostrate to wonder long as to how she came there, and in a very little while she found herself newly awaking to confront a girl, apparently a lady, who, in a fresh morning dress of scrupulous neatness, was standing by her bedside with a small tray in her hand, bearing a cup and saucer. The girl's face was evidently by nature very pretty and attractive; but at this moment it was sadly pale, and disfigured by the traces of recent tears.

"You must drink this at once," she said. "It is a strong, clear soup, not too hot. It will do you good."

Her own thoughts were dulled by pain and languor; but, weak as she was, the errand wife noticed a strange reluctance in the girl's manner, as if she feared to approach or speak to her, and only succeeded in doing so by some strong self-compulsion. Ada, seeing that her mother was too weak to rise, put a trembling hand beneath her head. The hand shook so strongly that it communicated its tremor to the other's frame.

"You are afraid of me," said Mrs. Deering, with a pale smile. "I am not strong enough to hurt anybody, even if I had the will."

"No," Ada answered, in a half whisper, "I am not afraid. Drink this, and try to get to sleep again."

Whilst her mother sipped the warm and comforting soup she continued to support her with that tremulous hand. There was surely something in the touch which meant repugnance.

"Don't be afraid of me," said Ella. "Was I found last night? Am I in the house that was robbed?" The girl's fascinated eyes seemed to answer "Yes" to each of these queries, but her lips moved without a sound. "I was there quite harmlessly. I meant no harm and did none."

"I know that," said Ada. "You must not think I am afraid of you."

The invalid's eyes searched her face with a keener and brighter regard.

"You do not look," she said, "as if you would be afraid without a reason."

"Pray drink the soup," the girl answered, in a tone of appeal so urgent that the other knew not what to make of it, "and let me go. I want you to be strong enough in a little time to move into another room."

"If the room is wanted," Mrs. Deering answered, "I can go now if you would give me a little help."

"No, no," said Ada, "the room is not wanted. Try to sleep."

"You are very kind," her mother answered; "but I am sure you are afraid of me. There is no need of that. I am an unhappy, harmless woman. Pray believe that I had nothing to do with what happened last night."

"We know that," Ada answered. "You helped me—"

You helped the men to find the thief. We know that." She had already lowered her charge gently to the pillow, and had smoothed it for her head to rest upon. But her fascinated, frightened eyes were still drawn to her mother's face.

"Try to sleep," she said. "I must go now."

She moved away a step or two, and averted her look as if by an effort. She had not reached the door when she turned, and suddenly seizing a hand that lay outside the coverlet, kissed it passionately, and fell upon her knees beside the bed, weeping, but with so intense and resolute a self-repression that her tears were terrible alike to the invalid and to herself.

Mrs. Deering struggled half-upright, and laid her disengaged hand upon the girl's head.

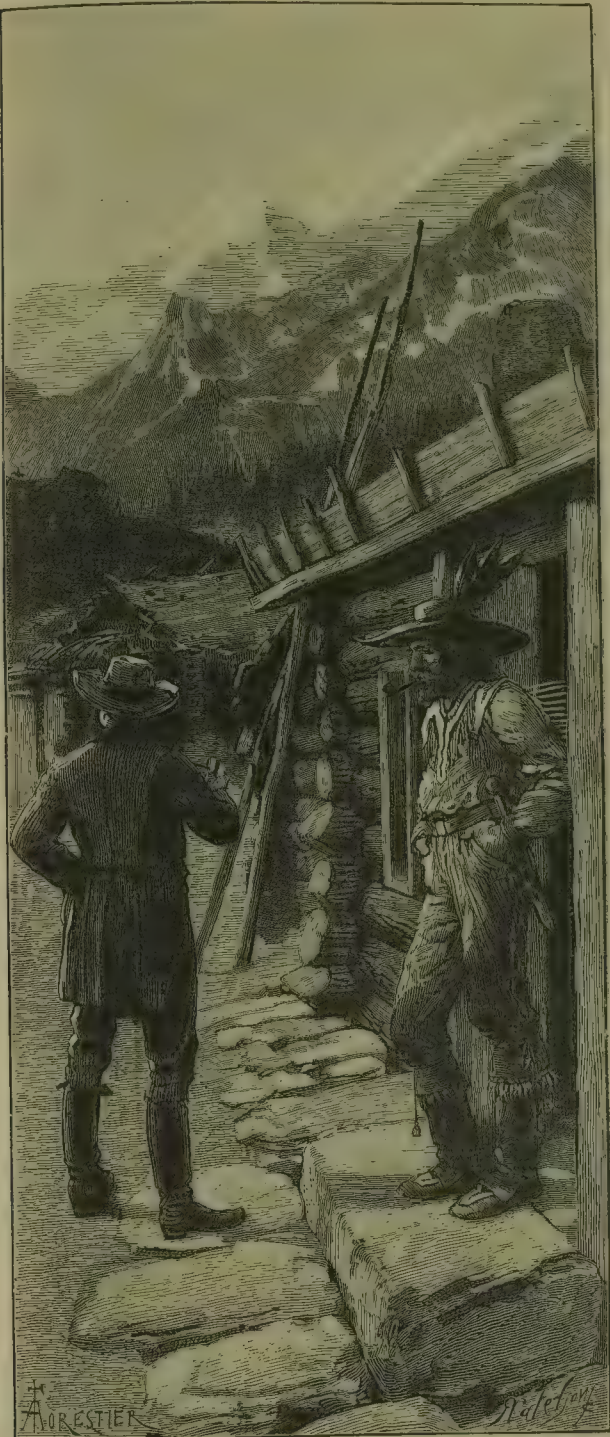
"What is it?" she asked, in her weak voice. "What is it?"



"Heaven reward you, Sir!" cried Mr. Calthorpe. "A poor man's blessing hurts nobody, Sir!"



Ada shrank back from her touch, and, releasing the hand she had held in both her own, arose and left the room, her whole body shaking from head to foot with the sobs she could restrain no longer. Her mother, who had no clue to the girl's emotion, fell back once more upon her pillow, and lay there in a great amazement.



The two stood quietly smoking.

The sound of the girl's weeping filled the house, and reached the ears of Griffith Broadhurst, who had arrived at the doorway thus early, bent upon an understanding with Ada herself. He met her at the foot of the stairs with open arms, and she made no motion of resistance when he drew her to his breast. Neither spoke, and Ada, struggling hard to gain her self-possession, half succeeded. Now that she was quieter he led her to the parlour, and placing her upon a sofa there, sat down beside her, smoothing her hand, and murmuring foolish consolatory phrases which were not altogether without value.

"What has shaken you again in this way, darling?" he asked at length, when he saw that he could venture safely to question her. "You have been speaking to her?"

"Yes," said Ada, "I have just come from her room."

"You told her?"

"No, no, no!" the girl cried, almost wildly. "I dare not tell her. Who will ever find the heart to tell her?"

"It won't be a pleasant business," Griffith admitted, "whoever takes it in hand."

He sat embarrassed, not knowing what to do or to say. He had come with the fixed determination to make his appeal to Ada, and he had persuaded himself that it was quite certain that she would accept his plans. But the girl was quivering with distress, and pale and disfigured with her nightlong tears, and in the presence of her trouble those plans of his began to look almost profane. He had not expected to find a bridal face, but he had been so much occupied in battling with other people's reasons that he had not found time to conceive his sweetheart's real position. He had come all fire and tenderness to offer his claim, but he preferred it with what he felt to be an almost Arctic coldness.

"You must give me the right, darling," he said, "to take you away and teach you to be happy. I shall make that the object of my life."

She staided herself quite suddenly, and answered with a settled resolution:

"No, dear; my place is here—I can't leave her. You must try to understand me, Griffith. It seems to me as if God had sent her back again and put her in my hands. She is my mother, after all."

In face of that declaration all the warm protests with which he had consoled himself during the night looked worthless.

"You don't mean," he asked despairingly, "that there is going to be a lasting breach between us?"

She looked at him mournfully but steadily, the tears gathering in her eyes and brimming over.

"We can never be married now, Griffith."

"I don't see that," he answered doggedly. "I shall never see that if I wait until I'm grey. You and I belong to each other, Ada. There's no getting over it."

"Griffith," said the girl, "we must face the truth. I can never marry now. I can't tie such a history as this to you."

"That's a matter chiefly for my decision, as it seems to me," Griffith answered. "If I cared for you so little that that would drive me back, I shouldn't have been worth marrying. If I had repented of my bargain I could have found an

excuse in what has happened. But then, you see, my dear, I'm not in search of an excuse. You belong to me!"

"I shall never marry now!" Ada protested; and nothing that her lover could say could shake her for the time.

"Don't you see, dear," he urged, "everybody in the whole countryside knows that the wedding was arranged for this morning. The real reason is, the only one that can be given—even for a postponement—and to give that would be to put your mother to open shame. You and your father would share in it. Let us be married, dear, and let us all go away together. Your father and I both have money enough. Let us all go into the Far West, and carry our secret with us."

He offered this plan with a momentary gleam of hope, and with more eagerness and vivacity of manner than he had displayed before; but Ada shook her head with a mournful decision.

"You must not waste your life for me, Griffith."

"Waste my life!" he answered, waking into the enthusiasm proper to a lover. "How can my life be wasted if I spend it with you? and how can it be anything but wasted if we live apart? And, my darling, there's a great new world opening out there. There's a great new civilisation lying in its cradle. It'll grow up to be bigger and stronger and more splendid than any of the old. A man won't waste his life who helps to nourish it. Whatever trouble and shame and sorrow there may be here, we can leave thousands of miles behind us."

He lowered his voice almost to a whisper, as he went on—

"You can take your poor mother with you, and devote your life to her. You shall never find me jealous of that purpose, Ada. I shall look upon it as a sacred task; and I promise you that I will help in it with my whole heart."

"We don't know what she is yet, Griffith," the girl whispered back again. "We don't even know what she has been. I can't drag you into such a life as that."

Griffith arose, dogged and overmastering.

"Whatever happens," he said, "I've got your promise, and I've made my own. You're my plighted wife, and I shall never give you up until you can come to me honestly and say that you don't care for me any longer. That won't be on this side of the Day of Judgment. I shall never go back from my word, and I shall never release you from yours."

"Oh, Griffith!" cried the girl, with a new burst of silent tears. "In a year or two's time, when we're apart from each other, you'll learn to forget me, and you'll find somebody else to make you happy!"

"Now, Ada," said the young man, "it's no use talking nonsense. I'm not one of the changing sort. I'm not going to change. Here's a terrible trouble, and it's our clear business to make the best and not the worst of it. I know very well what you propose to do; but do you think you'll do it any the better because you're breaking your heart about me, or because I'm breaking mine for you? Don't you think you would do it the better if you had me there to help you and encourage you? I'm not going to be tied by cobwebs and think they're cables."

"Try to look wisely at it, Griffith," she besought him.

"I'm not going to begin wisdom by turning ear," said Griffith. "Suppose that what happened last night had taken place to-night. We should have taken each other for better or worse in that case. You've got to put up with your bargain, Ada. It's pretty clear you can't live here; but wherever you go I shall follow you, if you go to the world's end."

The girl found some comfort in this overbearing loyalty, wretched as she was. Griffith was not too polished in his way of putting things; but then, perhaps, this was hardly the hour for polish, and at all events her lover's sturdy honour and constancy stood revealed beyond a doubt. That was some comfort for the darkest day, even if they never were to meet again.

Griffith was striding up and down the room when his father and Deering entered. The yeoman and the young lover shook hands gloomily, but Mr. Broadhurst was the first to speak.

"Deering and I," he said, addressing his son, "have talked things over. He will tell you his conclusions."

"We are going away, Griffith," said the yeoman. "I've often thought that if I'd been a lonely and unencumbered man I should have gone out West. I've been reading and hearing a good deal these late years about Kansas. It's pleased Heaven to send my wife back to me in this dreadful way, and I can't and sha'n't turn her adrift again. I shall send a telegram to my agent in town to-day to come down here and see me, and we'll all clear out as soon as we can."

"That's what I've just been proposing to Ada!" said Griffith. "That straightens everything. I've got three months' leave, and before that's out I can arrange to retire from the service. I shall come with you."

The two elders looked at each other.

"The lad's stanch," said Deering. "I like him none the less for it. But it won't do, Griffith," he added mournfully, shaking his head. "Our trouble's our own. We'll bear it by ourselves."

"Very well, Sir," the young man answered, "if you won't take me with you I can travel by myself. Where Ada goes, I follow. It's not a bit of use talking any more about it. My mind's made up."

"I'll make a bargain with you, lad," said Deering. "If you're in the same mind this day twelve months I'll say no word against your wish. Stop at home and do your own duties for a year."

The lover was naturally indignant at any thought of change; but his father, eager if for no more than a momentary respite, pressed him hard. The elder man had no unusual store of worldly prudence, but the match had grown to look dreadful to him, and he saw the ruin of his son's prospects in it. In spite of the Lieutenant's protests he had to yield at last.

"Very well," he said, "this day twelve months. It's a fool's bargain on my side, because I know what it will come to. It's wasting a year of my life, but you must have your way."

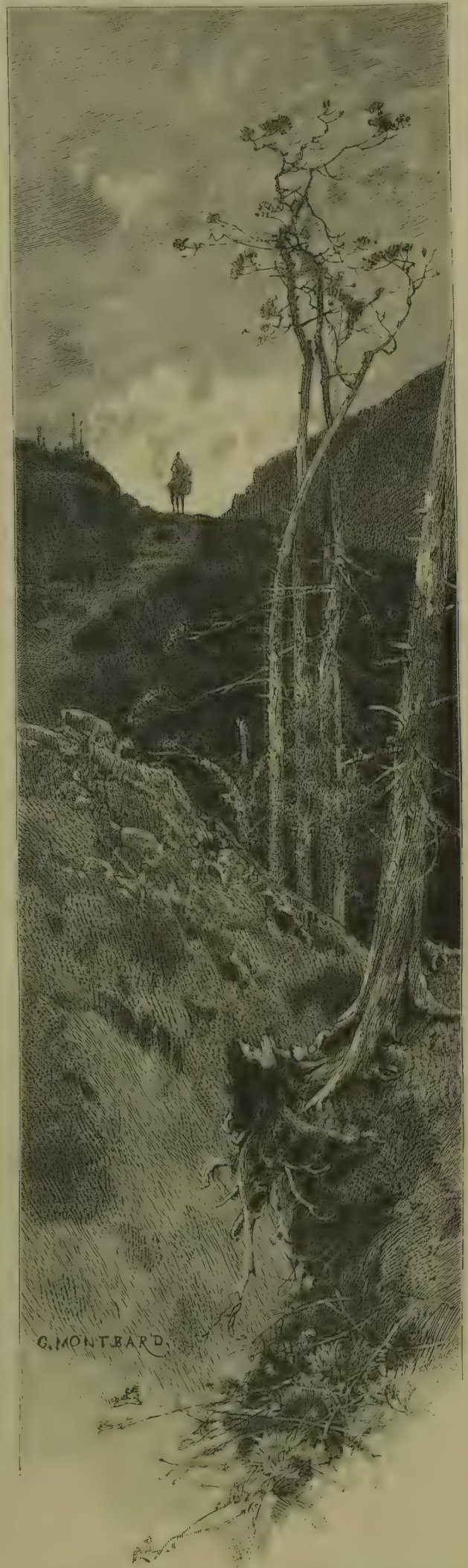
#### CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Calthorpe ran as if for his life for a distance of, perhaps, a hundred yards, and then, beginning to recover from his panic, found that no footsteps followed in pursuit. At this discovery his courage rose, and, being by nature and practice a humbug of the completer sort, he turned in the darkness with the pretence that he was ready to give battle. This sop to the Cerberus of self-respect warmed his heart a little, but only for an instant. He began to know how hideously sore he was, and, standing still in the darkness, he touched himself here and there with a cautious forefinger, with the hope of finding some spot of his own person which had not been visited in the course of his tremendous castigation. Whilst he stood thus he was aware that somebody was blubbing and wailing piteously, and it took him a second or two to realise that the miserable noises proceeded from himself. He lifted both hands in the night, and cursed with an Oriental fluency and gusto; but the horrible sting of his pains broke him, and he fell to whimpering again. The whip-marks played about him as if the blows were falling still. Now one would start into such a prominence of agony that for a second it would obliterate the rest. Then another would sting as suddenly as if

the lash which inflicted it had been reapplied. Then a whole hail of blows would seem to fall upon his wretched body altogether. He had never been of a philosophical turn of mind, and he was not prepared now to balance against his own sufferings the years of injury he had inflicted, or his crime of that evening and the insolence that followed on it. Morally, he had always been a shiftless, worthless rag of a fellow, and it is quite likely that he had never been really vehement until now. Now he was vehement enough in all conscience, and rage and hate and agony were all fused into one within him. He could not have told any one of them from any other, and was certainly in no mood to analyse.

He went limping along the road, punctuating every step with groans and curses, and, missing his way in the blackness of the night, tumbled into a dry ditch at the roadside with an extorted yell like the cry of a flogged cur. He had fallen very lightly upon a bank cushioned with moss; but no couch, however epicurean, could have been pleasant at the moment. He was galled and raw from head to foot, and could find no posture which did not increase his pain. If he had only dared to go back and face Deering, he thought it would be luxurious to be hanged for him.

He made no attempt to rise, but lay there moaning and writhing until a deadly faintness seized him, and he began to think that his last hour was near. Inspired by the terror of this thought, he tried to feel repentant, and, as a matter of fact, did curse and hate with a slightly diminished fire. But being a coward, the fear of death overpowered him before long, and he effected the scoundrel's unfailing compromise. If he



On a sudden a figure on horseback sprang up like a tiny silhouette upon the darkened edge and stood still there.





died he would certainly do no harm to Deering, and was profoundly desirous that his own sins should not be remembered against him. If he did not die there would be no need to bother about these considerations yet awhile.

There was nothing to run away from, and nothing to go forward to, and so he stayed where he found himself. By-and-by his limbs began to stiffen, and he gave himself up for lost. The night seemed to last for years, and at length, out of pure exhaustion and despair, he fell asleep, though even then he was followed by a knowledge of his pains almost as acute as that of wakefulness itself. It was broad daylight when he awoke, but he was barely aware of the fact, for a chance cut of the riding-whip had taken him across the eyes, and the lids were so swollen that he could but just raise them. By-and-by he discovered that his hands were wealed and livid, and that his clothes were cut in places as if by a knife. All this made him so piteously sorry for himself that he must needs begin to cry and curse again, but feebly this time, and with none of last night's eloquence or passion. He had then rivalled in intensity, in particularity, and, indeed, in all high characteristics the great Ernulphus himself, but his morning exercises were no more than—

Short swallow flights of song that dip  
Their wings in tears, and fly away.

He was quite persuaded that he was dying, when the sound of footsteps and voices near at hand aroused him as if by miracle. He struggled to his feet with infinitely less difficulty than he had anticipated, and, seeing only enough of the roadway to guide his footsteps, stumbled towards the welcome and reviving sounds. One of the voices he heard sounded elderly and clerical, to his fancy. He knew himself an object for compassion, and a clergyman was likely to be no more difficult a prey than the average wayfarer.

"Gentlemen!" he cried in a loud, quavering voice, "Gentlemen, for pity's sake, help a man who has been robbed and left for dead!"

This not too ingenious a fiction might have awakened the pity of the uninstructed traveller;

*She threw herself down before her mother and clasped her round the knees.*





*Deering's house at Redberry Creek.*





but, as it happened, Mr. Calthorpe addressed himself, unknowingly, to his actual captor of the previous evening, and his father, the Reverend Francis Broadhurst. The two passed the petitioner without a word; and he wailed after them—

"Gentlemen! I've been robbed and left for dead. I'm more than a hundred miles from my nearest friend, and I'm starving. For mercy's sake, gentlemen, give me a helping hand! Don't leave me to die by the roadside! Gentlemen!—gentlemen!"

The clergyman paused and laid a hand upon his son's arm.

"You don't mean to help that scoundrel?" Griffith asked sternly. "You know him again, don't you?"

"That is precisely why I think of helping him," the clergyman answered. "Deering has evidently thrashed the man, and has turned him loose. Nobody wants him lingering in the neighbourhood to spread his own version of the story. It is a wise maxim, Griffith, to make a golden bridge for a flying enemy. Leave me to deal with him."

Griffith lingered reluctantly while his father retraced his steps.

"You say you have been robbed?" said the clergyman. "Yes, Sir," the thief responded; "robbed of everything, and half-murdered into the bargain. I fought for my life and the little I had about me; and this, Sir"—with a motion of the hands, to indicate his general condition—"is how the brutes have left me."

"Whom do you charge with the robbery?" asked Mr. Broadhurst. "I am a magistrate," he added, "and can receive your complaint here as well as anywhere."

"I couldn't tell one of them from Adam," the tricky one responded. "They fell upon me in the dark, Sir. There was quite a gang of them."

He was within little more than a hundred yards of the scene of the burglary, and the fact that his interlocutor proclaimed himself a magistrate sent a chill to his very marrow. He almost wished he had not spoken, desperate as his case was.

"Where were you going?" Broadhurst demanded. "To Plymouth, Sir," he answered. "I have fallen upon evil times, Sir, as I daresay my appearance shows; but I have friends in Plymouth, Sir, and I had enough to drag down there with on foot until last night. They might have spared a poor unfortunate fellow like me, Sir; but those scoundrels have no heart. So long as they get it they don't care where it comes from, do they, Sir?"

"You have friends in Plymouth?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And your object is to reach them?"

"Yes, Sir."

At this moment the one constable owned by the village threw his leg over a stile at a little distance, and sighting the clergyman, saluted him.

"You arrive luckily, Jackson," said Mr. Broadhurst. "I want you at this moment. This man tells me a story which I do not altogether believe. But he has evidently been very much ill-used, and he says that he has friends in Plymouth. I am willing to pay his fare on condition that he really goes there. Take him to Bulstrode Station. The parliamentary train passes in half an hour. Take his ticket, see him into the train, give him a shilling for his breakfast, and bring back the change of this to me."

The constable accepted the sovereign the clergyman held out between his thumb and finger, touched his hat anew, and took Tricky Bill for the moment into custody.

"If the man makes any attempt to evade the journey," said the clergyman, "arrest him as a vagrant and bring him before me. You had better speak a word to the guard, and let him see that the journey is completed."

"Yes, Sir," said the constable. "Come along, my man."

"Heaven reward you, Sir!" cried Mr. Calthorpe. "A poor man's blessing hurts nobody, Sir!" and

with that he limped away, a little lightened in his felonious heart to have escaped so easily from a magistrate, but very tremulous as to what might happen, if the magistrate should be making an early morning call at Pear-Tree Farm. He listened for pursuing footsteps all along, but nobody concerned was less anxious to have him out of the way than he himself was to escape. The policeman's presence with him secured him a mug of cider and a plate of broken meats gratis at the country inn which stood opposite the station gates. He started on his journey with the shilling intact, but every jolt of the unpadded compartment he sat in reminded him so acutely of Deering's handiwork that he had no joy in the advantages of his position.

The parliamentary train crawled through the whole long summer day, stopping at every station. A constantly changing stream of passengers dribbled into the carriage and out again, and Mr. Calthorpe's remarkable aspect excited the curiosity of most of them. Long before the journey had come to an end he had worked up to a finished and artistic completeness the story he had told in its native improbability to Broadhurst. He knew precisely where he was coming from and exactly where he was going to. He knew what made him travel on foot and in such shabby raiment whilst he had three sovereigns in his pocket. With every successive relation of the story it grew stronger, clearer, more detailed, lifelike, and moving. It grew like Jonah's gourd, and its dramatic incidents multiplied like Falstaff's men in buckram.

The recital kept him plenteously in ale and cider for the day, secured him two full meals, and drew from more than one soft-hearted listener a gift of money. But for his bodily pains, which were not to be assuaged just then by any social triumph, he might have felt like a popular hero in a procession. Whenever two or three rustics potted out of the carriage, leaving one listener behind them, that man burned until, at a station further on, other rustics entered. Then would he say, "Nice sort o' world to live in, this is," or starting with some such exordium, would indicate Tricky Bill. "That there gentleman have been through something." Then would Bill tell the tale anew, drawing beer and meat from the sympathetic, and getting a good long satisfactory pull from at least a score of pipes during the journey.

It was dark when he came to Plymouth—midsummer though it was—and he winced with difficulty through the streets, peering from right to left out of his damaged eyes. He took his way, of course, to the lowest quarter of the town, and, after some intricate wanderings, stopped uncertainly before a beerhouse, and bleared about him there. Deciding, finally, that this was the place he sought, he entered. A voice asked him imperatively what he wanted.

"Is Ned Lenglow staying here?" he demanded, by way of answer.

"Suppose he is?" said the man who stood behind the wooden bar.

"Be good enough to tell him," said Tricky Bill, "that his old friend, Mr. Calthorpe, would be glad to see him."

The man, with a sulky stare at him, left the room, and a moment later a voice, ringing with a false and vulgar jocundity, called out—

"Hillo, Tricky, old pal!—what cheer!"

The speaker, a young man of powerful frame, with a head sleek and round as an otter's and a countenance which

*She laid her work upon her lap, and folding her sun-bonnet back a little, in order to see him the better, she looked up at him with grave attention.*

had never failed to prejudice a jury, appeared at a doorway leading to an inner apartment.

"Why, William, what's happened to you? Come in, old man; come in."

There was something in the new person's manner which indicated not only cordiality, but respect. The interest of the man behind the bar was excited, and at the earliest opportunity he took his client aside and put him to the question.

"Who is he?" said the sleek-headed man, repeating the other's question. "Why, man alive"—in an impressive whisper, as if he announced some mighty poet, potentate, or statesman—"that's Tricky Bill."

"Lord!" said the man from behind the bar, "you don't mean that?"

The name was strange to him, but there was such a conviction in the young man's tone that he dared not say so.

"I do, though. He's done a twelve stretch, Tricky Bill has, and, of course, after a misfortune of that sort, he's a bit down on his luck. If he wasn't he wouldn't be a-sitting in the same 'ouse with the likes of you and me. It's him as I'm going to America with. You wait till you see him toggled out proper: you won't know him again. If he'd ha' come into this 'ouse dressed like he was when I first seed him you'd ha' trembled at him."

The man from the bar received this somewhat doubtfully, but in face of his companion's evident respect and faith declined to give combat. Tricky Bill was well cared for, and had more need of care than his associate had at first imagined. He lay pickled in vinegared brown-paper for a week, and being somewhat too plentifully supplied with ardent liquors by his worshipping, would at times fill the house with shrieks of execration. Recovering little by little he was supplied with excellent secondhand raiment of the finest quality by a Jew dealer of the town, who never so much as saw his customer's face. It took some days to fit the recluse out in this fashion, and at the last, when the transformation was complete, Mr. Calthorpe was driven after nightfall to Newton Abbot to await the late mail. He was accompanied by his body-servant, who answered to the name of Lenglow, and in private and familiar moments was hailed as "Ned"—the young man of burly aspect, with the sleek head and the coarsely jovial manner, which tamed immediately into respectfulness in his master's presence. The two took train back to Plymouth, the barman returning in the empty dogcart; and in due time master and servant presented themselves at the Royal Hotel. They were supplied with rooms, and the servant made it his business next morning to secure berths for his employer and himself in the fast-sailing clipper Mary Innis, Captain Hobart, advertised to sail for New York within four-and-twenty hours. The pair appeared upon the hotel register and on the books of the Mary Innis as Mr. Henry Gray and servant.

On the morning of their departure Mr. Henry Gray, naturally anxious to make a good first-impression, expended an unusual care upon his toilet.

"It's slap-up, Bill," said his servitor, in a carefully modulated voice, lest the dangerous familiarity should be overheard. "Nobody, to look at you, could guess where you was this time six months."

"Well," returned his master, adjusting his eye-glass and caressing his waxed moustache as he regarded the speaker's reflection in the mirror before which he stood, "I don't think



anybody would guess where you were this time four weeks." He had a very fair assumption of the fine gentleman tone, perhaps a trifle old-fashioned and conventional, but good enough to pass with ninety-nine in a hundred. "You might have saved me a deuce of a lot of trouble, Ned," he went on, "if you'd arranged matters with his Lordship at Devizes in such a way as to be out a fortnight earlier. In that case I shouldn't have had to tramp from the Smoke down here as far as Carstable, and we might have started a fortnight earlier."

"I don't know as you've got much to grumble about," the other answered, "after all. I saved a couple of hundred quid out of my last job, though I only did get two years for it, and you got twelve years for yours and didn't save nothing out of it."

"Ned, my boy," said Mr. Henry Gray, extending a jewelled hand towards his servant, and shaking the other's reluctant fist warmly, "that was my misfortune. Mere talent succeeds often where genius fails. We're in for it now, share and share alike, and I don't think that you'll have to be sorry for your bargain."

They were on deck an hour later, and the busy little tug which was to take them out of harbour was already being warped to the vessel. Mr. Henry Gray walked the deck with a cigar, and watched whilst the stevedore's men stowed the last of the heavy luggage in the hold. On a sudden, his eye lighted on a ponderous package, addressed to Andrew Deering, Esq., care of the Western Express Company's Agent, New York, U.S.A. Mr. Henry Gray gave vent to a subdued whistle, and dived down the companion-ladder to find his servant in the state-room. He charged him with a special and immediate investigation of the passenger-list, and learning in the course of a quarter of an hour that no person bearing the name he had so unexpectedly seen sailed aboard the vessel, went on deck again, and blew his fears to the four winds in the smoke of his cigar.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The level rays of the Western sun threw an almost unbelievable wealth of colour over the foothills above Redberry Creek, and the giant mountains which rose, jagged spire after spire, beyond them. Every projecting niche and cornice shone like burnished gold, and every hollow was filled with an airy purple wine, so deep and yet so translucent were the shadows. Below the hills lay a vast stretch of prairie, looking as boundless as the sea.

Fancy for yourself an enormous capital M, the tongue of which shall be three miles wide at the top and seven miles from its broadest to the point. This great triangular plateau rises gently from the plain until at its wider end it has reached a height of thirteen hundred or fourteen hundred feet. The upright strokes of the letter are represented by the inner edges of the mountain crags, which rise sheer and straight on either side the sloping tongue of land. Between the triangular plateau and the rocks an impassable chasm on either side, with a mountain torrent foaming at its base. These streams diverge widely, and, taking a steadier and quieter flow as they reach the prairie, meander towards the Arkansas River, blessing with verdure the broad lands through which they glide. Where the descending tongue of land curls southward towards its point, Andrew Deering had, within the last twelve months, built and furnished for himself a log-house of fair proportions. There was no such thing as a saw-mill within five hundred miles, and the whole tenement was constructed of hewn timber. The roof was covered with clay and prairie grass, which gave in aspect a fair imitation of an English thatch. The chimneys varied in size, but not in shape, and a close examination would have shown them to be formed of the shells of clay-lined barrels. The doors were of rough-hewn planking, and by way of an almost unknown luxury in those parts, the house was provided with glass windows. A palisade of pine-stumps with pointed tops enclosed about an acre of ground, and the tenement stood in the middle. Access was had to it by a gate on each of the four sides. The ground outside was already broken for cultivation, in patches altogether extending to some fifty acres. The whole place began to look homely and accustomed to mankind.

The evening meal was over. Deering was employed in giving directions to the farmhands in one of the out-houses within the enclosure, and his nearest neighbour, one Abraham Hooker, who had ridden over on a friendly visit, stood by smoking a sassafras-root pipe, and wearing his hands in his pockets. He was a young man of prepossessing aspect, being mainly remarkable in the midst of his proper surroundings for a look of shrewd and good-humoured honesty. Transplanted from his surroundings, he would have been noticeable by his dress as well as by a certain wild air of freedom. He wore a shirt of buckskin, embroidered with red and white beads, and buckskin trousers, from the seams of which fringes of coloured string dangled. His feet were encased in moccasins, and between the shoulder and the elbow his shirt was decorated with black and white porcupine-quills. His glossy black hair curled upon his shoulders, and his head was crowned by a felt hat of prodigious width. It measured at least two feet and a half from brim to brim, and he wore three long eagle feathers cocked in the band of it. A broad leather belt, holding a sheath-knife on one side and a revolver on the other, completed his costume. He lounged at the doorway of the out-house with a shoulder resting idly against the wall and one foot thrown over the other in a posture of unstudied ease. Deering, his business over for the moment, joined him there, and the two stood quietly smoking side by side.

The distant hills were bathed in an unimaginable splendour, and the lower crags of five or six miles away, being already obscured by the shadow of some giant neighbour, stood black against that distant glory. Every tree and shrub upon their summits was etched with a surprising delicacy and distinctness upon the dazzling background.

"That's very lovely," said Deering.

"What is?" his companion asked. "Oh, the mountains.

Yes; they're handsome, in a way. They're purty, when you come to look at 'em."

They both looked out contemplatively, and on a sudden a figure on horseback sprang up like a tiny silhouette upon the darkened edge and stood still there.

"Hillo!" cried Deering. "Do you see that? Is that an Indian?"

"Well, no," returned the Westerner, with a dry smile. "I never see an Indian with a hat on. That's a lady, Mr. Deering. That's Mrs. Elsworth."

"She has no right to be out alone so late and so far," said Deering.

"The country's quiet," Hooker answered. "There'll be broad moonlight directly after sundown, and she knows the land for twenty miles round like a scout. She can take care of herself tew, Mrs. Elsworth can."

Deering watched the far-away figure in silence. It began to move, and presently disappeared.

"She's going farther," he said, in a tone of half-angry anxiety.

"No," his companion protested; "she's comin' home-

break his back or her neck one of these times, it's a bright Providence, and that's all there is to it."

The flying figure, now obscured by a knoll of timber, and now seen clearly on a parklike natural clearing, drew nearer, and plunging at length into a dense belt of woodland, was lost to sight. It was almost dark when she appeared beyond it; but Hooker, who had eyes like a cat, and was on the look-out for her, proclaimed her approach at once.

"I reckon she's been obliged to let him down a bit among the timber," he remarked; "but she's at him again. A woman's about the softest-hearted thing there is; but I never found one yet as had got any mercy for herself. I reckon," he added, "that it's about time for me to make away. The old man'll be wondering what's become of me."

"You'll take a glass of whisky before you start?" asked Deering.

"Why, yes; I will, Sir," the other answered with alacrity; and, the approaching figure having by this time so far descended the slope as to be hidden by the palisade, they crossed the inclosure and entered the house together. The principal chamber there was full of the evidences of womanly taste, and to the young Westerner's eyes looked quite palatial. The rough-hewn walls were everywhere hidden by a bright-flowered chintz, and the solid log floor was almost entirely covered by a Mexican matting, which, in its turn, was strewn with handsome and well-dressed skins. On one side of the room stood a pine-wood rack, plentifully filled with glass and crockery ware, and facing this stood—wonder of wonders!—an open piano. In contrast with this sign of Eastern refinement the wall above it was hung with whips and guns, and close by the side of the instrument was a well-filled pipe-rack. The windows were prettily curtained, and the chairs being covered with chintz of the same cheerful pattern as that which decorated the wall helped to make the whole chamber, the homelike and inviting place it was. With the exception of the piano, which was quite a startling splendour in those parts, the luxuries were cheap enough; but to the visitor's eye they were, one and all, amazing. Outside of the United States forts and the trading stations there was no house with glass in the windows for over a hundred miles, and glass to drink from was at least as rare a marvel.

Ada sat reading in the middle of this bower, and rose with a smile as her father and his guest entered. She had long since recovered all her roses and looked as pretty and as bright as ever.

The moccasined man does not walk as the booted man does, but has a gait altogether freer, more graceful and more supple. Deering had been remarking this fact in his companion, but if he had looked for any sign of it now he would have failed to find it. The young man had gone suddenly *gauche*, and had even grown a little loutish. His limbs had become a trouble to him, and he manifested some uncertainty with respect to the position of his hat. His hands made several motions to it, and when at last he took it off he blushed vividly, the act of politeness seemed so forced and exaggerated.

"You know where the whisky is, Ada," said Deering. "Mr. Hooker and I are going to take a glass together before he rides home."

Ada laid down her book, arose, and moved across the room. The guest's eyes followed her every movement. He was a changed man in her presence, and all the freedom and natural grace of attitude had disappeared, taking with them even the shrewd good-humour of his expression. The fascination he experienced displayed itself in rounded mouth and eyes, and, to speak plain truth, the alert, good-looking, and self-possessed young man of out-of-doors was transformed into something very like a booby.

Deering, when the whisky was brought, pushed it over the table to the young Westerner, and then helped himself moderately.

"My respects, Miss," said the youth, with a stammer and a blush even more vivid than before.

As he set down his glass after drinking, the sound of a closing gate was heard, and Deering, stepping to the open doorway, looked out.

"It's Mrs. Elsworth," he said, returning.

Ada looked up with a shadow of pain upon her face, and her father, catching sight of it, knitted his eyebrows and turned abruptly.

"I won't hurry you, Hooker," he said; "but when you think of riding over I'll go a bit of the way with you."

"Proud of your company, Sir," the young man answered. "I must be gettin' along; and, if you don't mind, we'll start at wunst."

They left the house together, the shy youth being dreadfully embarrassed by his farewell shake-hands with Ada, but recovering himself immediately on passing the threshold. The moon had been up for an hour or two, and was now gathering light, though a faint reflection of the sun still lingered in the upper skies. A figure moved in the shadow of the stable, and a woman's voice said "Good-night," with a something timid and wistful in the tone.

"Good-night," said Deering curtly, and passed on. "You've been having a pretty spankin' ride, Mrs. Elsworth," said Hooker, pausing.

She answered "Yes," in an indifferent tone, and gave him her hand in the act of moving away. The young man looked after her for a second and then glanced towards Deering, who was just disappearing through the stable-door, his broad figure clearly shown against the light within.

"Well," he said inwardly; "I swear it's queer. I can't put it up now. If that woman aint fond o' Deering I'm a three-humped camel, and that's all there is to it. He's fond of her, too, or else I'm blind. But he does take the oddest kind of way to show it."

He stood for a very little time sunk in thought, and, rousing himself with a shake of the head, he murmured, "No; I don't know how to fix it," and entered the stable. There his puzzled, half-gloomy face radiated suddenly into a smile of infinite dry humour at the sight of a phenomenally small boy,



She sat looking after him for a moment or two.

wards. She couldn't come over them bluffs, unless she was riding on a bird. Don't you worry yourself about her, Mr. Deering—she'll be all right."

Deering sighed, and stood looking at the spot at which the figure had disappeared. The shadows crept higher and higher up the mountain sides, until the sunset glow lingered only on the highest and most distant peaks. The emigrant had fallen into a reverie, when Hooker touched him lightly on the arm.

"I told you," he said. "There she comes! Jehosaphat! how that woman rides! Looks like crawlin' from here, but she's just flyin' like the wind. There aint many English-women ride like that, eh?"

"I suppose not," Deering answered; and then, as if awaking, added in a livelier and more natural tone, "I suppose she has hardly an equal in that way."

"Tamed that beast herself, didn't she?"

"Yes," Deering answered. "She broke it in. It belonged to Pueblo George. He can ride almost anything, I should say; but he was glad to get rid of the brute. She got me to buy it for her, because nobody else could ride it. He's tame enough now—follows her about like a dog, and eats from her hand."

"Here she comes!" cried Hooker. "Scott! what a pace! She knows the boss, and the boss knows her; but if she don't





Murphy's Mansions consisted of a knot of log-huts on Providence Creek, an affluent of the Arkansas River.

who, standing upon an upturned bucket, was industriously thumping the lately-returned horse with a hay wisp. He wore an air of manful resolution, and hissed like a whole brood of serpents, in imitation of the full-grown groom. He was attired in a red shirt, a hat of Hooker's pattern, corduroy leather-seated trousers, and a pair of boots much too large for him, and decorated at the heels by a pair of enormous silver-plated Mexican spurs.

"Well, Tymotheus," said Hooker, allowing his smiling features to relax still further, "still busy growin' downwards, like the cow's tail in the story?"

"Size aint a thing to set much store by," Tim responded with an answering grin. The accent of his native Somerset was unconquered and unconquerable, but he had enamelled it, as it were, with as much of the Western tone as he could give it.

"I hope," said Hooker, very solemn on a sudden, with only a twinkle left in one corner of his eye, "that you're gettin' the farm-lands laid out to your satisfaction. You didn't seem to be pleased with things last time I was this way."

Perhaps Tim did not altogether care to be chaffed in the presence of his employer. He made no sign therefor, but vigorously punched the horse's ribs with the hay-wisp, and assumed a look of the intentest business. Hooker glanced at Deering, who was saddling his horse with his own hands and had his back turned. Seeing that he was unobserved, he drew a slab of tobacco from a pouch in his deerskin shirt, and holding it up before Tim, breathed, in soft inquiry, "Eh?"

Tim nodded, with an eye of eager brightness, and Hooker, producing a knife, sliced off a great piece from the plug, and handed it to him surreptitiously, with a purposely exaggerated look of guilt. Tim, with an appetite not, perhaps, altogether real, popped the morsel into his mouth. He began to chew with an heroic pretence of enjoying it, and Hooker, with a wickedly benevolent eye upon him, kept him to the task. The small boy winked, nodded and grinned, as if to express an ecstasy of enjoyment, but every now and again the pangs of nausea writhed his features. The contest was not greatly prolonged, for the boy, descending from his upturned bucket in a cold sweat of agony and loathing, marched to the stable-door, chewing manfully to the last, and disappeared with a wild lurch into the night.

"I guess," said Hooker, "I'll give a call to one of your hands, Mr. Deering, to have a look to this hoss. That boy's heart is good enough for anything, but he ain't equal to everything he undertakes."

He saddled and bridled his horse with rapid dexterity, and stood ready as soon as his companion. They lingered only to see the new hand at work, and then rode out together.

Ella meanwhile had gone into the house, and had taken up her accustomed place there by the window. The sea voyage, the journey across the plains, the plentiful fare, and the free open-air life she had led since the family's arrival had restored her strength. The burden of a dozen years seemed to have fallen from her shoulders in as many months; but though her superb figure had recovered all, or nearly all, its old elasticity and strength, her face was pained and full of an indescribable longing.

The girl greeted her timidly, and made a sort of peace-offering to her by the silent removal of half a dozen trifles from the chair and the window-ledge. Having done this, she returned to her own seat, and made a half-frightened, would-be casual observation about the beauty of the day.

"Ada," said her mother suddenly, "I want to speak to you. We have never come together, and we never shall; but we ought to speak our minds to one another. I've never found the courage to speak out yet; but I can't bear things any longer. If it were speak or die," she continued, rising and pacing up and down the room like a caged creature, "I'd hold my tongue; but I've got to speak or live—as I'm living

now, and that's too dreadful."

The girl made no verbal answer, but, rising, followed her mother's movements to and fro with a white, appealing face always turned towards her.

"You want to make it easy for me," Ella pursued, and then, with a desperate restrained passion; "but you can't! You can't! You can't! I have no right here. I tear Andrew's heart like a file,

and he tears mine. We are best apart, and I shall go away again!"

"Mother!" said Ada.

"Oh, I know!" the woman answered, with a dreadful bitterness. "I am your mother, after all. I have to be pitied and forgiven and endured. My dear," she added, with a change of tone and posture so sudden as to be altogether startling, "I know how good you are. I know how hard you try. But where's the good of it all? I can't forget; you can't forget. Andrew meant well; but he was mad to bring me here. I meant well; but I was a fool to come. What's done is done: there's no help for it. There's no blotting it out or undoing it. I'm no companion for my own child. I dare not look my husband in the face. You kill me with cold kindness every day. Andrew's like sunshine to everybody else he meets, and to me he's like a stone!—a stone!"

Her voice broke with the intensity of her passion, and she continued her excited walk up and down the room in silence. The girl's white face still followed her, and midway in her mad traversing of the chamber she laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"I'm glad you've spoken, mother," she said, with hardly repressed tears. "We shall all be the nearer for it."

The elder woman's passion seemed suddenly to freeze.

"There is no coming nearer," she responded. "Do you think that I would let your father care for me again? Do you think I'd take a word from him that was anything but harsh and cold and indifferent? I'll tell you what's the worst of being wicked, my dear. You make a fool of yourself, and you block up the way to being good again. Suppose I wanted to love your father, do you think I should dare to do it? Suppose he were fool enough to want to love me, do you think I could dare to let him? I'd rather break out again, and do some wicked devilry, than let him begin to think it."

It was all beyond the girl, and past her understanding, as it was likely to be. She could know nothing of the tumult of emotion in her mother's mind. She thought her even unreasonably untameable, though she tried hard to burke the fancy.

"I should be sorry," her mother pursued, moderating her step and knitting her hands resolutely before her, "I should be very sorry if you thought that I was thankless enough to complain. I don't complain—I haven't any right to complain. If you put me on the rack in any other way I should have no more right than I have now. And if it mattered to me, my dear, and didn't matter at all to you and Andrew, I could be happier than I have a right to be. We're all wrong here. There's no holding us together. I dare not ask him to forgive me. I dare not be forgiven. You are a good girl, Ada, and I don't think you have my faults at all."

The girl made a hurried movement to the door, and closed it. Then, with a hasty hand, she tore down the blind, and, being thus secured from any outer chance of observation, threw herself down before her mother and clasped her round the knees.

"I don't care!" she cried. "I won't care! I can't care!"

"No, darling," said Ella, smoothing her hair, and speaking in a tone of tender cynicism which half belied and half revealed her heart; "blood's thicker than water. You can't help it and I can't help it; but I'm your mother, after all."

"You mustn't leave us," the girl cried frantically, clinging to her knees. "You sha'n't leave us."

"That's duty, dear," said Ella; "it's duty and it's nature, but it isn't love. Nobody who knows me and belongs to me can love me. You see, I've got to go away, Ada. Amongst strangers it doesn't matter much. They don't know and I don't care. But here!"—She raised both hands with a sudden, dreadful gesture of renunciation and despair, but checking

her impulse at once, lowered them slowly, and finished her sentence in a tone of pure commonplace—"it's insupportable here!"

The threatened outburst and the self-restraint which so swiftly curbed it had a marked effect upon the girl. She checked her own tears, and rising from her knees, put an arm about her mother's waist.

"Let us all forget together," she said.

"That's the one impossible thing, my dear!" Ella answered. "We've had a year's trial now, and nobody is happy. It wasn't to be expected that I should be. I don't even want to be. But I spoil Andrew's life and yours, and I shall go away. You will think of me quite as kindly—perhaps more kindly—than you will do if I stay!"

The girl argued and entreated tenderly, but Ella seemed immovable.

"We shall be best apart" was all that she would say.

The clatter of the gate, the sound of a horse's hoofs on the beaten earth of the enclosure, and Deering's sturdy voice calling to one of the farm-hands by name, put a hurried end to the conference. Ella kissed her daughter's hands, and with a swift whisper of warning slid out of doors, and ran noiselessly across to her own quarters.

"Say nothing to him to-night. Not a word. Leave me to tell him."

## CHAPTER VIII.

The young Westerner made somehow but a poor companion for Deering that evening. As a matter of fact, he had his own affairs to think about, and they were of an absorbing nature. The young man had not been in Ada's neighbourhood during the past twelve months for nothing. Women were scarce in Kansas Territory in 1856, and for many a year before and after. Here and there might be found an Irish help, imported in one way or another from Milwaukee or St. Louis—damsels with a strongly-felt vocation for matrimony, who were ready to travel through much danger and many difficulties in search of it, and were rapidly snapped up by the lonely males of those parts. Those qualities of beauty and fidelity which in more favoured quarters are looked upon as something like essential, were, perhaps, not less prized in Kansas Territory than elsewhere, but the hardy frontiersmen preferred married life without them rather than no married life at all. The gentle sex was further represented by runaway negroes from the southern slave States, who had taken refuge in Mexico, and by Yute and Dakota half-breeds. No one of these ladies had fixed the affections of young Hooker; but when a pretty and well-bred young English girl came under his nose he fell at once into the most egregious bondage. He was not alone in this respect, for actually, and as a thing of course, all the single mountaineers—and, for the matter of that, one or two of the married ones—were in love with the stranger before she had been a month among them. If she had felt disposed to do so, she could have queened it over the whole Territory, for she was without a rival. Officers of the United States Army, travelling from one post to another, would ride thirty or forty miles out of their way to make a call at Deering's house to exchange half-a-dozen phrases with a lady. She was like a tree in a desert, or a light in a waste place at night-time. She could not fail to be remarkable.

Of all the conquests she made there was none completer than that over young Hooker, and this had some reason in the fact that whilst all the other young men of the locality were put out of the running by comparative poverty, old Hooker was pretty nearly as well-to-do as Deering himself. He had, and was known to have, heavy deposits both in the Farmers' Bank in Kansas City and at the Bank of Missouri. He had bought a couple of thousand acres of land, and lived in the middle of it in a solid log-house of his own building. He was United States Marshal of the district, and though he had made his money in trading with the Indians, was held in high repute for the squareness and honesty of his character. The old man looked on Ada's arrival as being in its way a providence. There was no young woman in the whole country-side for his son to marry, and Miss Deering came *à desire*—at the very time when she was most likely to be acceptable.

"Sail in," the old man counselled, as soon as Deering's house was finished. "That's the sort of squaw you want, Abe. I'm pooty well-to-do, and so you'll be when I'm gone under. Open your pertater-trap and she'll just drop slick into it!"

"Don't you believe it, father!" the young man responded. "You ask 'em over at Kansas City, and they'll tell you





Griffith, having called for provender, took his place on a log outside the main hut, and there, clasp-knife in hand, refreshed himself after his morning's ride. . . . Hooker, after debating about him for some time, took a seat upon the log, bestriding it.



Mr. Deering's a lot better off than you are. Besides that, she aint the sort of gal to drop into any feller's mouth simply because he gapes at her."

"Abe," said the old man, "I dew believe you're hit!" and the young man showed so unmistakable a confusion that his father never ceased to rally him, and would even have his little joke upon this delicate matter in public, until the youngster blazed up so fiercely that he dared provoke him no further. Since then he had limited himself to a constant effort to egg his son on to a declaration, and had frequently proffered his own services. He was as unlikely a messenger to be sent on Cupid's errands as could easily be found, and Abe had emphatically declined his assistance.

When he reached home that night the young fellow, having first seen to his horse, sauntered into the house, a little moody in face and movement. His father, seated on a clumsy three-legged stool, was smoking, with his back against the untrimmed, uncovered wall. He looked at his son with very much the same air of dry comedy with which the latter had regarded Tim an hour ago.

"Has that durned old gun gone off yet?" the parent asked in a tone of easy banter.

"No," said Abe. "It won't go off till I want it to. The sort o' weapon as goes off of its own accord aint the sort I care to carry."

"It'll go off when you dar' to fire it," his sire retorted. "You aint had grit in general, Abe," he continued, in a tone of philosophic reflection; "but, dern my skin, afore that gell you've got no more stomach than a skeeter!"

"Talking about stomachs," Abe replied, "mine's empty."

Old Hooker, deliberately rising, walked to the door and shouted "Rachel!" A dreadful old half-breed squaw came in in answer to this summons. She wore, by way of sole garment, a blanket which had once been gay with white and red stripes, but now, with dirt and service, had fallen to an almost uniform tint of darkish grey. The young man had been accustomed to this apparition all his life long, and now, for the first time, he regarded it with disfavour. He looked with extreme misliking about the chamber, with its dirty floor of square-hewn logs, the cracked, discoloured clay in the chimney and the chinks between the logs which made the walls, the unswept ashes on the open hearth, and the pieces of old sacking covering the bare holes in the walls which did duty for windows.

That was a nice sort of place to bring so delicate a bride to, supposing that the young lady should be willing!

"Tuint fixed up like Deering's, is it, Abe?" said the old man, divining the younger's fancies.

"No; it aint," Abe answered, with unnecessary gruffness.

The old woman busied herself in setting supper upon the table, and presently laid out a dish of cold roast venison, an enormous cold roast wild turkey, a jar of Tass whisky, another of water, and a plentiful supply of corn cake and molasses. The young man seated himself on the edge of the table, drew out his knife, and fell to with a true frontier appetite.

"I should fix up a noo flint if I was you," said the father, who had a knack of sticking to a theme. "I should fix up a noo flint, I should load up fresh, and I should try a noo primin'. Then perhaps the cussid thing might get off somehow."

The son made no answer, but ate away vigorously, and helped himself from the contents of the two jars.

"When is it going off, anyway?" the old man demanded, with an irritating persistence.

"Waal," answered Abe, helping himself to the wild turkey's second leg, "if you want to know perticular, it's goin' off fast thing to-morrow morning."

"Bully for you, boy!" said the old gentleman, and, with this expression of fatherly contentment, allowed the theme to drop.

Abe had not counted on bringing matters to a head so precipitately; but he was partly tired of his own vacillations, and partly worried by his father's constant reminders, and now that he had announced his intention he was desperately relieved that there was no backing out of it. He had but little sleep that night, and what he had was broken and disturbed. He was afoot with the first dawn of light, took his customary morning swim in the creek, and, after a vigorous run to dry himself, assumed his newest and most elegant garments. The old man took stock of him as he mounted.

"Don't get skeered again," he sang out from the doorway. "You've only got to pull the blamed old trigger and she'll rip."

He flung a wild yell of encouragement after the retiring lover, and Abe rode on in a dreadful flutter of emotion, concocting speeches no sentence of which would reach its proper conclusion. About half way it struck him that he was likely to make his visit far too early for Miss Deering's convenience. So he made a detour at a hand pace which consumed an hour of time. He had found himself a little relieved whilst no longer riding towards the house, but when he had once again addressed himself in that direction his tremors came back in full force, and the smooth addresses he had prepared and polished all melted from his mind. As he drew near Deering's residence he saw over the tops of the pointed palisades a sun-bonnet whose ownership was indeterminate. It created quite a riot in his bosom, and did actually turn out to belong to Ada, who was sitting on a wooden horse-block sewing in the morning sunshine. She looked up at the sound of his advance, and gave him a smiling "Good-morning."

"I suppose Mr. Deering aint in, is he, Miss Deering?" he asked.

"He's in one of the out-houses," Ada answered. "Shall I call him?"

"No," he answered, dismounting and allowing that subterfuge to tumble; "I don't want him perticularly. I've just rode over," he added, in a tone as casual as he could make it.

Ada resumed her seat and her sewing, and Abe fidgeted about his horse, rearranging the curb, and being studiously particular over the upper buckle of a stirrup-leather, which allowed him to hide his head under the flap of the saddle. When he had exhausted all experiments of that sort for delay he coughed, and this bringing Ada's eye upon him he looked unspcakably guilty and discomfited.

"Fine, bright, likely sort of weather, aint it, Miss Deering?" he said. The young man had done a good deal of rough fighting in his time, and had never liked any of it as little as his present engagement. There is nothing quite so comfortless for a brave man as to feel like a coward.

"Very beautiful weather, indeed, Mr. Hooker," said Ada, in some wonderment at the young man's restraint and awkwardness of manner.

Hooker cleared his throat again, and determined to plunge in *medias res*. He got as far as, "I say, Miss Deering," and then broke down.

"Yes, Mr. Hooker?" Ada responded. She laid her work upon her lap, and folding her sun-bonnet back a little, in order to see him the better, she looked up at him with a grave attention. To the love-lorn frontiersman's fancy there was a something so ravishing in the motion of the small hands, in the posture of the figure in the sweet gravity of the face, still tinged with the sadness of last night's interview, that he was altogether dumb and helpless.

"I don't know," he began desperately, at length, "where to take hold on. It aint a bad principle," pushing his broad-brimmed hat back and twirling his long locks with one hand, "to begin at the beginning. Look here, Miss Deering, when you came over here last fall—you'll please excuse the liberty I'm taking—I—kind of took a sort of fancy to you." There was the faintest flicker of an astonished smile on Ada's face. But Hooker was staring straight before him, with an intent regard on vacancy. He remembered one sole phrase out of the smooth oration he had concocted within the last twelve months, and gave utterance to it. "Seems to me, Miss Ada, you got planted in my heart right away, and growed like scarlet runners."

"Oh, Mr. Hooker," cried Ada, rising, with clasped hands and a face of sudden concern, "I am very sorry to hear this!"

"Ah!" cried Hooker, warming into nature, "don't say that. I'm clean gone, Miss Ada," he added, with a manner which was almost pathetic, "first and last and all the time."

"I am sorry," said Ada simply; "I am very sorry."

"I aint sorry," returned the young man, stolidly. "I aint going to be so dog-gone mean as to allow I'm sorry. When you come out here first, that pale and handsome, and sad and quiet, and sweet and nice"—he dropped each adjective as if with great choice and reflection, "I started to fall in love with you right away, Miss Ada, and I've travelled all the distance."

"Please don't say any more, Mr. Hooker," Ada besought him. "I'm very sorry if you feel like that."

"Hold on, Miss Ada," said Hooker, in a mournful calm, "it's a thing will bear looking at. I know very well that I'm no big shucks alongside a young lady, and above all alongside a young lady as has been brought up like you. I allow I aint the sort of blossom you'd pluck to set beside a rosebud. But there's a bit o' Hobson's choice about it, aint there?"

Her puzzled look showed him clearly enough that she had no comprehension of his meaning.

"Waal," he said, in desperate explanation, "it don't seem to lie alongside the course o' nature. A charming young lady like you aint going to live all her days single. It seems to me that I'm the only likely party round. You cayn't marry Hellfire Joe. You cayn't marry Boney Bob. You cayn't marry a scamp like Aminadab Lenglow. You cayn't marry a hand off your father's farm, and you cayn't marry a half-breed. I've abode a year, Miss Ada, to turn the thing over in my mind; and it seems to me I come nearer to the mark than anybody about here. I don't say I hit the mark," he interjected modestly. "I don't pretend I land within a rod of it; but"—with a considerable emphasis—"I dew lay I'm nearer to it than most of these fellows." He added, "By a long measure," after a somewhat lengthy pause.

"My dear Mr. Hooker," said Ada, "let me beg of you never to speak of this again."

"You don't like it?" Hooker queried sadly.

"You will make me very unhappy if you speak of it again."

There is a certain kind of girl who is altogether different from the born and bred piece of vanity who is eager to believe that every man is in love with her, who has yet a pity for her unsuccessful lovers, and who knows intuitively, out of the honesty of her own affections, a little of what they needs must suffer. Ada liked young Hooker, who was a very favourable specimen of his class, and eminently likeable. She was unaffectedly sorry that her own reticence should have allowed him to go so far astray.

"Waal," said Hooker, accepting his fate with all the courage he could summon, "I never allowed to know much about it, but I thought the gells took a pride in it as a general thing. But a young lady like you, Miss Ada, aint meant by Providence to live alone and wither in a place like this."

He grew as embarrassed as he had been upon his arrival, and, after a long and fidgety hesitation, asked nervously—

"You let me put a question, Miss Ada?"

"Yes," she said, a little doubtfully.

"I'd like to make it smooth, if I could," said young Hooker, blushing violently. "I s'pose I didn't ought to have the cheek to ask, but I've just got to."

In spite of this declaration he was silent for a full half-minute. Then he blurted out his question:

"Is there anybody else around?"

For a second or two it conveyed no meaning to the girl, and she looked at him with a gentle inquiry which played havoc with his nerves. Then, on a sudden recognising the purport of the question, she blushed and shrank back a little, and her hands made a faint but significant motion, as if of their own will they would have hidden her face.

"I ought to ha' known," said the rejected suitor. "Is it anybody in the old country?"

The position was altogether unconventional, but the girl summoned all her courage to meet it, and responded with at least an outside tranquillity:

"Yes, Mr. Hooker; there is somebody in the old country."

"Do you reckon," asked Hooker with abysmal solemnity, "on goin' back to join him?" She answered him by a slight negative motion of the head. "I s'pose you're reckoning on his coming over here?" Her serious eyes gave assent to this.

"Is he coming over pretty soon?"

"He is expected in a few days, Mr. Hooker," she answered, repressing an hysterical desire to laugh.

"I ought to ha' known it," said the young man. "Of course I ought," he continued, as if he were arguing with some unseen third person. "I hope you've took no offence at what I've said, Miss Ada?"

He was so evidently contrite that she was bound to soothe him.

"Oh! Mr. Hooker," she cried, "how should I take offence? What higher compliment can a man pay to a girl?"

"Waal, I do no," the young man answered, with a chastened reflectiveness: "that depends on who the man is and who the gell is. It wouldn't be much of a compliment for Boney Bob to pop the question to the Queen of Sheba. Look ye're, Miss Ada. This man that's coming—is he"—the young Hooker paused, as if conscious of a certain enormity in his own question, and then went doggedly on with it—"is he real fond of you?"

"You ought not to ask these questions, Mr. Hooker," Ada answered him, desperately.

"I want to know," said Mr. Hooker.

"I believe—he is."

"H'm!" said Hooker, "and you're real fond of him?"

"Mr. Hooker!" said Ada, in a tone of remonstrance and rebuke. He accepted this with a quite Indian gravity.

"I reckon he's the right sort, then. He's a good man, I s'pose? Straight man? White man?"

The girl's voice trembled dangerously as she responded, and, in spite of the embarrassing nature of the position, she would have given anything to laugh. The disappointed suitor's stony unconsciousness of her embarrassment helped her, and she continued to preserve at once her gravity and her self-possession.

"Of course he's a white man, Mr. Hooker."

"I don't mean the colour of his skin, Miss Ada. What I mean is—is he white inside?"

"I believe," she answered, "he's as good a man as ever lived."

"That's so?" said the suitor. "H'm!" He stood thinking for a moment, and then with an increased solemnity said, "I'm going to try to like that man. If he is what he ought to be, that'll come pretty easy. I've been a noonsance, Miss Ada; but I don't see how I could have helped it; and if the other boy is worth his luck"—He paused again, and broke out explosively, "I'm his brother, by the Lord!"

The whole position was singular and without precedent; but the girl made shift to answer that she was sure they would like each other.

"It shayn't be my fault if we don't," said the rejected courtier simply. "It's a poor compliment to the judgment of the gell you're fond of to go and hate the chap she's set her heart on."

After this little bit of native loyalty he stood looking down for a moment or two, and then, remarking with a casual air that he guessed his flint was fixed, he shook hands with prodigious solemnity, and so mounted and rode away. His father, who was waiting with an easy mind to hear the result of the interview, saw his approaching figure, and observed with satisfaction that he was riding at a pace which looked triumphant. The young man dashed up to the door of the out-house which served as a stable, and shouted to the half-breed squaw for breakfast. A few minutes later he entered the house, knife in hand, and fastened at once upon the provender. The old man, approaching him, smote him on the shoulder with a wild whoop of inquiry—

"Wagh?"

The young man looked up with gloomy eyes, and gave a despondent grunt in answer—

"Wagh!"

"You haven't got the durned old gun off, after all?"

"Yes, Sirrec. It's gone off this time."

"Waal?"

"It's busted; and I don't look to hear no more about it."

## CHAPTER IX.

The days went by, and Ada heard no further news of her mother's intention. The situation of the household was peculiar, as it was bound to be, where the wife bore her maiden name, where all intercourse between her and her husband was limited to a chill exchange of words at meal-times, and where three people were resolutely bent upon keeping a secret which was constantly present to their own minds.

The position was strange in more ways than one; but in one particular it was growing to be terrible for the two chief actors in it. Ella was proving for herself what Queen Guinevere proved a thousand years ago, if her best chronicler is to be trusted. She was proving that to know the best is to love it, and was learning to understand better, day by day, that she had wounded beyond cure the one regally honest heart she was like to find in her own lifetime. Hearts are moulded for hearts, and no man, or woman either, finds the whole wide world over more than one who answers truly to the imperative call of his own. Years ago, when in the sinful wildness of her youth, she had run away from her husband and her child, and had left behind her the two most sacred duties which life imposes, Ella had begun to realise her own folly. The readiest way to a recognition of criminality lies in that direction. It is always easier to say "I have been a fool" than to say "I have been a rogue." Ella began repentance as most people begin, by discerning a false step. She had bound herself to a blackguard, and had tied herself to him by those bonds of false honour which are so much harder to break than the chains which hold us to the true. But hour by hour and day by day learning how widely she had erred, her deserted husband grew more and more clearly to represent to her all manly worth, veracity, and honour. In growing bitterness of heart she contrasted him with the worthless rascal with whose lot in life she had cast her own, and, having ample means for comparison, had come in a very little space of time to worship the man she had thrown away, and to loathe herself for that egregious folly.

There are a molluscous sort of folk who cannot be said, in any true sense of the word, to live at all: but outside their ranks there is scarcely anybody who cannot perceive in his own career some act so widely varying from his own nature that it seems on calm review as though it must have been committed by another. This foolish and sinful woman had sat appalled for years in sheer amazement at her own stupidity. She called it by harsher names than that, as it deserved, but in that lay the very taproot of all her troubles. She had been a fool! a fool! a fool! The words of Othello were in her mind a hundred thousand times—"like the base Indian threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe." And, as everything in nature has its compensation, since the confession of folly is easier than the confession of crime, its realisation is even bitterer. If crime be profitable we forget and forgive, but folly is irremediable and unpardonable. He was not a high-minded philosopher who first said that a blunder was worse than a crime; but the phrase has wisdom in it, and, if you choose to import it for yourself, wisdom of the higher order.

Out of her miserable year-long regrets, Ella's conception of Deering's character had grown constantly more and more lofty. The man whose love she had thrown away grew, by contrast with the scoundrel whose base affections she had chosen, to heroic and altogether worshipful proportions. For many years he had seemed to be banished from her life beyond recall; and now that fate had thrown them again together, the repentant fool could find no blemish in him. If she could have sunk to be his dog, and to have followed at his heel, she would have been contented with a kindly glance a day. If she could have cast away her personality—could have approached him as a stranger—she would have surrounded his life with such sweet observances of obedience, worship, loyalty, that he must needs have cared a little for her; but though her one act against him seemed divorced, to her own thinking, from her whole present nature, her past was ineffaceable, never to be changed. The one creature worthy of contempt and hate was herself; the one act of crime and folly not to be erased was hers. In brief, every breath the woman drew was a tragedy in epitome.

Her husband's lot was scarcely less pitiable—perhaps the more, since he was infinitely the less to blame. To hate the sin and love the sinner is an excellent Christian maxim, beyond a doubt; but when the man's wife is the sinner, and her crime the one which no honourable man can pardon, to hate the sin and love the sinner is to live in hell. Deering had been cured of his early passion for his wife for years, but with her return it stole back upon him. There were hours when he could have laid violent hands upon his own life or on hers. The bondage looked insufferable, and was neither more nor less than what it seemed. If he had surrendered himself to it, he would have sunk below the possibilities of his own contempt. To have restored her to her old place would have been to brand himself with baseness; and he quailed constantly to think how near he stood to the border line which separates high honour and utter degradation.

So the man's life grew to be as tragic as the woman's; and



the two, seeing clearly that their separation was eternal, ate their hearts out with a longing as sternly denied on one side as on the other.

Ella had expressed herself with great determination to her daughter, and had even seemed very much to understate the strength of her own intent. But when she came to the point she wavered. Many a time she screwed her courage to the seeming sticking-place, and it turned back again, despite her most resolute attempts to hold it. If her husband had even offered her a word of pardon, or so much as a look of pity, she thought she could have borne better to tear herself away from him. She grew so weary at last from her own constant inward struggle that she lingered in mere weakness. She would wait for a look of kindness, and then would go, and for the rest of her life would feed her starved heart on that one fragment of heavenly muna. The kind look never came, for the husband had to be stern; there was no other help for him.

The time of the Lieutenant's probation was over. The young man had turned out thorough grit, and had justified his own prophecies of himself for a twelvemonth, which is as much, perhaps, as may be honestly said for one man in a thousand. The strange mother, who came from so strange a life into her own, clouded Ada's heart pretty heavily; but the circumstances of life must needs be tragic indeed to take all the sunshine out of the heart of a warm-natured girl of nineteen who is going to be married to the man she loves. That Griffith was adorable, and an actual, if uncrowned, king among his contemporaries goes without saying, for the girl was in love with him; but he had given his proofs in a year of

waiting, in his resignation of his professional career, and his adoption of a rough life in the Wild West for her sake. When she thought of these things her soul sat singing in her bosom such a song as only loyal and tender natures ever hear.

There came at last a letter, somehow delayed, announcing that the writer followed close upon it. The delivery of letters in that part of the world was not apt to be regular, and where the United States dragoon who officiated as postman had to ride twenty, thirty, or forty miles out of his way for the delivery of a single epistle, he was likely to underestimate its importance, and to leave it at the nearest trading station to await the chance arrival of the person to whom it was addressed. Griffith might be actually due at Murphy's Mansions, seven-and-twenty miles away, on the morning after the arrival of the letter. He was travelling from Kansas City with an emigrant-train under United States escort. The emigrant-train was no more likely to be punctual than the postal delivery; but Deering, loth to keep the lad waiting, took horse at once, accompanied by one of the farm-hands. Passing Hooker's house en route, he enlisted Abraham as a volunteer. The frontiersman naturally wanted a look at his rival, and would have gone off on his own hook if the prospective father-in-law had not willingly accepted his companionship.

"There's nothin' doin' hereaway just now," said Abraham, "and there's always some life going down at Murphy's. Besides that, I want to do a bit o' trade."

They rode off together therefore, and had travelled for a mile or two when Hooker, in the course of a fight with his

steed, who was inclined to be refractory, faced squarely to their starting point, and cried out to Deering—

"Here's Mrs. Elsworth, crowding along like mad! I guess you've forgot something! I wouldn't be a hoss belonging to that lady to be the President of the United States!"

Deering, turning his horse's head, saw Ella riding at her usual headlong pace towards them.

"I'll follow you," he said curtly, and with that rode back a hundred yards, and there sat awaiting her. She came wildly on, ranging just at his side. Despite the heat of the day, and the pace at which she had ridden, she was very pale; but the glitter of her eye, and the clearly outlined spot of vivid colour on either cheek, bespoke some strong excitement.

"Is anything wrong at home?" Deering asked.

"No," she said; "there is nothing wrong at home."

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Everything's wrong at home for me," she said, breathing hard, and not daring to look at her husband. "I want to go away, Andrew!"

"And where do you want to go away to?" asked Deering, with a stern quietude of manner.

"I want no harm, Andrew," she answered very submissively. "I only want to go away. I sha'n't be happy anywhere, and I don't want to be happy. I don't deserve it, and I don't ask for it; but I can't bear my life here any longer."

He sat looking at her with a searching eye. She met his glance once, timidly and humbly.



A second later he was kneeling before her with so marked a look of wonder that the girl was half frightened at it.

"What do you want?" he said. "Tell me: speak your mind!"

"I want to go away, Andrew. I can't bear to be here. For God's sake, Andrew, let me go away."

"Please understand this," he answered slowly, speaking with a surly emphasis: "you'll never go away with my good will. Your place is where you are. I've never reproached you—" He checked himself, and bit his lip. "I've never said so much as that until this minute. But you've got something to pay for, all the same, and your duty is to stop where you find yourself."

He thought in his own heart that he had made the bitterest error of his life in joining their lots together for a second time; but he was all the more obstinate for that reflection. He suffered, and suffered undeservedly. Well, he had suffered all along, with but slight deserving. He would continue to suffer, since he must, and with that sulky, mastiff obstinacy which distinguishes his kind, he gave a sort of welcome to his pains.

"I can't, Andrew," she answered him, with suppressed intentness. "I see the past too near."

"You can't get rid of that by going anywhere," said Deering, sadly; "nor can I. If you're sorry, Ella, so much the better for you. That's the first sign of grace I've seen in you."

It was a little crumb of comfort in payment for all her years of passionate regret and repentance; but, since she knew so well her own unworthiness even of that, she took it with an inward storm of humble gratitude.

"I don't say it spitefully," said Deering, "though, in one way, I do say it to hurt you. You've a right to be sorry, Ella."

For a mere second the woman's soul declared itself. She

shook her head from side to side with a wild look, and echoed "Sorry!" in a voice so mournful and despairing that it pierced his heart.

"We'll talk about this hereafter," he said, keeping a masterful hand upon himself. "It's not a matter to be settled in a moment your way; and I dare say that on your side you don't want it settled my way in a moment, either. You'd best ride back again, and think it over. You know my will in the matter, and I can tell you that it isn't at all likely to be changed."

She had resented that wilful way of his, how bitterly! nearly a score of years ago. But, now that her own wild force was spent, to find him thus unchanged, bent on his own purpose with the same unyielding will, made him seem loftier than ever in her eyes. That was surely what a man should do. He should know his mind and have his purpose, and hold to it, and being thus master of himself, should prove his right to the mastery of a weaker nature. How happy, oh! how happy now, to pillow the buffeted head on that resolute heart! But that was over, over for good and all.

For a minute or two she could not speak, and he misread her silence. Her face worked passionately, her bosom heaved, and her hands, clenching the reins upon the pommel of her saddle, trembled visibly. Her heart seemed bursting with regret, and he thought he saw the signs of one of her old fits of temper. When she had so far recovered herself that she could dare to trust her voice, she answered with extreme quiet, "I will think it over, Andrew."

He was still searching her downcast face with his eyes when for the second time she timidly met his glance. There was something in her look that he had never seen before in any human face. If any eyes could look upon an outraged deity in appeal for pardon they might bear such an aspect. A pang

shot through his heart swift and terrible. The opposing forces of honour and temptation shocked like a sudden earthquake there. It was only for a second, and he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks and, wheeling round, rode off madly. She sat looking after him for a moment or two, and then, turning homewards, rode away with her head drooping, and her whole figure aged and changed. He hated, disbelieved, distrusted her; to say that she repented made him angry. Well, he had the right to hate and distrust her, and of all fools and sinners in the world she was the sorrowful queen.

#### CHAPTER X.

Murphy's Mansions, probably so entitled by some playful satirist of the plains, consisted of a knot of log-huts on Providence Creek, an affluent of the Arkansas river. It was snugly nestled between the butt end of a prairie bluff and the creek itself, so that it was sheltered from invasion on two sides, whilst the bold knob of the bluff above it made an excellent post for outlook, affording, as it did, a full view of the country on all sides over a range of thirty miles. Murphy, the presiding genius of the place, had been an Irishman to begin with, but after fifty years of adventure in the Rockies, had lost almost all his original markings. He was a great lank giant of a man, over six feet six in his moccasins; a man with an eagle eye, a wedge of blond-grey beard three feet in length, and a grizzled mane of hair which tumbled well on to his shoulders. He was quite a personage, was Murphy, and had achieved for himself so singular a reputation for courage and decision that he commanded the respect of the wildest cut-throats who visited the Mansions. It was not a neighbourhood in which to look for drawing-room manners, and Murphy took no trouble to exact them. He drew his line at bloodshed. Anything short of



that he tolerated; but if, whether among Indians, trappers, Border-ruffians, or traders, cold iron were drawn, Murphy was out in a moment with a bull-whip, in the use of which long exercise upon his clients had taught him a sweet expertness. Bullying murderers, who would not have accepted a loud word from another man, took a hiding from Murphy in such circumstances equably, and as a thing of course. The bull-whip was there *pro bono publico*, and its employment had rescued a good half of the frequenters of the Mansions from an awkward corner some time or other. So if Kansas Bill tasted it to-day for drawing on Texas Joe, Bill's sense of gratitude for a past deliverance from Joe's tender mercies reconciled him, and the kingdom of Murphy remained unshaken.

To Murphy's Mansions came in their season Mexican traders with their gaily-painted waggons and their cargoes of useful notions; Indians who traded skins for rifles, powder, beads, and whisky; trappers with their take of peltry; settlers from a hundred miles around in search of blankets, sugar, nails, hand-saws, pepper, adzes, whisky, or whatsoever else might tempt them; human oozings from the great ocean of civilisation far away, trickling over the interminable plains; the carriers of military mails to Fort Massachusetts and Fort Pike; Border-villains who lived by rapine, and being perfectly well known for what they were, remained unchanged by some curious providence until the slow wrath of the settlers and mountaineers was raised against them, and then got hanged in batches; every kind of adventurer, honest and dishonest; every sort of wild roving dare-devil.

Early in the afternoon Deering and Hooker arrived here, and found the place already busy in anticipation of the coming of the emigrant train and its escort. The strapping Irish girl who assisted at Murphy's bar had emerged from her customary slatternliness, and was gaily bedizened in a pink spotted jacket and a blue spotted skirt. She had treated her auburn locks with a dressing of buffalo suet, shining little lumps of which proclaimed themselves here and there; and thus prepared for conquest she stood smiling in her place, with arms akimbo. The trading-huts were already open, swept and garnished not too carefully. The Mexican trader dropped the shutters of his particoloured cart and made a platform of them, exposing his Cheap Jack wares to the best advantage. The inevitable German Jew pedlar of watches and cheap jewellery arranged his box for show and looked to the buckle of the strap.

An emigrant train can scarcely be accurately timed. A broken wheel, a lame bullock, may delay the whole crowd for a day; and since any incident in the whole chapter of accidents was liable to repetition, the failure to arrive within a week of the expected time could excite but little surprise or fear of disaster.

As it happened, Deering and Hooker had not long to wait, for within an hour of their arrival the lookout on the top of the bluff bellowed down to signal the approach of three horsemen, one of whom he proclaimed a private of the United States escort. At the word Deering threw himself once more into the saddle and rode off, the young Westerner following. One of the approaching trio separated himself from his companions, and advancing at a rapid gallop, fired half-a-dozen revolver shots in the air and so came tearing on brandishing the empty weapon. Deering, recognising his prospective son-in-law, put in spurs, and a minute later the two were shaking hands with great cordiality on either side.

"If you'll allow me, Sir," said Hooker, who sat neglected for the moment, "I'll shake hands with you? I've heard about you and nothing that aint to your advantage, and me and my old man are Mr. Deering's nearest neighbours."

Griffith took the hand extended to him and met the searching glance the other bent upon him with a genial smile. There was something so peculiarly inquiring in Hooker's look that Griffith's face assumed an expression of inquiry also, and for a little space the two regarded each other questioningly. The young frontiersman still held his successful rival's hand, and the odd interchange of glances was finished by a mutual smile and an added grip on either side. There was something so quietly sincere and so genuinely warm in this unlooked-for reception from a stranger, that Griffith took an immediate interest in the lovelorn youth.

"I guess," said Hooker, "that you will do, Sir."

The Lieutenant laughed. "I hope so," he replied.

"Yes, Sir," said Abraham, turning his solemn, handsome face on Deering, "I reckon he'll do."

"Here's my father," said the Lieutenant. "Nothing would satisfy him but that he should come out and solemnise the ceremony himself."

The elder Broadhurst, riding up in a very underclerical garb, shook hands with Deering, and was introduced with all due ceremony to Hooker, whose surprising hat and long locks he regarded with a well-concealed astonishment. The rejected lover found himself somewhat out of place as the three rode on together, chatting familiarly of events of which he knew nothing, and people he had never heard of. He regarded Griffith from time to time with great keenness, but with an air of growing satisfaction and contentment.

"Are you far away from home here, Deering?" the clergyman asked.

"They call it seven and twenty miles," said Deering. "You see that far-away peak? That's our guide from here. Make for that in a straight line and you can't fail to light on Redberry Creek."

"You're among the mountains, then?"

"No, at the foot of them. Very picturesque, fertile and beautiful country."

The clergyman found the farmer's bluff and hearty manner altogether unchanged; but, looking askance at him as they rode, he thought he saw a shadow on his face.

Griffith, remarking the air with which his father regarded Deering, dropped behind and took up his place side by side with Hooker, thinking that perhaps the two seniors might have some confidence to exchange even thus early in their meeting. No word was said, however, for the present, on anything but surface topics, and the talk was all of the emigrant train now toiling on some fifteen miles behind, or of the progress of the farm at Redberry Creek.

"What do you reckon on doing, Sir," Hooker asked of Griffith, "when you get settled down at the Creek?"

"I don't know enough about the life to say," the sailor answered. "I shall find what there is to be done and then, I suppose, I shall do that."

Hooker nodded in sign of assent and satisfaction.

"I suppose," he said, "that you'll be for getting married right away?"

Griffith stared a little at this; but, seeing nothing in his companion's face but a cordial good-will, answered in the affirmative.

They were at Murphy's Mansions before this, and had already surrendered their horses to the care of the "boys." The escort, over a mound of cold meat and a jug of whisky, was detailing the adventures of the train to a crowd of listeners. Deering and Broadhurst sat apart; and Griffith, having called for provender, took his place on a log outside the main hut, and there, clasp-knife in hand, refreshed himself after his morning's ride. He seemed to have a sort

of fascination for the young Hooker, who, after deviating about him for some time, took a seat upon the log, bestriding it.

"There aint a many folk in our part of the world," he began, "and amongst what there is there's some of all sorts. I guess if you and me hit it off we shall have to be a good deal about together. I'm the only decent fellow of anything like your age for fifty mile around."

"I think we shall hit it off together," said Griffith, who had enough of the sailor's frankness and simplicity to make these qualities in the other agreeable to him.

"Waal," Hooker answered, "its purty soon to prophesy, but I think we will. It shayn't be my fault, Sir, if we don't; or, if it is my fault, it'll be because I can't help it."

"That's very good of you," said Griffith, with almost as simple a friendliness as the other's.

"I've been hearing a good deal about you of late," said Hooker. "Fact, I've been asking about you. I've been anxious that you should turn out the right sort, Sir." Seeing then a fleeting look of amused astonishment on Griffith's face, he added, with a quiet solemnity of affirmation, "That is so, Sir. Anxious is the word."

Griffith being so far without the clue to Mr. Hooker's thoughts with respect to himself, fancied him to be more than a little singular, but his liking for the outspoken new acquaintance was pronounced already.

"I suppose," he said, "that an old settler here feels like a host towards a guest when he meets a new one?"

"That ought to be so, Sir," responded Hooker, "and I believe that amongst the whiter sort o' men it is so. We shall



They threw the wretched man into the river.

do our best to make you feel comfortable and at home, and I'm in hopes you'll like us."

"Look here," said Griffith with a genial abruptness; "you've said a score of kind and friendly things to me within an hour, and I can see, or I think I can see, that you really mean them. Tell me now. We hear a great deal at home about the cordiality of American manners. Is this merely an average specimen, or am I more than usually lucky?"

"Waal, Sir," drawled Hooker with an even additional solemnity, "I've got some special reasons. Maybe one of these days you'll know 'em. Maybe you'll find 'em out. Maybe I shall tell you. We'll see."

This sounded a little mysterious, and Griffith, not being altogether at his ease in any atmosphere of mystery, turned the conversation from the private stream into the general.

"I suppose we'd better be pushing along, Mr. Deering," he cried after a while; "with seven-and-twenty miles before us we shall stand a chance of being benighted."

"We can't go on this afternoon," Deering answered.

"We have either to cross a spur of the hills or go round a dozen miles, and after dark and with tired horses that would be anything but pleasant. Besides that, there's a pack of Border-ruffians lingering about here this last week or two: gentlemen who would very willingly cut your throat for the sake of your horse and your revolver; and, altogether, it's best to make the journey in daylight. We're not expected until to-morrow at earliest, and I doubt if things are ready for us at home."

At this Griffith's spirits fell a little, but only for a time. A wild altercation between an Indian and a half-breed brought out Murphy and the bull-whip, and made a lively diversion in his thoughts. The two who had faced each other with drawn knives, breathing slaughter and obviously meaning it, went skipping divers ways, with yells of terror, under the terrible

thong, and Murphy stood roaring after them the most awful imprecations.

"What language!" cried the clergyman, grimacing.

"It's the fashion of the place," said Deering. "Murphy's a very decent fellow. He speaks the only tongue he knows."

"He's a horrible blackguard, so far as speech goes," answered Broadhurst. "There are women within hearing."

"I'll tell you a story about that fellow, Broadhurst," said the farmer. "It's known to everybody herabouts, and the first man you ask will tell you all about it. He had a wife twenty years ago, and was living with her to the north of the Divide of the Platte and Arkansas. It was bitter cold, and the woman was weak-chested, so they told him the only way to save her life was to take her to the Mishotunga boiling springs. He had a hundred and eighty miles to go, and when they had done their first day's journey some rascally horse-thieving Rapahoes stole their horses. Now what does that 'horrible blackguard' do? He takes that poor little wife of his in his arms like a baby, and he carries her every foot of the way. He never slept, and barely rested, till his journey's end. He had about seventy hours of it. That's Gospel truth, Broadhurst. You see you've got to know these people."

"Yes, Sir," said Hooker, who had strolled over; "that's Gospel truth, and pooty large in its own style. Old Murph don't like to hear about it, though. I guess he's got a sore place somewhere, though he don't look like it."

In anticipation of the arrival of the train, people of all sorts began to gather at the station, and the scene, in its own rough way, was sufficiently animated and bustling to fill and please the mind of any but the most unintelligent spectator. Some such spectators were there in the persons of a row of squaws, who sat sucking at their pipes and lurching their shoulders outside the liquor-store, whilst their lords and masters went rapidly through the varying stages of intoxication within. The one romantic and heroic episode in Mr. Murphy's career had been recounted by Deering with as much truth as simplicity; but the self-sacrificing tender splendour of that far-away deed was obscured to the onlooker by Mr. Murphy's present keenness as a trader. Since he only swindled the Indians, he was not supposed to be in any way reprehensible. It was a white trader's business to swindle the Indians. That was what he went there for; and if he refrained, it would be to his own loss, and by no means to the profit of the Red Men, who would infallibly find somebody else to cheat them.

A roaring fire was built as the shades of evening fell, and the arrivals sat picturesquely grouped about it. One of them owned a tin whistle, and performed upon it with no great skill but with a sufficient accuracy as to time. As the contents of the whisky-keg grew lower, the spirits mounted, and at the first sound of the scannell-pipe half-a-dozen great fellows rose and began to dance. The Irish barmaid was dragged, willingly, from her place, and two or three gaudily-attired but not overclean Mexican ladies were also violently impressed for the dance. The dancing was timed by the maddest yellings and whoopings, and every now and again some bearlike mountaineer would roar a fragment of the Indian dancing-song—

Hiya, Hiya, Heiya, Hiya!  
Hiya, Hiya, Hiya, Hiya!  
Hiya, Hiya, Heiya!

and would hop off with a screech that might well have been heard a mile away.

This was the first mountain trading-station the Rev. Mr. Broadhurst had yet seen, and after looking on at the festivities until they became a little too pronounced for the clerical taste, he decorously withdrew.

The Lieutenant, whose experiences were perhaps wider and more varied than his father's, and who had certainly seen Jack ashore on a pay-day, sat and looked on with a more worldly philosophy. Hooker, who kept him company, had too much self-respect to join in the rougher revelries, though he stood up to dance with the Irish barmaid, and acquitted himself with an acrobat-like agility not often displayed in ball-rooms. But, as the evening wore on, the young Abraham, without visibly and actually exceeding, took a good deal of Tass whisky, and under its influence grew remarkably warm, friendly, and confidential.

The sailor's thoughts turned not unnaturally from all this noisy revel to the quiet home in which Ada awaited him, so near now after the toilsome and difficult journey of the last four weeks. He saw her clearly seated in vague surroundings, and pleased himself to think that she was as unchanged in aspect as in heart. He was miles away in fancy, and from the shouting trappers and the log-like Indians, who lay drunk about the sward, and all the savage merriment and ugly debauchery of the time, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and there was Hooker in the darkness beside him, faintly illuminated by the light of the now-fading fire.

"Don't you walk out too far into the dark," said the frontiersman. "There's some of Murphy's boys upon the lookout, and they'd blow a hole through anything that looked like strolling out of the Mansions at this time o' night. Because, you see," he added, "nobody's got anything to walk away for unless he's got something about him that belongs to somebody else, and that's the sort o' thing the boys are down on."

He thrust a friendly arm through his companion's, and paced slowly back with him. It is very likely that but for the inspiring influence of the Tass whisky the confidence he meditated would have been delayed; but the young fellow's heart was altogether warm and tender, and he had some not very clear or defined notion that he owed to his new acquaintance, out of mere loyalty, an explanation of his own position.

"Tell you what it is, Sir," he began: "I've been playing the-fool a bit, and I got to own up about it. I didn't know so much about you six weeks ago as to know you was alive. I never heard about you, else I should have known better. I went and fell in love with Miss Deering. Now, Sir, that's a thing that any man's got a right to do. But I went and told her so; and that's a thing I shouldn't have had a right to do if I'd known that you were round. She told me plain and straight how things stood; and now I want to act square by you, and you know where we stand; don't you?"

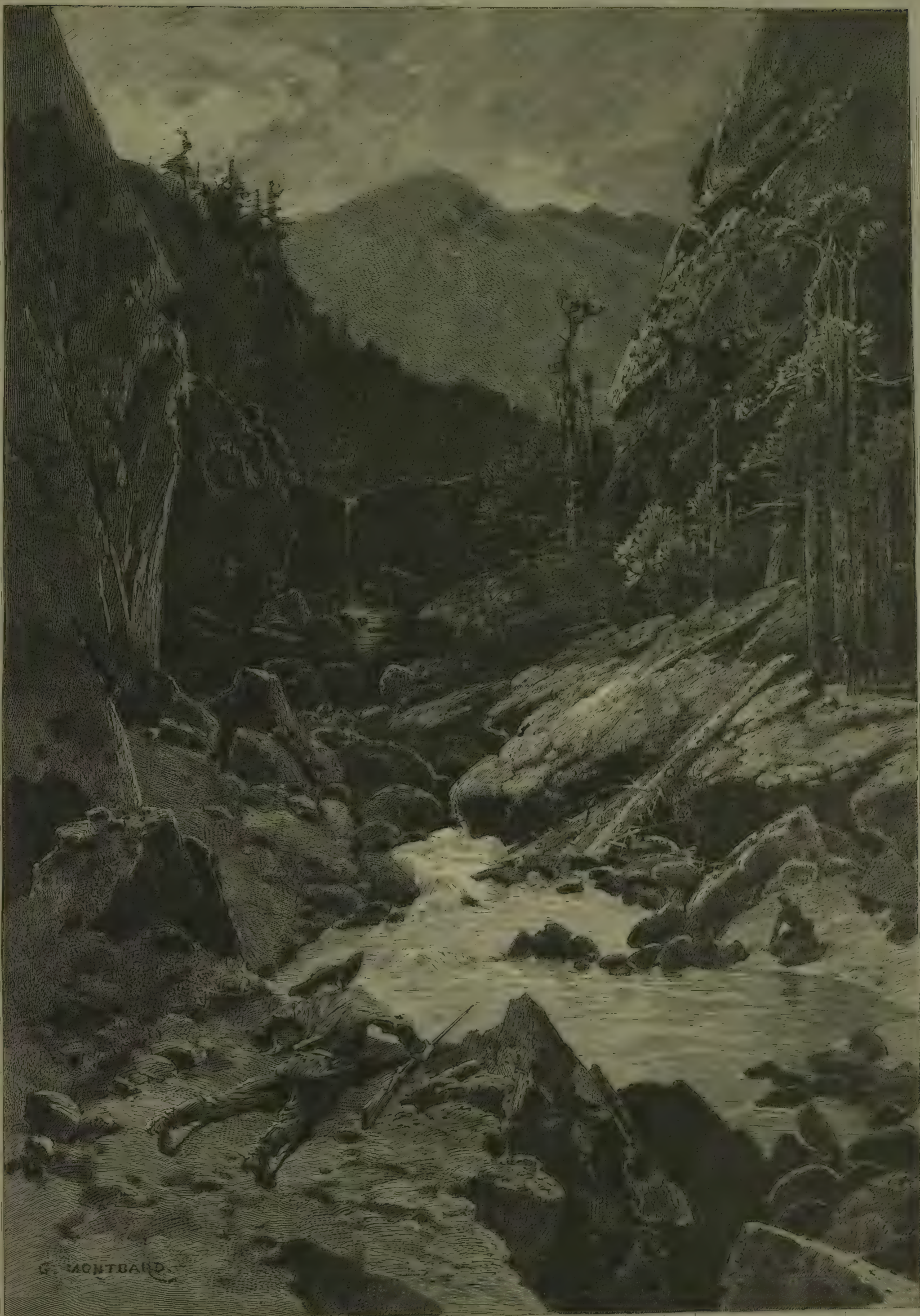
Griffith, not quite certain that this was not a declaration of open rivalry, responded with caution, and with a certain dryness—

"I am not quite sure that I understand you, Mr. Hooker."

"Waal, Sir," said Hooker, "as I see it, it's this way. You and me has got good sense to see that there aint anybody in the world that's worth setting alongside that young lady. I told Miss Deering six weeks ago: 'He's a poor sort of fellow,' says I, 'that cayn't like the man that had the luck to beat him. I'm that man's friend,' says I, 'if he'll take me on.' Now, Sir, I told you I'd been anxious, and you looked surprised. But I have been anxious all the same; and now, Sir, if you'll forgive me for plain speaking, and I'm good for nothing else, and not much good at that, I aint anxious any longer. I think you're likely to be very square and straight, and that's what I want to see Miss Deering's husband like."

"Mr. Hooker," said Griffith, "our acquaintance has been a very short one; but, since we speak our minds here with a little more freedom than we do in other places, I take the





*The goldseeker had jealously watched her every movement.*



liberty to say that I think you an uncommonly good fellow. I am very much obliged to you for the confidence you have reposed in me, and I hope that as we grow to know each other better we shall come to be good friends."

"There's my hand on that, Sir," said Hooker, and without much further talk that night the two young men separated. It was all very well to be heroic on the surface, but Abraham was far from being as contented with his lot as he would have been if he could have changed with the Lieutenant.

## CHAPTER XI.

It is a beneficent and beautiful thing that how old and grey soever collective human wisdom grows, youth is constantly renewing itself, and the original blessed ignorance of trouble enjoys a complete revival. Not Adam and Eve, before that melancholy affair of the apple, were more contented in Paradise than any brace of modern lovers who are but newly made aware of each other's affection. That perennial wellhead of happiness is the fountain from which every generation flows.

Here were our lovers, now these four weeks married, forgetting altogether, in their own private sunshine, the cares that brooded about them. They were out for a mountain ride together. Ada, always accustomed to the saddle more or less, had grown into quite an accomplished horsewoman by her mother's teaching and example—a useful thing in a country where almost everybody rides everywhere, where there is no paying a visit under a dozen miles, and where there is no wheeled vehicle but the bullock-cart. She and Griffith had made many hill-side excursions together, and knew the trails about the rising plateau at the foot of which Deering's house lay nestled as well as any Indian whose feet had helped to make them years and years ago.

The general experience of marrying mankind confirms the theory of the honeymoon. If love's young dream lasts for the whole of it, young love is unusually happy and deserves to be congratulated. But even the luckiest love will wake to outside things, and will see the world no longer tinted roseate and golden, but in its proper colours, which are less prepossessing to the eye. Father and mother were back strongly in the girl's mind again, and the sad and terrible problem presented by their married life, in contrast to the new sweet confidence of her own, made her very mournful and tender.

The trail was wide enough in places for the two to ride side by side, and not infrequently they drew together and paced on very slowly, the young wife resting her head on Griffith's shoulder, and he setting a stalwart arm about her waist. They were riding thus when she sighed heavily, and he, with a gentle pressure of the arm and half a laugh, asked what that might mean?

"I was thinking of father and mother, Griffith," she answered.

"My dear," replied Griffith, with a practical philosophy which might as well have been impracticable for all the use it served, "when anything you do is painful to you, and when it can do neither you nor anybody else an atom of good, it's almost as well not to do it."

"Ah, Griffith," said Ada, "one can't help it."

"Yes," said Griffith; "one can help it a little. Try at least. Let's think of something else. We can see the place I promised to show you within two or three hundred yards from here. I'll give you a tip, my dear: there's nothing like rapid motion for driving away mournful fancies. It's Nature's cure."

So saying, he bent over her and kissed her, and crying out "Trot!" in the lengthened call of a cavalry drill-sergeant, set the example of obedience to his own command.

Their way led them through a thick natural plantation of prodigious pines interspersed with cedar and red oak. The latter, though they grew to a fair and even luxuriant size, were dwarfed to insignificance by the presence of their stupendous neighbours. Hundreds of these forest giants were within view at almost any moment of the ride, not one of them falling short of an altitude of sixty yards.

The two paused upon the brow of the hill, and Griffith, extending his right hand, pointed straight before him.

"There!" he said. "You see that great black gash in the mountain-side: that's Hole-in-the-Sky Cañon. The peak on the right is the Wankanaga. You see how learned I am getting in the local geography. I've been studying under Hooker. You can just make out the trail of the Rapahoos from here; they are not on the rampage now, but when they black their faces for war and make a raid upon the plains that's the road they take. They haven't had an outbreak now for fifteen years, so Hooker tells me; but he thinks there are some signs of trouble stirring now. There's not the least danger in the world, my darling; for we shall have warning days beforehand, and we could be at Fort Bent long before they could get to us."

"I am not afraid anywhere with you, Griffith," said the young wife, with that sublime confidence in her husband which young wives commonly display; "and if there had been danger father would never have settled here."

"Oh, it's all right, I suppose," said Griffith; "they've had their lesson over and over again, and I dare say that by this time they have learned it. Do you know, my dear, this mountain air gives one an appalling appetite. Shall we make our picnic here?"

The spot was as well-chosen as any lover of the beautiful in Nature could have desired. Near at hand, from the top of a great rock which glittered in the sunlight with thousands upon thousands of sharply-defined and metallic coloured facets, a little cataract flung itself in spray, and fell into a basin whose waters it troubled furiously for a space. A yard or two later the pool lay clear and undimmed, a natural mirror when viewed astant, and as pellucid as a diamond. A little further on again it broke into a merry ripple, and so went dancing and chattering over a pebbly declivity until it flung itself into the air again and fell into another basin, forty or fifty feet below the level of the trail. Far away the great mountain peaks rose with a solemn splendour in the still blue air, each seeming to lift a hand of invitation and to call the wedded lovers to some solitude yet fairer.

"It's all wonderfully beautiful, Griffith," said Ada, "but I miss the English flowers."

"You don't miss the English song-birds," Griffith answered, "with that fellow overhead. Listen to him. Not a sign of him to be seen and yet the whole air is full of him. Where does the music come from in that tiny creature's body?"

You've got flowers into the bargain, even if they're not English. Nature's a freakish lady, but there's a sort of resemblance in all her variety. You might take that for a bachelor's-button, and this creeper looks like a cross between a passion-flower and a clematis."

For a time the cloud had rolled from Ada's mind, and she surrendered herself to the influence of her surroundings with the gay insouciance of a child. Griffith, before drawing their picnic provender from his holsters, had tethered the two horses, and now seeing that they were safely fastened, he and Ada began to scramble like boy and girl about the rocks gathering nosegays and laughing and calling gaily to each other.

"Oh, Griffith!" cried Ada, suddenly, with a shrill surprise and pleasure in her voice, "come here! come here this instant! Here is a pool with water-lilies in it, but I am afraid we can't climb down."

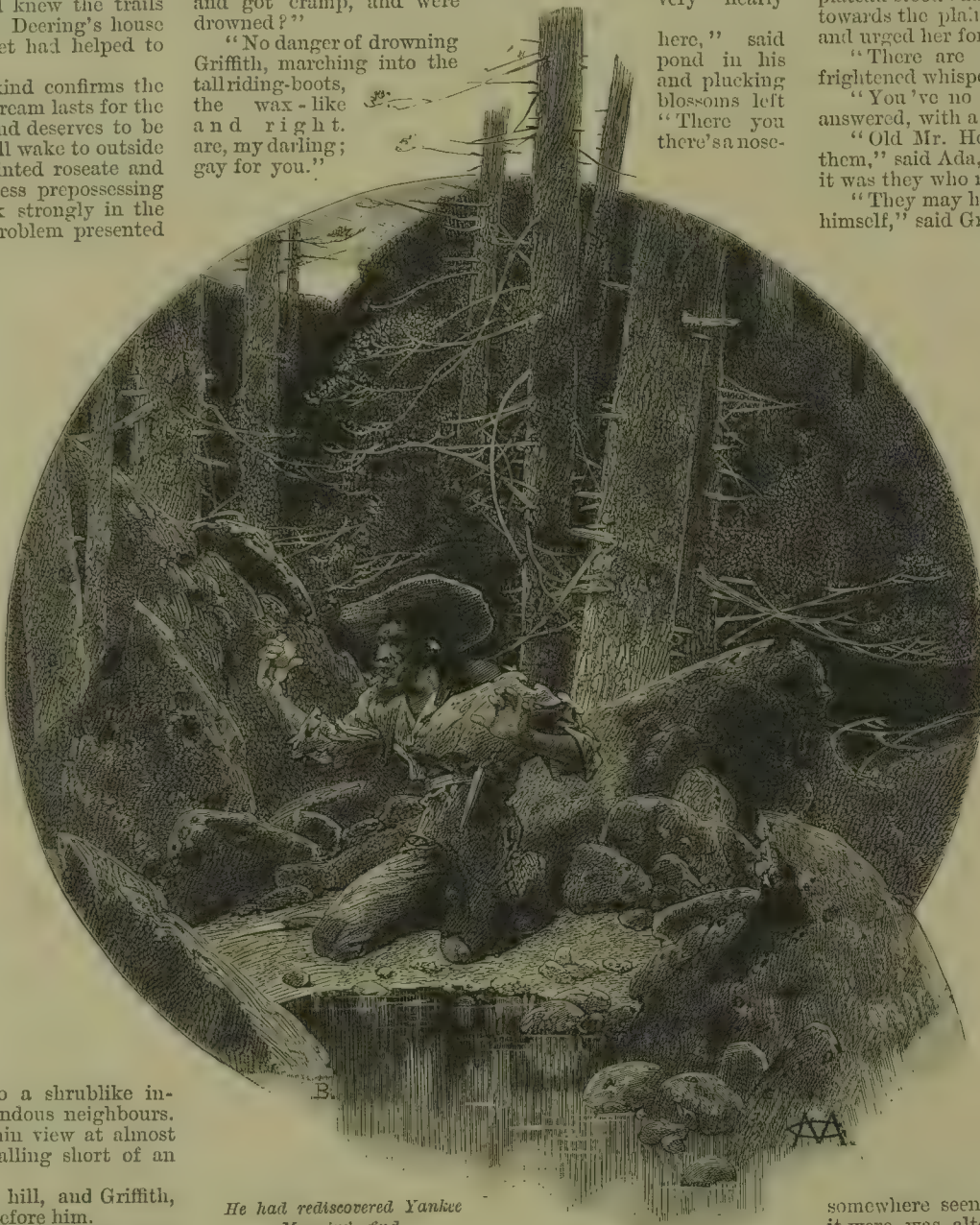
"You may trust a sailor for that, my darling," said the Lieutenant brightly, as he surveyed the declivity. "Climb down? Come along, I'll show you. Put your hand on my shoulder. Now let me guide your feet. There's number one."

So carefully guiding her at every footstep he dropped easily down the rocky bank, and in a minute or two the pair stood side by side at the edge of the lower pool. Ada clapped her hands with pleasure over the water-lilies.

"Oh, the darlings! They're not English, but they're water-lilies, after all. I thought I was never going to see one any more. Don't you remember how you swam for half-a-dozen of them for me in the mill-pond at dear old Carstable and got cramp, and were very nearly drowned?"

"No danger of drowning Griffith, marching into the tall riding-boots, the wax-like and right. are, my darling; gay for you."

here," said pond in his and plucking blossoms left "There you there's a nose-



He had rediscovered Yankee Maguire's find.

She paid him with a kiss for every one, and they sat down by the side of the stream to arrange their flowers, tying them with the rushes that grew at the water's edge.

"Look at the colours at the bottom of this pool, Griffith," said Ada. "Isn't it quite a little fairy spectacle?"

As a matter of fact, there was scarcely a colour a painter could mix upon his palette which was not represented there, and, all lying wet, they shone with an amazing brilliance and softness. Ada, reclining on one elbow, fell into a thoughtful mood again, lulled by the splash of the waterfall and the answering ripple of the stream. One ungloved hand dabbled idly at the clear edge of the pond, and, by-and-by, she began absently to take up the many-coloured stones, and to dry and polish them between her fingers, only to find that they lost their lustre and the greater part of their beauty with it. Griffith lit his pipe, and, having found a convenient knoll for his head, lay stretched in a pleasant idleness upon the turf.

"What's this, Griffith?" said Ada, rather languidly. "It's as heavy as lead. I have found a dozen little pieces of it."

He took the object lazily from her outstretched hand, and rolled over leisurely to inspect it. A second later he was kneeling before her with so marked a look of wonder that the girl was half frightened at it.

"What is it, Griffith?" she demanded.

"Why, there isn't much the matter, my dear," he responded, rising to his feet. "Nature doesn't make half-pennyworths, and where this is there is more."

He spoke with an air of assumed sang-froid, but his eyes were literally blazing, his face was pale with excitement, and his hands trembled.

"What is it, Griffith?" cried Ada, in alarm at these extraordinary and unlooked-for signs.

"I'll tell you in a moment," he answered, kneeling at the edge of the pool and scanning its shallow depths with searching eyes. "I ought to know a gold-bearing quartz when I see it."

He chose a dozen samples from the bed, and rose to his feet again with a sigh.

"Ada, my dear," he said, in a voice of extreme quiet, "you've found a fortune."

His manner still alarmed and perplexed her, and she looked at him with a tender and disturbed inquiry, laying a hand upon each of his shoulders.

"What have I found, dear?"

"You have found gold, Ada," he responded, hoarse and pale, "and you've found it on your father's land."

"Why, Griffith!" she cried, wrenching her arms about his neck and drawing his head downwards so that her look of troubled fondness reached his eyes, "what is gold to us? We have more money than we shall ever need to spend, or ever know how to spend out here. Don't be troubled about it, dear."

He laughed, and stooping down to kiss her put her gently aside, and examined anew the specimens he still held in his hand. "There's no mistake about it," he said; "a blind man would know it by the weight. We must ride home, dear, and take this news to your father."

"Griffith," said Ada, "it spoils our day already!"

He laughed at that, and recovering something—though not much—of the frank jollity of manner native with him, helped her back across the rocks. He was excited still, as the most philosophic of mankind would have been in the circumstances; but he kept a strong control upon himself, and his inward fires were permitted to show but little smoke. But for Ada's companionship he would have ridden headlong with the news; but the trail was not of such a character that he could drag Ada along it at the pace he himself desired to take. So they went slowly, the Lieutenant feeling himself consumed within by a very furnace of impatience. Where the descending plateau stood suddenly half bare of timber and unfolded itself towards the plain in a gentle rolling slope, he took her bridle and urged her forward. "Now for a gallop, dear."

"There are those men again," said Ada, in a half-frightened whisper.

"You've no need to be afraid of them," the Lieutenant answered, with a rather scornful emphasis on the pronoun.

"Old Mr. Hooker says there are dreadful stories about them," said Ada, drawing her horse nearer to his. "He thinks it was they who murdered that old man at Sadler's Bend."

"They may have murdered an old man who couldn't defend himself," said Griffith; "but they won't lay hands on a young one who has six lives in his pocket. Don't be afraid, my dear; there are no more adventures for to-day."

The men in question were five in number, and a thoroughly uninviting band to look at—a bearded, scowling, ragged contingent, dressed with a bizarre mingling of attire of the plains and some relics of the fashions of civilisation. They were watering their horses at a spring when Ada first observed them.

Each one of them carried a rifle, slung across his shoulder; all wore knives, and three were armed with pistols. They raised a coarse burst of noisy laughter as Ada and Griffith drew near. It sounded jeering and offensive, and was pretty obviously meant to sound so. The blood sprang into the girl's face, and Griffith turned a wrathfully disdainful eye upon the group.

"Hello, matey!" said one burly ruffian with an unmistakeable Cockney wheeze and accent, "got a plug of 'baccy for a pal?"

Not unaturally Griffith rode on without replying. Another of the gang flung an open-mouthed insult at the lady. Griffith halted, and turned in a menacing quiet.

"There are enough honest men hereabouts," he said, "to teach you scoundrels manners. Are you," addressing the first speaker, "the blackguard who was tarred and feathered outside Kansas City six months ago? You enjoy that reputation in the neighbourhood. Take warning: don't make it necessary to repeat that lesson."

"You're pretty cocky, you are," answered one of the band; "go about your own business and leave us to ours. I've got a mark against you already, and maybe I shall find a chance to wipe it out."

Griffith looked keenly at the man, with a faint suspicion that he had

somewhere seen him before; but the memory, if memory it were, was altogether fitful and illusory. The fellow bore himself with a certain ruffianly swagger and elegance. He was slimmer than any of his companions, and though he differed from them but little in attire, his hair, his beard, and his great swallow-wing moustache were combed. He put up an eyeglass as he spoke—a singular bit of personal furniture for a man of his aspect among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

"Very well," Griffith answered him sternly; "I have my mark against you."

He turned and they roared jeering obscenities after him as he rode away. Ada was waiting for him in a trembling anxiety, but reading a sort of disdainful half-amusement in his face, grew more tranquil.

"That's a vile crowd to have in the neighbourhood," he said; "but there is nothing to tempt them to linger here, and I hope we have seen the last of them."

"What if they know about the gold, Griffith?"

He gave a momentary start but answered quickly—"We shouldn't have found them down here if they had known about the gold; besides that, my darling, there was no trace of the pool ever having been visited by the foot of man for many a day, at least. They wouldn't have left these for our finding"—tapping his pocket to indicate the nuggets—"if they had been there before us."

## CHAPTER XII.

Wild Darrie was out that same afternoon, and might have been striving to justify her name, she rode so madly. She was all alone and there was not a creature to witness the spectacle, but she performed a hundred feats of skill and daring. It would be interesting to know what Pueblo George's horse thought of it, though it was manifest at the beginning of every excursion that he was at least ready to share the half-insane exultation of his rider. She had trained him to be more docile than ever was the dullest of park hacks, and even when she had waked the devil in him could bring him back to a knowledge of her authority by a mere turn of the hand. The pair seemed to have been made for each other: the horse had found the one mistress possible, and was becomingly grateful and affectionate in his own brute mind; and poor Ella, on her side, certainly had need of him. These fiery rides of hers



were her only narcotic. They brought her to a state of physical fatigue in which the mind was forced to slumber. They seemed to throw off a certain slow poison which otherwise distempered her blood and made the very sense of living a burden to her, in spite of glorious health and magnificent physique.

When Pueblo George's horse was clean blown, his drooping tail and panting sides awoke pity in his rider, and she dismounted. She plucked a dozen handfuls of dried grass and wiped the foam from his coat, loosened the saddle-girth, and, slipping the head-stall over his ears, threw the bit and reins to the ground. The horse gave a rather languid shake to express his appreciation of liberty and ease, and then strolled off in search of fresher verdure. The summer and autumn suns had burned the hill-side grasses for the most part into tinder, and a patch of green was hard to find.

Ella threw herself upon the ground beside the head-stall, and fell into a prolonged reverie. The thoughts and memories which sometimes stung her so unendurably came to her in a softer fashion, informed by a spirit of profound sadness, as they were always sure to be, but presenting themselves rather as sorrowing and sympathising friends than as accusers. She thought of the old circus days, when all the world conspired to spoil her, and everybody gave way to her most childish caprices. The Great Little Grimaldi thrust a painted face into her fancies and made his old funny grimaces. Some thin

echo of the laughter of those dead days seemed to reach herears. She saw Andrew for the first time, and remembered how handsome he looked, and what a meaning shone in his frank and manly eyes. A crowd of voiceless shadowy actors and actresses moved on the stage of fancy—herself among them. She saw all manner of scenes—peaceful and stormy, reckless and tender, prosperous and poverty-stricken. She remembered her first sight of Ada's face as the nurse surrendered the child to her weak arms. The blunt baby features were before her as actually visible as they had been at that supreme instant nineteen years ago. And there her own heart stabbed her cruelly, and such a yearning came over her for the growing love and knowledge of the child that she rose to her feet and began to pace up and down in a passion of remorse and misery. Then, without any volition of her own, a new scene flashed suddenly upon her mind. Soundless bells were ringing in London air, and the summer sun was shining, and some strange hint of country verdure was abroad, and little Mrs. Desmond lay dying in her arms. The failing voice spoke again quite clearly to Ella's inward ears: "You will find them all, my darling; I know it." She was to have found peace and forgiveness, and the lost husband, and the lost child—if that prophecy had proved true. She had found the husband and the child, but in such a fashion as was a thousandfold bitterer than loss; and as for peace, or any such forgiveness as could bring peace with it, they were at least as far away as ever. They could

hardly have been farther away than they had been to her eyes for now this many a year.

"What is the use!" she said, pacing swiftly up and down and wringing her hands hard together. "Forgiveness? Where's the good of the forgiveness of the whole world even if I did get it? I've got to forgive myself before I can be happy, and that I can't do. I thank God," she cried aloud, "for that one sign of grace in me! If every one creature in the world forgave me I should hate myself. That's all the good I have, or ever had, or ever shall have!"

The horse's warm nose touched her cheek—he had come back of his own accord, finding but little reward for wandering. She turned and threw her arms about his neck, hugging him hard and burying her face in his mane. He was the one thing alive that loved her, and he loved her brutelike and without understanding, because she had conquered him first and been kind to him afterwards. She fondled his face and ears, and he not merely submitted himself to her caresses, but returned them as best he might with an evident pride and pleasure.

"We'll go back home again, George," she said, and he stooped his noble head as if he understood the words and was eager to surrender himself once more to that beloved bondage.

At this instant a voice sounded half-a-mile away in a long-drawn call—

"Bi-i-ill!"



The forest on fire.

"Hillyho!" another voice answered from a greater distance.

Then everything was quiet. The horse waited with his head thrust out and lowered, and the head-stall hung from Ella's hands as she stared before her with eyes suddenly grown wide with wonder. She thought she knew the second voice, and, of all voices in the world, that was the one she would have hated and dreaded most to hear. She fixed all her senses in a strained attention; but the callers were hidden from her view by the rolling ground, or by the knots of trees. A crackling sound, very faint and far away, reached her ears as if a horse were trampling leisurely over dry brushwood, but that was all. Even that faded into silence in a little while, and, recovering herself, she bridled the horse, tightened the girth again, and, remounting, rode soberly homewards. She had never been given to presentiments, or such fancies of approaching disaster as are so common to her sex; but a cloud of troubles seemed to form about her, and rested upon her spirit with a weight like lead. The very rarity of this experience with her naturally made it the more remarkable. She strove to throw her own forebodings from her mind; but she might as well have done battle with a fog. The fear was everywhere, impalpable, undefined. The sound of the long-drawn "Hillyho!" lingered on her ears with such distinctness that it might have been repeated every instant and yet have seemed no clearer. She tried to think that if it had responded to a call upon another name she would have found no such fancied identification as that which now forced itself upon her mind. But let her struggle as she might, she could not rid herself of the fear that the voice she had heard was that of the villain for

whose sake she had spoiled her life. It was improbable—it was out of all reason and likelihood. A single word called out at such a distance was as good as nothing to form a judgment by; and yet she formed her judgment all the same, and it clung to her with obstinacy, and would not be dismissed.

When she reached home, Tim stood with his unfailing grin of welcome to draw the gate aside for her; and, as she rode through, touched his broad-brimmed hat to her with a manly free-and-easy, yet friendly and respectful, gesture. Tim, to his own way of thinking, was a dashing Borderer, familiar with scenes of wildest adventure, imbued somewhat with a savage carelessness for human life, and yet conserving some traces of that earlier civilisation from which he was so far removed by years.

"Had a good ride, Ma'am?" said Tim.

"Yes, thank you, Tim," she responded with a smile; "a very good ride."

Tim was the only person who by any chance called a smile to her eyes, and she was grateful to him. She was even a little out of proportion in her gratitude, and Master Tim was fed and dressed to a point of prosperity he could never have hoped to reach. Tim's liking for Mrs. Elsworth was founded, therefore, upon solid grounds, and his gratitude had that firm substratum of a sense of favours to come upon which the cynical philosopher declares the passion to be universally built. His admiration for her horsemanship was quite unbounded. She was Tim's queen, in short, and the centre of a thousand ignorant and romantic fancies.

"Here's Lieutenant Broadhurst and Miss Ada just come home, Ma'am," said Tim; "and Miss Ada didn't seem to be

a-lookin' quite herself. Bit palish, she walis; leastwises," added Tim, with that air of learned reserve which is sometimes assumed by family doctors of long experience, "that's what I fancied."

"Take George in," said Ella, dismounting and throwing the boy the reins. "Do you think that she was ill?"

"Not to say ill, Ma'am," Tim responded; "looked a bit nervouslike and scared, though."

Ella, in some anxiety at this intelligence, walked swiftly to the house. She heard Griffith's voice speaking loudly within, and as she laid a hand upon the rough plank door, and drew it open, Deering presented himself with an air of startled alacrity very unusual in him. He was paler than common, and his eyes had a strained and excited look. Ella, who made it the half unconscious business of her life to read every expression of his face, could not fail to notice or to wonder at it. His first swift movement had been obviously intended to cut off her advance, but in the instant of his recognition of her he fell back and gave her permission to enter by a gesture. "Come in," he said. "I thought it might have been one of the hands, and we are talking over private matters here. Griffith and Ada have made a strange discovery. They have found gold in one of the basins of the Wamdi Falls."

"Look here, Mrs. Elsworth," said Griffith, indicating a small scattered handful of nuggets and quartz—fragments streaked with gold upon the table: "there's no mistake about these, and there's more where they came from. There may be such a fortune in this soil as no man ever dreamed of. It's my belief we've hit upon the Eldorado the Spaniards were always looking for."





*A rifle-shot stabbed the silence which followed on his call. The bronze, half-naked figure waved his arms in the air and fell.*





*She clutched a trailing vine and went down hand under hand until she had reached the limit of the natural cord.*



"Take it easy, Griffith! take it easy!" Deering interjected. He was better able to control his excitement than the younger man, though he, too, was moved, and moved strongly, by the sudden dream of all the potencies of wealth the discovery inspired. He had never been an avaricious man; and, indeed, it had only been for Ada's sake that he had ever become anything but a rather reckless and free-handed one. He had already more money than he wanted or was likely to want, yet the dream filled him. His mind was shot with multi-coloured lights, and the yellow glow of gold brightened and dazzled all his thoughts like an atmosphere of sunlight grown intoxicating. "It's a great thing to be rich," he said. "One could do a good deal with money; but, after all, there's something terrible in it, and I don't know that I'm hungry for the responsibility. Folks think they'll be splendid and generous when they get it, but they turn out to be like other people."

"I'll tell you how it is, S'r," said Griffith. "The average rich man has no brains for spending. Think of the man who had money enough to carry on the railway from St. Joseph to here, and so on to the Western Coast! Think of what a power he'd be! What a wand of magic he could wield! Think of the cities such a man could build out here! Think how he could draw the surplus blood from Old England, and give people of his own kith and kin a new start in a new world! Think of the centres of civilisation he could found everywhere about this vast, rich desert! Money! Let me have as much of it as ever fell to the share of any man, and I won't be afraid of its responsibilities or shrink from handling it."

Deering was about to answer when the voice of the elder Hooker was heard without, hailing the house in a ringing whoop of inquiry—

"House ho! house ho! Anybody thar?"

Tim's voice was heard calling in answer, and Griffith and Deering faced each other.

"Shall we take him into confidence?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I don't see why not," said Deering; "he's United States Marshal here. He's as honest as the day, and we shall want all the help we can get."

He threw open the door and hailed the visitor. Abraham's voice responded, and the young fellow came in shyly, followed by his sire. It was Abraham's first visit to Deering's house since the marriage, and had something of the nature of a call with ceremony—a circumstance sufficiently embarrassing in itself, but made doubly discomfiting by his own declaration to the bride and his too open-hearted confession to the bridegroom.

The two visitors heard the story with considerable phlegm.

"Yes, Sirree," said the elder, handling one of the nuggets; "it's thar, and that's a bit of it. It's been knowed to be thar or tharabouts, to a mile or tew, this year past. We had a walking whisky-keg round here jest about this time last fall. Yankee Maguire, they called him. He went bouncin' and buckin' and rarin' down to Murphy's Mansions, and swore he'd found gold within ten mile of Hole-in-the-Sky Cañon. He showed some nuggets, tew. Murphy allowed that himself—didn't he, Abe?"

"He did so," Abe assented; "and, what's more—though Yankee Maguire wa'n't to be trusted, as a gen'ral rule—I know'd that he was right. I've been in Californy, Mr. Deering, and I reckon to know the signs. I've prospected many a square mile of this country thinkin' to strike on gold; but I didn't have no luck."

"You've been in California?" asked Griffith, eagerly. "You know about gold-mining then?"

"I know about gold-findin' of most sorts," Abraham replied. "I ought to; I had about ten years on it, and I can tell you, Sir, it aint the gay game you're apt to fancy it. If you *strike* it's all right; but then, I didn't strike. I never struck worth twenty dollars at a time, and it's about the orneriest kind o' labour I ever put a hand to. Gold-findin' 's all very well; but gold-seekin' is the poorest sort of medicine."

"When d'ye think o' startin' work?" asked old Hooker, with a look of peculiar cunning and dryness.

"At once," said Deering.

"Waal," said the old man, with a slow drawl and an enjoying twinkle of the eye, "I should be sorry to lose you; but I'll see that the funeral's respectable. If you'd like a gravestone you'd better get it wrote out aforehand. Abe can ride over and give the order for it. It'll be pooty hefty, a gravestone will," the old gentleman proceeded, with a humorous reflectiveness; "but maybe you might swap the piany for it."

"The old man's right," said Abraham, gravely.

"You mustn't think o' tryin' to get gold in a lonesome place like this without havin' the strongest sort of escort handy. You can get a score or five-and-twenty men up from Fort Bent, and then the thing 'ud run easy for one while. But Lord keep ye! Did y' ever see a gold-rush? If it really got about that gold was thick down here they'd empty half the State o' Missouri on the place in three weeks' time. They wouldn't send the nicest kind o' people neither."

"There are a few cut-throat rascals round here now," said Griffith.

"Pals of Yankee Maguire's," broke in old Hooker. "They strung the Yank up in Kansas City a while back, and they tarred and feathered his pardner. The pardner's out here now."

"I know," said Griffith. "I've seen him twice. Your son pointed him out to me two or three days ago, and I came across him again this afternoon. He had four companions with him—as rowdy a set as you might find in a long day's march anywhere. They shouted some blackguardism after Mrs. Broadhurst and myself as we rode by. I turned back to have a word with them, and one of the rascals actually stuck up an eyeglass and quizzed me through it as if he had been a dandy in the park. I don't know what he meant by it, but, says he, with a fine-gentleman drawl, 'I've got a mark against you already.' He had a lot of hair about his face, and pulled out his moustache with both hands like a lord."

Ella sat listening to this speech in a horror-stricken silence. It was a part of her late habits to efface herself as much as possible at all times, and she sat now withdrawn into the dimmest corner of the room, so that nobody noticed the extremity of her sudden agitation. The presentiments which

had weighed upon her mind already pressed with redoubled force. She persuaded herself that she knew now what she had hitherto only suspected. Griffith's imitation of the rascal's affected drawl was near enough; and at his mention of the eyeglass and the moustache, Tricky Bill's face flashed into her mind so vividly that he might have been in bodily presence there before her.

There was the most cogent reason why Mr. William Calthorpe's name should not be mentioned in Deering's household. Ada had naturally been kept in ignorance of it altogether, and had never understood her father's real motive in releasing the detected thief. Andrew himself, in his first dreadful interview with his wife, had told her curtly: "I gave the rascal a hiding and let him go," and beyond that he had

casual air from the room and crossed the inclosure with no sign of hurry or disturbance. Once in her own hut she began to move with a fiery haste, as if making preparations for a journey. She rolled a cloak tightly, and bound it with string in such a way that it could be easily fastened to a saddle. She filled a small satchel with cold meat and biscuit, and slung it over her shoulder. Next she withdrew the caps of the revolver she carried, and replaced them by new ones. The weapon was a novelty in its day, and imparted to its possessor a sense of safety which with an ordinary arm she would have been far from feeling.

All her simple preparations made, she walked into the inclosure, and there examined her favourite horse. She had worked him rather wildly already that day, and it would be cruel to take him on what might be an extended journey. She chose another therefore, and Tim helped her to saddle and bridle him. Nobody at any time greatly observed her comings and goings, and if she were bound on a second mountain ride there would be no room for wonder or remark. She spent half her waking life in the saddle. But after learning in the presence of the rest that the Border-scoundrels had been seen near Black Corner Spring, she did not wish to be observed as she set out in that direction. She struck off on another route, therefore, and working her way behind a ridge took advantage of its shelter. Two or three hours went by before her absence was remarked.

She had no thought of fear for herself; and, indeed, to her mind, the whole expedition looked sufficiently safe and simple. She had merely to discover if Tricky Bill were really a member of the blackguard band which had lately strayed into the neighbourhood. If he were she would warn Andrew, and there would be an end. As Griffith had said that afternoon, there were honest men enough in the locality to give an account of so small a handful; however reckless and desperate of their fortunes they might be.

They had left the Black Corner Spring when she arrived there, and were nowhere within sight.

### CHAPTER XIII.

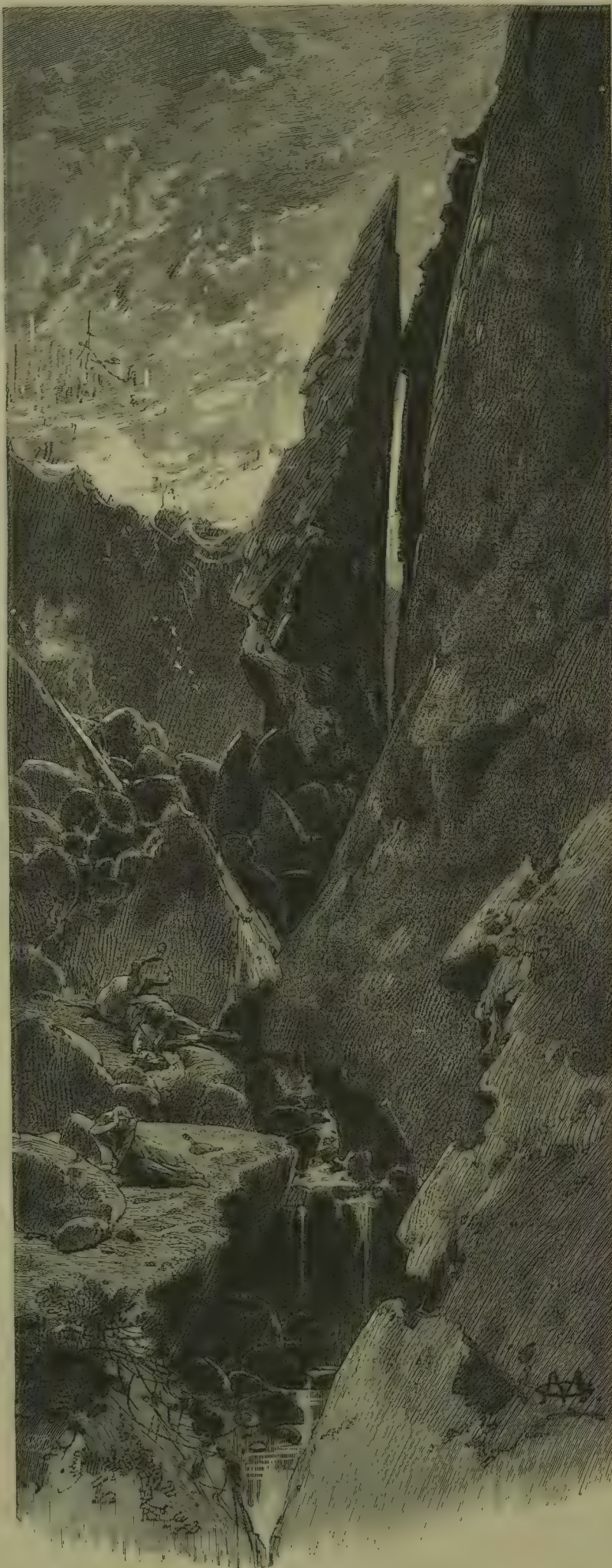
Mr. Calthorpe's history since his departure from his native land had been full of interest and variety. Arriving with his faithful servitor, Ned, in New York, he put up at the St. Nicholas' Hotel, which in those days offered the best accommodation the city afforded. He was the Hon. Henry Grey by this time; and though some who carried their own natural touchstone found him out for pinchbeck, he passed very well indeed with the crowd, and for a week or two lived in luxury and consideration. But his hand had lost something of its cunning. Oakum-picking, as, perhaps, Government officials are aware, is not good practice for a professional card-sharper. The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense. And, apart from occasional failures in manipulation, and a certain constant rustiness, the adventurer was, on the whole, less fortunate than he had been. He had thought to fly at high game; but certain birds of his own feather flew at him, attracted by the "Honourable" prefix to his name. They found him out pretty soon as a rather clumsy and unpractised member of their own fraternity, and his reputation got a little blown upon. He had been very strong at billiards, and had at one time owned the great art of playing a thoroughly bad game when it pleased him. He could handle a cue like a novice, like an amateur, or like a professional: but there, too, he suffered from his long want of habit, and people whom he could have beaten with the greatest ease before his prison experiences now had the best of him.

Here and there he picked up and exploited a few of the feeble ones; but, on the whole, he did very little more than clear his expenses, and it was thought advisable to make a move. The two went no farther, in the first instance, than to the Astor House; but meeting with misfortune there, they decided to go West. It had been easy for the Hon. Henry Grey to learn from the Western Express Company's agent the address of Andrew Deering, whom he described, with a supererogatory departure from the truth, as a close and intimate friend of his.

The Hon. Henry Grey, with that effusion of lies so characteristic of his kind, told the agent that he was going over the plains and into the Rockies for sport, and that he was anxious to spend a day or two with his dear old friend en route. He had no special immediate purpose in the inquiries which he made; it was partly a piece of useless lying braggadocio, and any real aim he might have had in it was cloudy and uncertain, even to himself. He had a vague and general notion that it would be agreeable to be revenged, and if by any hazard Fortune should put it in his power to hurt his enemy, he would most assuredly do it. He was far from being anxious to encounter Deering, and had not the remotest intention in the world of seeking him.

When he and his companion had decided upon penetrating into the interior of the country, they had but a vague idea as to where they were going; and when they determined to make their *piéd à terre* at St. Louis, they were influenced solely by some bar-room talk which they had overheard. There were stories afloat of prodigious hauls made by professional cardplayers on the Mississippi steamers. One in particular related how a trader had been induced to sell his store, his house, and whatsoever else he possessed, with the idea

of going down to New Orleans, and there re-investing his money. The dupe started with seventy thousand dollars in company with a band of sharpers, who cleaned him out at the very beginning of the journey, and left him penniless. Now, this history, which inspires the average intelligence with indignation and contemptuous pity, filled the minds of the Hon. Henry Grey and his confederate with joyful hope. They went down bent on business, and began operations immediately upon arrival. Those were palmy days for the working gambler. The Natchez and the Eclipse were running in opposition, with the natural result of reduced fares and cheap accommodation. The enormous floating palaces, four storeys high, afforded living as luxurious as could have been found in the best hotels, and gave it almost for nothing. Everybody was making money hand over hand in the first swing of the country's new prosperity, and scarcely anybody seemed to care to keep it. The whole life of one half the whole adult population was one continued



The horse landed upon a ledge of rock, and lay there shoulder-slipped and with one leg broken.

not spoken a word concerning him. But there was one member of the establishment who had no reason for reticence, and who had given her a description of the whole scene. This was Tim, who had assisted at the spectacle of the flogging. It had made a profound impression on his mind, and, perhaps, he even exaggerated a little in the telling. At all events, Ella was fully able to appreciate what had happened. She knew, or thought she knew, that Tricky Bill in that neighbourhood could have but one purpose. He was there to inflict some damage upon Deering—in one way or another to be revenged upon him.

It was so unusual a thing to hear her voice unless she were personally addressed, that everybody started when she spoke:—

"Where did you meet those people, Mr. Broadhurst?"

"At the Black Corner Spring," Griffith answered.

She said no more, but sat quietly in her corner until her presence was no longer remarked. Then she walked with a



gamble. Men gambled in trade and gambled at cards. Hundreds upon hundreds gambled their lives away in the pursuit of profitable adventure.

The Hon. Henry Grey found himself in clover, and for a month or two he was known to every member of the staff of the principal steamers as a constant traveller between St. Louis and New Orleans. The great game was poker, and it was played all day long and all night long to a running accompaniment of those mixed and enticing liquors for which the land is so justly famous. The Hon. Mr. Grey drank water when he drank at all, and found his advantage in that fact. His old skill was coming back to him with practice, and he coaxed Fortune with a very considerable success. There were a hundred like him on the various lines, and the very good fortune of the fraternity brought about its ruin. The Louisiana State Line put down a resolute foot with regard to this matter, and issued an edict to the effect that any person caught in the act of cheating should be instantly ejected from the boat. This order was so rigorously interpreted that it mattered not in the slightest degree where the offence might be proved. The offender went instantly overboard, and as the great Father of Waters bears a mighty stream, and since a card-sharper is not necessarily a strong swimmer, some of the brotherhood came to signal grief. It was aboard the Old Louisiana State that judgment fell upon the Hon. Henry and his companion. The game, of course, was poker: and since aces are useful, the Hon. Henry kept two of them in store for emergencies. He was discovered in the act of dealing them to himself from the bottom of the pack, and as it happened that the purser had been watching him for a considerable time, with half-a-dozen deck-hands ready at his call, the affair was brought to a swift conclusion.

A hand tapped the too-successful gambler gently on the shoulder.

"Rise up, young William Riley," said the purser, with a persuasive politeness, "and come along with me."

The Hon. Henry bent a disdainful glance upon the purser, and, having regarded him for half a minute in scornful silence, turned back towards the card-table.

"Boys!" said the purser.

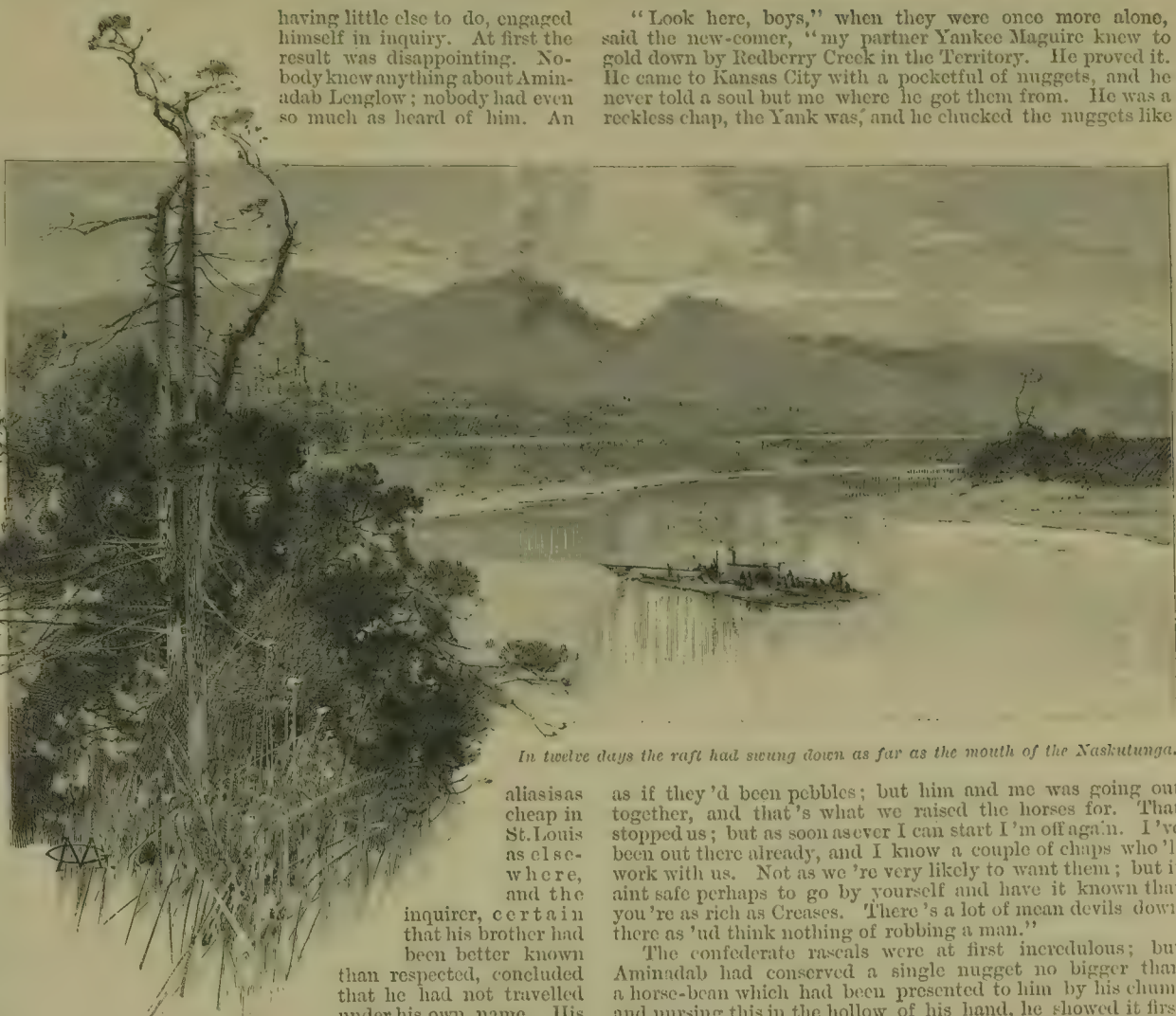
The invitation was brief, but it was understood to perfection. Half-a-dozen muscular fellows had hold of poor Mr. Grey, leg and wing. They bore him, struggling and oburgating, to the saloon-deck, and there, behind the paddle-box, with a "One, two, three!" to get up a good swing, and a "Heave all!" at the finish, they threw the wretched man into the river.

The faithful Ned watched these proceedings with a deep concern. His first impulse was towards resistance; but observing, as he did, that the entire sympathy of the passengers lay with the purser and not with his companion, he displayed a judicious reticence. As Tricky Bill splashed into the water a roar of triumphant laughter arose from the spectators of the incident, and confirmed the good servant's opinion as to the value of silence. He packed up his master's traps without a word, and got off the boat at the next landing-place. He had watched the Hon. Henry swimming away desperately towards the bank until he had faded from view with distance. Whether he had gained the shore or had gone under there was no saying, and the uncertainty was the more vexatious since the master spirit of the association had all the firm's money about him.

Having waited disconsolately for the upward steamer, Lenglow returned to his quarters in St. Louis, and there a day afterwards, to his great rejoicing, Tricky Bill appeared, in no respect the worse for the ducking, except, perhaps, in temper. The two held a long and serious consultation. The old game was so obviously over that neither of them thought for an instant of its renewal. Whilst they cast about for fresh pastures, Lenglow called to mind the fact that he had, or ought to have, a brother somewhere in those parts, and,

having little else to do, engaged himself in inquiry. At first the result was disappointing. Nobody knew anything about Aminadab Lenglow; nobody had even so much as heard of him. An

"Look here, boys," when they were once more alone, said the new-comer, "my partner Yankee Maguire knew to gold down by Redberry Creek in the Territory. He proved it. He came to Kansas City with a pocketful of nuggets, and he never told a soul but me where he got them from. He was a reckless chap, the Yank was, and he chucked the nuggets like



In twelve days the raft had swung down as far as the mouth of the Naskutunga.

aliasas cheap in St. Louis as elsewhere, and the

inquirer, certain that his brother had been better known than respected, concluded that he had not travelled under his own name. His repeated questions bore

fruit at last, for Aminadab, learning that he was being inquired after by a brother who looked as though he had money in his pocket, found out the latter's whereabouts and made a call upon him.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," said the German waiter, opening the door.

"Show him in."

The gentleman entered—a startling spectacle. His face was careworn, hungry, and cadaverous, and accentuating the pallor of his skin there were everywhere upon his face and hands spots and patches, varying from an almost jet-like blackness to a lightish coffee brown. His eyes bore an expression which was remarkable and even horrible. The upper eyelid was fixed and immovable, and a black line ran round it from corner to corner. What should have been his hair consisted of scanty, irregular knobs of some dark and wax-like substance, and his head looked as if an attempt had been made to shave it in places.

"You don't know me, Ned?" said the apparition.

"By Jingo!" cried Tricky Bill, who sat there smoking his cigar; "it's old 'Min! Come in, 'Min; sit down, old chap.

What the dickens is the matter with you? You've been suffering from some disease I never heard the name of."

"They strung up my chum at Kansas City, Bill," said the new-comer, in a pathetic voice, "and they tarred and feathered me. They rode me on a rail, Ned. We've all tried clokey, and I can tell you, boy, it isn't a patch on this."

"What was it for?" asked Ned, who felt a little less brotherly than he would have done if the person he had so inquired for had turned up well and prosperous.

"It was only a pair of horses," the new-comer answered. "We lifted 'em together, and the man they belonged to he came after us. Mypal, Yankee Maguire, they called him, showed fight, and made a hole in him; so they strung him up and tarred and feathered me; and so help me, Ned, one bloke in the crowd wanted to set a light to me!"

"It's nice to find your brother like this, ain't it?" the more prosperous Lenglow asked disgustedly. "You come away thousands of miles from home and find a brother to be a burden on you!"

"Not a burden, Edward," responded the new-comer; "don't you think it: the finest streak of luck you ever lighted on. You wait till I've got this stuff cleaned off me, and I'll show you something. Give me a drink!"

Tricky Bill rang the bell, and the visitor was supplied.

as if they'd been pebbles; but him and me was going out together, and that's what we raised the horses for. That stopped us; but as soon as ever I can start I'm off again. I've been out there already, and I know a couple of chaps who'll work with us. Not as we're very likely to want them; but it aint safe perhaps to go by yourself and have it known that you're as rich as Creases. There's a lot of mean devils down there as 'ud think nothing of robbing a man."

The confederate rascals were at first incredulous; but Aminadab had conserved a single nugget no bigger than a horse-bean which had been presented to him by his chum, and nursing this in the hollow of his hand, he showed it first to one and then to the other.

"There's no flies in that, is there?" he demanded. "That's the genuine article, ain't it? Why, the Yank told me you might have it by the shovelful. He'd got it by the double handful, and might have had as much more as ever he liked, only he got drunk at Murphy's Mansions and misbehaved. Old Murph threatened to drill a hole in him at sight, and it was wise for him to clear out for a time. I tell you it's there, boys—millions and millions of dollars of it—and I'm the only man that knows to it. Now, if you've got the possibles, get me down there and I'll make your fortunes for you, and we'll go share and share alike."

The two ruffians caught fire, and in five minutes they were mad with the first flush of gold-fever, which of all fevers is one of the swiftest and most virulent.

"Hold on!" cried Tricky Bill, suddenly. "What was the name of the place you mentioned?"

"Redberry Creek," said Aminadab Lenglow.

Tricky Bill drove one clenched hand into the palm of the other and rose from his seat in a kind of frenzy.

"I'm game," he said, "to start to-morrow!"

"What's that about?" Ned demanded.

"I'll tell you when the time comes," said the other. "I've a bone to pick with a man down there, and it'll go pretty hard if I don't pick it. I'll make a combination trip of this. I'll do a little bit of business and get a little bit of pleasure at the same time."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Tricky Bill and his band of confederates reached the district of Redberry Creek with no particular adventure by the way. They were enlivened by the loftiest hopes to begin with; but they were not long without a verification of the younger Hooker's philosophy, and they discovered—as he had done before them, and as a good many thousands, more or less, had done before him—that gold-seeking and gold-finding are two very different things. Yankee Maguire had kept the actual whereabouts of the gold a secret even from his partner, and to explore half-a-dozen square miles of mountain country is no light or easy task. There were many squabbles and quarrels amongst the members of the band, and but for the lingering hope that he might yet be of service to them, their inspiring centre might have had his vital cord cut short on any one of a score of different occasions.

After a week or two of unavailing search, the four were half persuaded that they had been brought out upon a wild-goose chase, and they occupied most of their time in heaping denunciations upon the head of their guide; but the one thing of which Aminadab Lenglow was certain in the world was that they were on the scent of gold, and that sooner or later they would come upon it.

One of the band was a mountaineer, who had, in all probability, long since forgotten his actual name, and had for the last fourteen or fifteen years been known about the Rockies and amongst the foot-hills as Soda Spring Jack. He, from his familiarity with the country and his knowledge of Indian wile and stratagem, was appointed to be actual leader. He taught his companions how to "cache" at night, how to leave as little trail as possible, or how, if need be, to obliterate a trail. It was he who did most of the shooting for the band's sustenance, and it was he, finally, who headed the inevitable revolt against the one idea of Aminadab Lenglow.

"I've bin in these yar mountains fifteen year," he said, "and I've never know'd no gold. I've trapped for the Company, and I've trapped as a free hand. Thar aint a creek nor a corner betwixt here and Salt Lake that this old child don't know. Gold! there aint no gold here. Wag!"

"There's gold somewhere about here, and not far off, neither," said Aminadab; but his own inward fire of conviction could no longer warm his comrades. There was a tremendous scene, which half-a-dozen times threatened bloodshed; and, at the end of it, they all hid themselves for the night within thirty yards of the coveted, unattainable treasure. It had been fiercely decided to abandon the search, and there was a pretty general consensus of opinion in favour of doing some sort of execution on the person of the misleading guide. His own knowledge of this circumstance kept the guide awake, and he sat with his back against a tree-trunk, staring out upon the vast expanse of hill and plain before him, as it lay soaked in moonlight or dense with shadow. His eyes rested often on



She ran to the door of the hut, and there beheld Master Tim rejoicingly tugging a huge wild turkey by the leg.



the pool where the treasure lay, and rested there with a weariness and despair as leaden as that with which they lighted on everything else in view. His companions breathed heavily in their sleep, but the noise of the waterfall drowned all other sounds. Such noises as there were were faint and few: the apparently causeless cracking of a dry twig high up in the branches of some giant tree, and the far-off sighing of the wind growing nearer and nearer with a moan which blent with the voice of the cataract, and seemed to swell its volume, and the long sighing answer of the trees—these were all, unless a sleepy squirrel changed his place or a roosting bird called to its mate in a dream.

The intense stillness seemed as if it were made vocal by these interruptions of it, and the watcher was half dozing when a faint and far-off click reached his ear, and he woke and sat bolt upright. The waterfall went on pouring down its soothing murmur, and he heard no repetition of the sound which had startled him. He was settling back to his former posture when it came again—click—click—nearer and clearer than before, and startled him broad awake again. Then, a little later, click—click—click, still nearer and clearer. Now the sound was clearly recognisable for the clatter of a horse's hoofs, obscured at irregular intervals by falling upon turf or moss, and again ringing out sharply on rock or stone. It approached slowly, and by-and-by, in the bright moonlight, he could discern the figure of a woman on horseback.

Whatever attraction the discovery of gold might have for other people it had but little for Ella, and it was certainly no touch of the common fever which led her to the spot where it had been found. She had ridden about the hills until the darkness between sunset and moonrise had fallen, searching in vain for the party of whom she suspected Tricky Bill to be a member. She asked for no more than a convincing sight of him. Without that it would be foolish to warn Andrew, and she would have felt it impossible criminal to leave him unwarned in case the danger of his enemy's presence really existed. She had lain down to rest for a while wrapped in her cloak, and when the moon rose nearly at the full had mounted again in pure vacancy of heart and mind, and had once more ridden onwards following the upward trail. She paused at the pool there and, dismounting, tethered her horse. She stood for some time looking over the edge of the rocky slope until she thought she saw a way of descending it, and then began to climb down fearlessly. She reached the edge of the lower basin in safety, and, kneeling at its side, plunged her hands into the shallow waters and groped among the sand and pebbles. The moonlight was clear enough to have allowed her to read the smallest print, and, though it cast a strange and unfamiliar colour upon every object, she could not fail to know what her fingers had drawn up from that little Pactolus. The very gravel was golden and glittered with gold, and the first groping double-handful yielded a hundred nuggets, varying in size from a large pin's-head to a horse-bean. She turned it over in the moonlight, looking at it long and earnestly. There was scarcely, she thought, another creature in the world who would not have felt some touch of joy or excitement in the presence of such a find. It left her blank and empty. She suffered her hands to fall back into the water, and paddled them to and fro there until they were free of grit and gravel and gold together. Perhaps the night-time, the solitude, and the silence, and that mysterious effect which broad moonlight can have upon the best regulated mind and nerves—were in part answerable for the curiously dreary feeling which oppressed her.

"Gold!" she said to herself: "everybody runs after it, and what's the good of it? It's well to have enough to buy bread, to have enough to stave off famine and misery, but beyond that?"

She thought of Griffith and Ada. This finding of gold was the first thing that had come between them. There was no quarrel, no parting, no hint of coldness even on either side, and yet there was an interest in the man's life which broke the dream of Heaven in which he had been living, Ella knew well enough out of her own experience. Women get but one satisfactory draught of love in their lifetime. The cup is never filled again; mere drops fall into it, and are tasted eagerly, but the full satisfying draught reaches the thirsty lips no more. The man whose constant preoccupation the woman aims to be, though he remain the most constant and faithful and adoring of lovers, finds other interests, other charms. It is only in some that "'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round." Ella was not thinking like a sentimental fool, but she could find no pleasure in those hopes of wealth which put a distinct period to her child's perfect happiness.

She rose to her feet and looked about her, almost wondering at the tranquil splendour of the time. The vast opaque shadows flung by the giant trees, the fitful breaks of light between, the gleams of silver shining upon ebony which helped the eye to follow the tracery of branch and foliage here and there, the glory of the plunging cataract, here alive with light, and there steeped in dead shadow, the roar of sound, which, after all, was like the very soul of the night's silence—each and all of these held her spellbound for a time. Something of a touch of fear fell upon her, and her daring and headstrong nature at once revolted at it. The fear touched her, and she sprang upon it instantly, as if she cried, "Who are you, and what brings you here?" and so, as it were, rent it to pieces and scattered it.

"Why should the loneliness frighten me?" she asked herself. "Am I any lonelier here than I am anywhere?"

She climbed slowly back to where she had left her horse, and after standing for a moment to look upon the enormous panorama spread before her, mounted again, and rode higher up the plateau.

A real and terrible danger had menaced her at the moment at which she had experienced that unaccustomed thrill of fear. The gold-seeker had jealously watched her every movement. His own mind was so saturated with its one overmastering fancy that all things pointed one way for him. Few human footsteps crossed those mountain solitudes. The country of the Arapahoes lay beyond, and they were among the least trusted and the most ferocious of all Indian nations, but the band in its week-long wandering had met once a half-breed Indian trader, once a trapper travelling with his pack-mules into the interior, and once or twice a settler riding out for sport. There was not one of these, to Aminadab Lenglow's mind, who had not in view the same object as himself; and the man was simply in a state of hate and fear against the world at large. Anybody might arrive before him, and everybody to his fancy was searching as eagerly as he. When, in the dead of night, a woman came riding mysteriously alone into that savage and desolate region, it was as plain as day that she could have but one purpose in view. When, with considerable difficulty, she sought and reached a certain spot and there attentively examined the bed of a pool, the certainty grew absolute. His heart began to thump at his ribs as if it would break them down. Whilst her face rested in dense shadow he could see her hands, dead white in the moonlight, turning their contents over and over, and could have sworn, like the monomaniac he was, to the glitter of gold between her fingers. Moving on his hands and knees, he took up his rifle and crawled to the edge of the little ravine which separated his

hiding-place from the plateau on which the waterfall descended. He was actually bringing his weapon to his shoulder when a hand clutched him by the wrist. A voice said, in a scarcely audible whisper—

"What are you goin' to do, you fool?"

"That woman," he flashed back in the same tone, "has found the gold!"

"What about that, you ass? Do you want to bring the whole settlement down on us? The gold aint goin' to run away. Wait and see what she does."

They watched her from their nest of shadow until she climbed the rocks and disappeared from sight. The horse's retreating footsteps reached their straining ears, and by-and-by they saw her once more on the upper trail.

"Where's she going?" Lenglow whispered.

"How should I know?" answered Soda Spring Jack.

"The gold's there!" whispered Lenglow, wildly.

"Gold be d—d!" said the trapper. "We've had about enough o' you and your gold, I reckon."

"You'll change your tune directly," said the other. "I'm going to look."

"Go and look," said the trapper, "and keep on lookin'! Anyway, don't fool me no more. You make me sick, you and your gold."

The man crept out of his ambush like a snake, climbed up to the trail, stole cautiously down it for thirty yards, and then descended the rocks. He fell upon his knees by the side of the pool, which had long since recovered its limpid clearness after the disturbance Ella's hands had made in it. The bed glittered with white and yellowish quartz, but almost the first thing he sighted was a wrinkled nugget, like an unshelled walnut, scarcely inch-deep in water. He grabbed at it with so ferocious an eagerness that he tore his fingers, but he knew nothing of that for the moment. There was no doubt about the question any more: he had rediscovered Yankee Maguire's find.

He tried to signal his one waiting comrade, but his voice stuck in his throat, and if he had forced it would only have vented itself in a shriek. He tried to whistle, but his lips, suddenly burning, refused him even that. He moistened them with water from the pool, and sounded a low and cautious signal. Soda Spring Jack responded with equal caution, and Lenglow gesticulated to him madly—

"It's here! The gold! the gold!"

The trapper aroused his sleeping comrades, and they all sped, reckless and crazy with excitement, up to the trail, and scrambled with ungarded exclamations down the rocky slope. The most ignorant and prejudiced amongst them was convinced in a second; and, indeed, a child might have discerned the value of the find. Nature had run into the quartz mould an actual mass of the precious metal there, and for centuries the action of the falling water had stripped away the soil, and had crumbled the quartz until it had laid the edge of the lode quite bare and had worn uncounted fragments from its surface.

When the first wonder and extravagant joy were over, one of the men lit a pine-knot and another dashed away to the *cache* in which the horses were bestowed, returning in a while with pick and spade. Whilst he was gone the rest were all at work like madmen, tearing their nails away and forcing their naked fingers into the pebbly soil until their hands were bruised and bleeding. There was no especial reason for this passionate haste beyond the fact that the soul of each one of them was filled with greed. When the pick and spade arrived there was a savage tussle for them, and the men who secured them wielded them with such want of caution that more than one wound was inflicted. They worked up to their knees in water, drenched by the spray of the waterfall, but as unconscious of discomfort or fatigue as if they had been made of iron.

Tricky Bill, with the pickaxe in his hand, stood actually behind the arch described by the falling water, and plied his tool at an interstice of the rocks.

"That thundering stuff's all crumbled off from somewhere," he cried, "and this is where it comes from!"

He struck hard, and the point of his pick stuck. The man positively screamed with excitement—

"Here it is! Come and tug at this! I'm anchored into a ton of it!"

The whole blackguard maniacal band broke into a Babel of rejoicing oaths and curses, and threw their last rag of caution to the winds. Before the swift dawn came up they had heaped a pile of gold upon the turf beside the pool. They were all drenched from head to foot, all hoarse with jubilant curses and savage excitement, and all spent and sore with labour.

The noise they made reached Ella two miles away, travelling through the still, pure mountain air in the first light of dawn; and she, wondering what the sounds might portend, made towards them. At the point at which the watcher had seen her disappear, she got a view of the gang working about the pool, and in a second she seemed to know exactly what had happened. She did not wait long enough there to be observed, but, swerving her horse from the track, rode him for a distance of two or three hundred yards, and then, alighting, sped on foot to the spot from which she had originally descended. There, concealing herself behind a boulder, she peeped over. The sound of her footsteps had been completely obliterated by the noise of the falling water, and the men were drunk with excitement. Even the trapper was off his guard; and a savage host might have sprung upon them at any moment unawares.

Ella, having removed her hat, snaked her head round the side of the rock, and, shooting down a rapid glance of extreme caution, withdrew again. The men were leaning, lolling, and lying in various attitudes of fatigue, but talking volubly and hoarsely all together. They carried Tass whisky with them in plenty; but though they had helped their labours with it with more than usual freedom, it was not the rough and fiery spirit which had intoxicated them: it might, indeed, rather have been said to have kept them sober. The real maddening draught they had taken was the realisation of the very ideal of wealth. There was not a man of them who did not bathe in prospect in every coarse delight the world, the flesh, and the devil can afford in combination.

"Chuck that canteen over here," cried the voice she knew; "I'm going to drink the health of the lady who led us to the find. Who was she, Minadab?"

"How should I know?" answered the discoverer.

Somebody hurled the flask. The man caught it; the cork flew out, and the spirit spouted over his head and face.

"Here's to her, anyhow!" he said, and drank, leaning backward until she could discern his features.

In spite of the great beard he had grown, and the ruddy tan which had overspread his skin, she knew him instantly. It was her own act which had guided him to this gigantic fraud upon her husband, and the thought of all the possible suspicions which might be aroused by his presence in the neighbourhood and her absence all night from home, drove through her veins like a poison. She was in the very act of rising stealthily with the instantly-formed resolution to ride away and apprise Andrew of the truth, when the sound of hoofbeats springing suddenly from turf to rock arrested her. She

turned, and saw, at the bending of the trail, a figure on horseback, pausing suddenly, and fixed for the second like a statue against the skyline. His lank black hair streamed wildly about his shoulders, and a feather, disarranged by his sudden arrest of motion, worked forward over his forehead. He was naked to the waist, and clothed only in buckskin trousers and moccasins. He waved a sweeping hand at the men below.

"Heh! wagh! Merican men!" he shouted. "Rapahoes out! Raise hair! Face black! Run!"

"What's that?" roared the trapper in return.

"Rapahoes out," repeated the half-breed messenger in a voice of panting haste. "Go! Fast! Ride! Run! Fast!"

"When did they start?"

"Sun-up yes'day."

"Where are they now?"

"Wankanaga. I go Murphy. I go Deering."

"Do you?" said Tricky Bill to himself in a tone of quiet menace, which yet reached Ella's ears distinctly. "I don't think you'll 'go Deering,' anyhow."

The messenger was already riding on when Calthorpe reached out his hand for a rifle which leaned against a tree close by, and, cocking it, fixed the cap coolly with his thumb. The messenger had disappeared beyond the bend; but in the staring silence in which the men regarded each other they heard the gallop of his unshod horse. He showed again for a mere second between the trees, and hurled a panting cry at them in passing—

"Fast! Go!"

Thirty yards lower he showed again. A rifle-shot stabbed the silence which followed on his call. The bronze, half-naked figure waved his arms in the air and fell. The steed tore on, riderless.

"I don't think he'll 'go Deering,'" said Tricky Bill, in a voice of ghastly cynicism. "The people who'll 'go Deering' will be the Redskins. They'll wipe off my score as well as anybody."

"What's that for?" asked the trapper, with a curse. "Do you know they'll make meat of every mother's son and daughter for twenty mile if they aint warned? They won't even leave a baby's hair on."

"Well," said Tricky Bill, "what's that to me? I tell you," with a sudden snarl, "I don't care a cent what happens to anybody within a hundred miles. Let the niggers settle my account with Deering and I'll make 'em welcome to the rest. Here! don't let's have any foolery. You ought to know your way about. Have we got time to pack this stuff and get away?"

"We've got a good five hours," said Soda Spring Jack, adapting himself with a cynicism equal to the other's to the fact of the murder just committed, and the probability of wholesale murder to follow.

"We'd better pack at once," said Tricky Bill. "This ruction won't last for ever. We can come back again. When Deering's wiped out there'll be nobody within a thousand miles to dispute our claim."

Ella's story has indeed been told but poorly if she present herself to the reader's fancy as anything but a woman of most unusual courage. But, for the moment, her blood seemed to turn to ice, and it was not until one of the gang began to clamber up the rocks that she found nerve enough to run for safety. Crouching behind the bole of an enormous tree she saw the man race past her, and when once he was out of sight and hearing she hurried towards her horse at her topmost speed, clutching her dress at the knees and tearing heedlessly through briars and brambles. The wild vine tripped her twice and threw her violently to the ground, but she hardly knew it. Reaching the spot where her horse was tethered she sprang into the saddle, and rode regardless of obstacles and with such a surging impatience in her heart that she seemed, to her own imagination, to crawl in flying.

She was a full two miles away and far out of the reach of momentary danger when her mind began to assume its ordinary complexion. She was a woman to whom romantic expedients were likely to come easily, and one such expedient presented itself to her with a force so startling that she reined in her horse in mid flight. She had read of the amazing rapidity with which a forest fire once started, at that season of the year, would spread itself, and she saw there a means of securing safety not only for Deering but for the white settlements of the whole country side. More than anything else perhaps, a sense of gratitude nerved and strengthened her. She had thought herself useless, had thought herself unhappy, had fancied her whole life here thrown away and wasted, and now the providential purpose of her presence was revealed to her.

She had never felt calmer—more collected—in her life. She sat for a moment surveying the country and searching for the direction of the wind, and, having made her plan, rode straight for the edge of the southern precipice. For the last year she had accustomed herself in the use of flint and steel, and had grown expert in their employment. At the very edge of the sheer rock she found a great patch of rock-gorse, and striking a light she applied it to the branches, which were almost as dry as her own tinder. A fresh wind was blowing, and to her joy it seemed to strengthen every second. She gathered a skirtful of twigs and fir-cones and threw them upon the fire, which began to roar and crackle angrily. A little knoll of stunted pines buried deep in dry undergrowth caught fire with almost an incredible swiftness. She stood for a moment or two to watch the progress of her work. The flames began to enlase one lonely forest giant—a huge pine, on the rough bark of which the resinous gum stood in great drops as large as a man's fist. The fire licked at the trunk for a second or two only, and then to her astonishment climbed up the prodigious column until it wreathed it to the top. A huge cloud of resinous smoke arose, and sparks began to flutter through the air like a fiery snow, alighting in a thousand places upon the sun-dried underbrush, where, being fanned by the fresh wind, each gave birth to a new conflagration.

The heat grew so fierce that she had to retire before it. The road by which she had travelled there had grown impassable, and she had to choose another and more difficult one, leading her horse by the bridle. Before she found level ground again she had retreated from the fire a hundred yards or more. By this time it was roaring with noises like the sea in tempest, and one might have fancied a rocky coast lashed and scourged by some tremendous storm. She reached the top of the eminence up which she had toiled, and there remounting, turned to look upon the scene. There were already columns of fire a hundred yards in height, and for hundreds and hundreds of yards to her left front the flames tossed and bellowed as if the earth had gaped and given vent to its subterranean forces. In but an hour or two, at the outside, she thought, the whole plateau would have grown impassable for days. The approaching savages would be compelled to make a detour of at least fifty miles, and they must needs come through a country so difficult and broken that, at their topmost speed, they could scarcely travel more than sixteen or seventeen miles a day. She surveyed the whole position like a general, and looked upon it with a calmly exultant mind. After all, by God's help, she



had done something to pay her debt to Andrew. But for her, he and his child would have fallen an easy prey to the savages.

She found a passable track and rode along it at a hand-gallop, watching the progress of the conflagration. Suddenly a hail greeted her, and she saw young Hooker riding rapidly towards her. She quickened her horse's pace to meet him.

"What is it all about?" cried Hooker. "Have you got lost, or what's the matter? Here's Mr. Deering frightened out of his life at you being out all night; an' everybody there is tearin' and rarin' around to find you."

"I had a purpose in coming here," said Ella. "I have saved Mr. Deering's life and yours."

As she spoke, the wind veered round towards them and brought with it a whiff of black resinous smoke which set them both coughing.

"We'd better get out of this," said Hooker, as soon as he could speak. "This flare'll travel like forked lightning!"

The fire, urged by the changing wind, charged on them like an inundation. The fiery snow whirled past them though they began to ride at full speed, and every here and there the brushwood was ignited in front of them.

"I aint so durned sure," said Hooker, grimly, "that you've saved my life or yourn. Who, in thunder, started this blaze?"

"I did," said Ella.

"You!" he cried, in a voice of astonishment. "In the name of God, what for? Come across here to the right," he added, without waiting for an answer. "We're riding with the wind. It'll take us all our time to get round this, I reckon. The way we'll have to take'll be a good fifty mile round. We'll have to go by way of the Wankanaga trail and across the Mishotunga rocks."

"The Rapahoos are out," said Ella: "we can't go that way. They were at the Wankanaga an hour ago. We can easily ride round the fire."

"Can we, by Jingo!" cried Hooker. "We'll have to be smart to do it. Come along!"

They rode like the wind, until the frontiersman turned in his saddle to watch the bellowing flood of flames.

"We'll try," he said drily and coolly. "We've jest got to try. If the Reds are out, how is it we got no warning?"

"The messenger was shot," Ella answered. "He was a half-breed. I have seen him at the settlement."

"Shot?" cried Hooker. "Who shot him?"

"One of that gang they were talking about yesterday," said Ella, breathlessly. "They have found the gold, and they shot poor Matosapa so that he might not bring the news to the Creek. I fired the wood to prevent the Indians from passing."

"Bully for you!" shouted Hooker. "But it'll be bullier if we get through with our ha'r on."

Ride as they might, and they were both daring, skilled, and well-mounted, they could do no more than keep level with the travelling flame. They verged towards the further edge of the fire with some faint hope that they might pass in safety, but they dared not approach too near, and, indeed, the heat thrown out was insupportable. A score yards away the air roared and reverberated like a furnace, and scorched their hands and faces. Ella's horse began to shriek with terror, and in his headlong race for life grew to be hardly manageable. Hooker, riding with clenched teeth and a face gone pale beneath its weatherbeaten bronze, slipped his rifle from his shoulder and hurled it away.

"We'll try thar!" he roared, his voice scarcely audible amidst the tumultuous crackling of millions upon millions of burning branches. "It's all b'ar and bowie now!"

They chose the place he indicated, but, as they rushed for it, great tortured spirals of flame soared upwards, and they had to try still further.

"Come on!" he said, flourishing his arm. "We shall cheat the Devil yet!"

Ella said not a word, but, though she knew that she rode between death and death, the exultant quiet in her soul seemed to grow and brighten. The whole cry of her nature for years had been that she might find some impossible atonement for her past. Here, by God's grace, it came.

"There's our chance," said Hooker; "come along!"

It was a slender one indeed, and needed either a bold heart or one gone mad with the hysteria of terror to face it for a moment. But they were going so near the northern precipice now that the chance was like to be their last, and they strained every nerve and fibre of body and soul to take it.

They were in the middle of a blinding smoke, and the smell of fire was on their hair and on their clothing. The red tongues licked at Ella's skirts, and scorched her fingers as she rode with hands low down. Hooker dashed for the only possible way of safety with a yell half of defiance and half of encouragement. At that instant Ella's horse, frenzied with pain and fear, swerved round. She caught a momentary glimpse of her companion's figure clear and solid beyond the floating smoke-wreaths, but blurred a little by the tears the pungent cloud had brought to her own eyes. The maddened brute she rode refused altogether to obey the rein, and, leaping forward, went over the sheer edge.

At such moments thought is swift, and in the very act of falling Ella had time to see her own body dashed to pieces, to see her remains discovered, to picture her husband's and her daughter's faces.

The horse landed upon a ledge of rock no more than thirty feet below the point from which he had sprung, and lay there shoulder-slipped, and with one leg broken. The smoke and the flying sparks writhed and volleyed overhead, and Ella saw that for one moment she was safe. Here and there along the monstrous cliff were places, towards the lower end of it, where a daring climber might descend. She knew she had left no such passage for the enemy; but at the thought that she

might have lighted upon the first of them, her heart began to beat with hope of life. She looked swiftly about her, and made up an instant mind. The horse's case was hopeless, and there was nothing for it but to relieve him from a lingering agony. She set her revolver to the poor brute's forehead and fired. The wild vine hung everywhere, and, clutching one of its branches, she crawled downwards until she found herself at the extreme ridge of a perpendicular rock some twenty feet in height. Below it was a slab, sloping downward to its parent rock, and not more than six feet wide. Below that, again, lay ledge beyond ledge, some broader and some narrower. If she dropped, and missed her footing, the death which had seemed inevitable but a few seconds earlier would be beyond escape. She clutched a trailing vine and let herself over, and went down hand under hand until she had reached the limit of the natural cord. There she closed her eyes, and,

From the moment at which she was first assured of her escape from death one thought became busy in her brain. She saw the hand of Providence in her extorted presence there. But now that the work was done she saw a way of leaving a life which had, from its commencement, laid such a burden upon her as she was hardly equal to. Hooker would carry home the news that she was dead. Andrew would believe that she had died for his sake and for Ada's. There was no crime in running away this second time. She would be taking a weight off Andrew's heart and would leave him free to live whatever life he chose, untroubled by the constant poison of her presence. She blessed him with tears, and, kneeling beside the creek, she prayed aloud with a sobbing voice and a burning heart, that his future might be happy. At least, he should be vexed by her no more.

She forded the shallow waters of the creek and found for herself a hiding-place in the brushwood on the opposite side. How she could escape across the plains she did not know, but she was conscious of a bright inward certainty that the thing she so desired would somehow be made possible.

She had still some broken provisions in the white haversack she carried, and having eaten a part of these and drunk from the clear mountain waters of the creek, she lay down in her hiding-place, and there, overwhelmed by fatigue of mind and body, fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XV.

The whole settlement household was scattered far and wide in pursuit of Ella; and Master Tim and the Irish help were left in sole guardianship of the house. The elder and the younger Hooker had passed the night with Deering, and there had been a good deal of vivid gold-talk, and a rather considerable consumption of the vintage of Tass. When in the morning Ella's absence was discovered, Deering and Griffith instantly coupled it with the presence of the gang the latter had so lately encountered, and full of fears for her safety they organised an immediate search, Ada and Griffith riding off together, and the rest scattering in various directions.

It appeared to Tim to be quite outside the nature of things that his services had not been put in requisition. Not to include him in the expedition was to foredoom it to failure. Tim had grown to have a real affection for Mrs. Elsworth, and in the course of a very little time made up his mind that it was his bounden duty to go out in search of her. He had never had the faintest glimpse of an understanding of Ella's story, but he knew perfectly well that he was responsible for the accident which had changed her poverty into affluence, and he had from the first allowed the light of his countenance to fall upon her, and had extended to her his kindest patronage and protection.

It was not only Tim's actual duty, to his own way of thinking, that he should start upon the search, but the project gave promise of unusually delightful adventure. To begin with, there was Pueblo George's horse tranquilly feeding about in the inclosure, and it had always been Tim's ambition to mount him. The fact that George would allow no living creature but Ella to retain a place in his saddle for a minute, inspired Tim with a fervent desire to prove to himself and to the world at large that there was one other person who could manage that redoubtable steed. He was ready to witch the world with noble horsemanship, and was only sorry that there was nobody present to witness his anticipated triumph.

George allowed himself to be saddled with a surprising docility. He made some slight objections to the bridle, but at last consented to assume it. But when Tim brought out the stable-bucket and, turning it bottom upward, strove to mount by its aid, the horse turned round and looked at him, as if to express a kind of grave wonder. Tim was very lordly with the animal, and cried "Woa!" and "Steady!" in the manliest and deepest tones he could command. George wrinkled his black muzzle curiously, and a suspicion crossed Tim's mind that the noble beast was laughing at him—a thing altogether intolerable and not to be endured. "Steady there! Steady there!" said Tim; and, keeping firm hold of the rein, planted the upturned bucket once more at the horse's side. The mesmeric quality of his tone had evidently subdued the horse, for, to Tim's delight and astonishment, he stood like a statue, and allowed himself to be mounted without so much as a sign of opposition. Tim had already shortened the stirrup-leathers as far as the last buckle-hole of the strap would permit, and, in preparation for any contingencies which might befall him, had slung a double-barrelled fowling-piece belonging to his master over his shoulder, and had provided himself with a powder-horn, shot-flask, and cap-pouch, as if he were going out on a shooting expedition for a fortnight.

George stood stock still at first, as if he supposed that nothing but that was expected of him; but learning from Tim's energetic chucking of the reins that he was intended to move, he adapted himself for the moment to the boy's humour and began to walk at a slow and stately pace. In this way Tim guided him from the inclosure, and George, presumably supposing that his rider's whim was gratified, turned back again to repass the gateway. This was by no means in accord with Tim's intention, and he tugged violently at the right hand rein. Then the equine intelligence awoke to the fact that Tim was not accepting a friendly indulgence, but positively supposed himself to be there by right of mastery. The idea was no sooner formed than acted upon, and Tim, with all his paraphernalia jingling about him, hung for one inglorious instant to the flap of the saddle by his spurs, and then lay prostrate on the turf. George looked at him for a little space and then walked away prairiewards. Tim was a good deal shaken by his tumble; but at the sight of Mrs. Elsworth's horse making off into the wide, wide world with saddle and bridle, he rose to his feet in consternation and ran



"I am proud and charmed to have the honour of your acquaintance, Miss."

commending her soul to Heaven, was in the act of releasing the vine when it snapped in her hold, and she fell to find herself in a new miraculous safety. After a little pause she found a desperate way by which she could crawl down the face of the hill for a hundred feet, and then again the wild vine helped her to another enterprise, as perilous as the first.

Half-way down she knew that she was safe, and lay down upon the boulder she had reached in an actual prostration of body. Where she reposed the air was motionless, but hundreds of feet overhead the wind drove the smoke out over the plain like a pall, and the roaring of the fire made noises so profound and terrible that the fragments of rock her foot disturbed had gone down the hillside unheard in that appalling tumult.

The very daylight sky, when it was visible through the tormented wreaths of smoke, was reddened by the glare of the flames.

From the point at which she had rested, the way down was comparatively safe and easy, and when once she renewed the descent she reached the hollow of the gorge in little more than half an hour.



after him, with the fowling-piece clumping at his heels and the big boots and huge Mexican spurs pulling him down like lead. Black George struck into a gentle trot, and Tim halted in despair. What would happen to him when Mrs. Elsworth came home was more than he dared to think of. The runaway horse must be secured somehow, and the wretched boy saddled the last horse left in the stable and rode off to see if he could not possibly repair the mischief he had done. George curvetted frolicsomenly about him. The rein had somehow become twisted with the saddle and afforded him no embarrassment. Tim called, coaxed, cajoled, held out a handful of imaginary oats, and, in short, did his utmost; but all to no effect. The escaped steed aggravated his pursuer's troubles by a hundred sardonically jocular pretences that he was willing to be caught, and never really troubled himself to trot away until the very second when Tim made sure of laying his hand upon the rein.

The poor Tim was so intent upon the capture that he took no notice of the distance he had travelled until, on a sudden, he discovered that the settlement house was nowhere in sight, and with a dreadful sinking at the heart awoke to the conviction that he was a lost boy. Tim had heard, read, invented many stories of the death and suffering of lost travellers, and now he was suddenly possessed with terror lest all he had learned and imagined should happen to himself. Just then a swift and horrible change in the general aspect of things began to be noticeable to him. The sky had changed colour, and a reddish gloom was cast upon the landscape. A bellowing noise was in the air, the meaning of which he could not divine. Far and far away above him, on a level with the mountain top, the lurid clouds were filled with countless glittering, swift-scudding points of light. Moment by moment the cloud increased in density and in the horror of its colour. The profound indescribable bellowing grew louder and louder, nearer and nearer, until Tim came to the conclusion that this was the Day of Judgment, and was altogether paralysed, as older and braver people than himself have been under the effect of a similar imagination. When the actual fire declared itself on the mountain's brow, he began to have a better idea of the situation, and the greater fear left him to make room for the smaller one. George was still as frolicsome as ever, and was apparently ready to keep Tim's steed dancing after him all day. He chose to ford the creek, pausing midway to drink, and Tim saw nothing for it but to follow. He was quite hopeless by this time, but held on with a dogged and despairing perseverance which asked for no reward, and was not even useful as a salve for conscience.

The ineffectual chase went on for a full two hours further, and Tim, in a fit of desperation, began to wear out his own mount by putting him in a series of rushes after the other, who always evaded him with perfect ease. In one of these rushes, if the horse had not been more wary than his rider, he would have trampled over Ella's prostrate figure. Tim, almost thrown by the sudden swerve and stop, looked down upon her as she lay—her head pillowed upon her arm—in a slumber so profound that even the noise of his approach had failed to awaken her. His first fancy was that she was dead; but the warm flush on her cheek and the regular rising and falling of her bosom soon dismissed that fear. He called to her aloud—

"Mrs. Elsworth! Ma'am! Everybody's out looking for you. Wake up, Ma'am; we've all been scared to death."

She sat up with a startled look, and gazed at him for an instant with no recognition. Sound as her sleep had been to all appearance, she had been dreaming—or perhaps the dream had but flashed its rapid panoramic succession of scenes through her mind in the very action of her awaking. In any case, she opened her eyes upon a world which was for the moment strange to her, and which looked infinitely more dreamlike than her dreams.

"They're all frightened out of their lives at home, Ma'am," Tim repeated, as she rose to her feet.

He added with an instant grin of conscious triumph—

"I knowed I'd find you. Everybody else is out looking after you."

"Where are they?" she asked, rising to her feet. Her hands and face were still smarting and tingling from her late nearness to the fire; but her half-hour's slumber had wonderfully refreshed her, and her dread of being discovered by Deering lent her unusual strength.

"They went out different ways, Ma'am," said Tim. "I don't rightly know where they are. Young Mr. Hooker rode up the mountain. So did Master, but he went another way."

"You must let me mount your horse, Tim," she said, with a tone and manner midway between coaxing and authority. "You can ride behind."

"There's George out there, Ma'am," Tim answered with an uneasy look. "I desay he'd come if you was to call him."

Ella turned, and Black George neighed suddenly. She did not wait to ask by what chance he came there, but raised her voice in a long, soft call, to which he had long since been accustomed. He came to it instantly; and though his late freedom had a little excited him, and he was less disposed to obedience than he commonly was, a repetition of the call brought him to her hand.

"How does he come to have a man's saddle?" she asked.

"I put it on him, Ma'am," said Tim, with a rather hangdog aspect. "I thought I'd ride on him to look after you, Ma'am. But he throwed me, a-did, and I had to go after him on old Chester. I think George knowed where you was all along, Ma'am, for it was him that brought me here."

"You must come with me, Tim," said Ella as she mounted. The man's saddle made but little difference to her, if any. "Give me your rein, Tim. Chester will come better if I lead him."

Tim, altogether rejoicing at the turn his adventure had taken, surrendered the rein to her care, and allowed himself to be led in whatever direction she chose. He naturally supposed that they were going homewards, but after an hour's swift riding it occurred to him that his mistress as well as he had lost the way.

"I don't see the house nowhere, Mrs. Elsworth," he said, when this idea had had ample time to form.

"You won't see the house any more, Tim," she answered quietly, and at this the boy, who, being deprived of the reins, had maintained a precarious seat in the saddle by a grip upon the pommel, raised a bitter howl, and imperilled his position seriously by screwing a small grimed fist into the corner of either eye. "You need not be afraid," she said, "you'll come to no harm, but we're going away together."

Behind them, and far to the right, a vast pall of smoke gloomed over the landscape topped by a crown of fire. It shut out the whole great mountain range from view, and blotted out the prairie on that side like a fog. The roaring noises of the fire had by this time grown faint with distance, but the mid-day sky even in the full power of the unclouded sun bore a reddish reflection.

"I've been with Master Deering all my life, M-a-a-m," Tim sobbed, clinging again to the saddle.

"You must come with me now," she said decidedly but kindly, and Tim rode on in a fresh dismay, not knowing what would become of him. Ella surrendered the reins to him, but sent an occasional glance his way, to be sure he was following; and he, not daring to disobey and dreading solitude even more

than flight, pursued her. They rode all day almost without drawing rein, and, just as evening was descending, struck the Arkansas River. There, half-a-mile's prospecting along the bluffs brought them to a disused trapper's hut, and within its walls they took up their quarters for the night. She gave Tim what remained of the broken meats in her haversack, and was herself contented to go hungry. She knew that the log-trap and rafting station of one Floyd were within thirty miles, and counted on reaching them a little after midday on the morrow.

By the aid of the flint and steel which had already that day done such extraordinary service, she lit a fire, and for more than an hour after Tim had cried himself to sleep she sat by the blaze, thinking over the past and revolving plans for the future. She was not without money, for Deering had supplied her generously and even lavishly, and she had bills for three or four hundred dollars in a little leathern wallet which she carried constantly in the bosom of her dress. She counted that she had enough and more than enough to carry herself and Tim back into civilisation, and to maintain them both until she could find some means of livelihood. She felt herself so well and strong, after the last year's experiences, that she could face the world without fear; and even if all the advantages she had had been denied her she would have rejoiced at the chance of freeing Andrew from the weight of her presence.

She would go back to the old business in a new country. She was not vain with respect to her professional powers; but she thought that she and Black George together would be a valuable acquisition to any circus, and looked forward, without doubt, to finding employment. She counted over her money by the light of the fire, and selected from it a sum of fifty dollars in small bills for early uses. Then securing both sums in the bosom of her dress, she lay down and addressed herself to sleep, with her saddle for a pillow.

She was awakened in the morning by the noise of the fowling-piece, and, rising suddenly, found herself alone. She ran to the door of the hut, and there beheld Master Tim rejoicedly tugging a huge wild turkey by the leg. He had shot the bird at point-blank distance, and was as proud of the achievement as if he had slain a dragon. It was very welcome to the two hungry stomachs, and the legs baked in the ashes of the rekindled fire made a meal at once delicious, substantial, and invigorating. There was enough left over from the feast to ensure a meal for midday in case of delay or accident, and Ella, wrapping the remains in cotton-wood leaves, stowed them away in her haversack.

Whether the shooting of the wild turkey had anything to do with it, or whether a sense of safety and adventure in combination inspired his small soul, need hardly be inquired, but Tim that morning was in splendid feather, and willing to go anywhere and dare anything. The soreness consequent on yesterday's ride took the steel out of him a little when he remounted, but as that wore away his spirits rose again and he began to chatter like a monkey.

"What are we going to do, Ma'am?" asked Tim, with fully recovered confidence in his own wisdom. "I reckon we've got to be something, aint we? We shall have to learn to fend for ourselves somehow. Can't reckon on shooting wild turkeys every day."

They were riding now more leisurely than they had done on the previous day, and Ella found a relief to her own thoughts in Tim's prattle.

"You'll find that everything will be all right, Tim," she answered. "I shall make it my business to take care of you."

Beyond that she would tell him nothing, not desiring that he should expose her projects by the way, if by any unlooked-for chance her escape should be suspected.

An hour after high noon they came to Floyd's trap, and, by good fortune, discovered a raft almost about to start. A Scottish trader, who had taken advantage of the freedom of the land to turn trigamist, was going down the stream with his Mexican wife and a brace of Indian squaws. A couple of mountaineers were returning to their homes in Louisiana; and the little Polish Jew, with the remnant of his stock of watches, was travelling east again to finish his sales and to replenish his pack. So that, on the whole, there was no lack of company. The river formed one of the natural and recognised routes to the civilised world, and Ella's appearance excited no surprise and but little comment. People without luggage travelled eastward every time a raft was floated. Even the man's saddle on which she rode called for no observation; a side-saddle, on the other hand, would have been somewhat of a special luxury, and would, probably, have been a good deal looked at.

The Scotch pedlar came in handy, for he had still a remnant of his pack with him; and Ella, having purchased scissors, needles, and thread, and thimble, and a length or two of decent woollen stuff, soon contrived respectable attire for herself. As for Tim, he was fully reconciled to his fate, and in a day or two had apparently taken command of the raft and was on terms of tolerant familiarity with the head raftsman.

The journey down was quiet and uneventful. A straggling body of Indians would be visible now and again, but offered them no molestation and took but little notice of their presence. In twelve days the raft had swung down as far as the mouth of the Naskutunga, and there the travellers found the Eliah Morris trading-steamer bound for Vicksburg. A week later the fugitive had finished her journey for the time being and had found sufficiently comfortable quarters in the Yazoo House.

Her arrival there had fallen upon a Friday. That and the two following days she spent in almost complete retirement; but on the Monday morning she descended for the first time to the public table of the hotel. There before a hungry little crowd was spread a true south-western breakfast. The capacious table was loaded with hot and cold roast meats of all kinds, poultry, game, buckwheat-cakes, oat-cakes, corn-cakes, eggs boiled and fried, water and mush melons, tomatoes, cooked pears and blackberries, sweet and Irish potatoes, bacon, hominy and beans, maple sugar, molasses, milk, cream, coffee, bread, butter, apples, peaches, and every kind of food the district could command. She seated herself before this plentiful and varied supply, and took her own share of it in silence. A man with an unusually bustling and important manner came banging into the room, and having slammed the door behind him, reopened it to shout a string of orders to somebody outside. His voice was good-humouredly loud and noisy, and recognisably English. Ella, at first, took no notice of him, and he, planting himself opposite to her, set to work with vigour on the eatables spread out before him. On a sudden the busy clatter of his knife and fork came to a halt, and, without looking at him, she knew that he was staring at her. She looked up involuntarily, and the newcomer, smiting the table violently with the hilt of his knife, rose to his feet and stretched his right hand across towards her.

"Why, Darric," he said, in answer to the look of surprise with which she regarded him, "you don't mean to say that you've forgotten me?"

"I'm afraid I have," she answered doubtfully.

The other breakfasters were staring at them, and had resigned their labours to do it thoroughly.

"Take another look," he said. "It's nineteen or twenty

years since we set eyes on each other at the very least; but I could have bet that you'd have known me anywhere. Come! I'll help you with a letter—H. I'll help you with another—E. Dash it all! I'll help you with another—R."

She rose to her feet with flushed face and sparkling eyes, and took the hand extended to her.

"Mr. Herrick!"

"That's me," said the noisy Briton, shaking her hand heartily. "The same old Jim. As much as there's left of him, that is."

"Well," she answered, still suffering him to retain her hand; "there are not many people in the world whom I should have been so pleased to meet. I was looking for you a year ago in England."

"Were you?" shouted Mr. Herrick, genially. "I should never have thought of looking here for you;" and with that and a final hand-shake he sat down to resume his breakfast.

Her companions at table had all been interested in the recognition; but finding that the small social drama was ended so far as they were concerned, devoted themselves once more to business.

"You and I must have a talk together, by-and-by," said Herrick, with his mouth full, and Ella merely nodding in reply, they finished their repast almost in silence. When they were left alone, Ella opened her mind at once.

"You are here on business, Mr. Herrick?"

"Yes," he answered; "the show's coming down river from Memphis. It's due here in an hour or two, and opens here to-night."

"Do you want help?"

"Do you mean your help?"

"Yes."

"You're game to join us?"

"I want to get back to work again."

"Right you are!" cried Herrick. "You're engaged. You may reckon that everything's sealed, signed, and delivered straight away!"

"How long do you take me for?" she asked.

"For as long as you like," he answered, "if you turn out what you used to be."

"I can do as good work as ever," she told him. "I have a splendid horse with me. He'll want training for the show, but I can manage that in three or four weeks."

"Well," said Herrick, with unbusinesslike candour, "you can, if anybody can." Then, dissembling his pleasure a little, he continued, "We won't say anything about salary yet; we'll talk about that when we see what you're like. I shall make a fair bargain, Darric."

"I know you will," she answered. "I can trust you for that—unless you're very changed indeed."

"The show," said Herrick, "is a ripper. It's A 1, first-class, copper-bottomed, and filled up with all the latest luxuries. We're going to sail right round the planet with it, Darric. Orleans, Havannah, Honolulu, Melbourne, Sydney, Bombay, Calcutta, Cape of Good Hope, and back to Old England. We'll see what you're like, and then, if you care to book clean through, you can."

"I shall be very glad to go," she answered simply. "I have been wanting for a long while to get to work again."

## CHAPTER XVI.

In the August of 1863—which is to say, after a lapse of seven years—a youngish American gentleman, very handsome, apparently very happy, and certainly very communicative, sat in a first-class railway carriage between Crewe and Stafford. He was dressed to the very highest point of refinement, and when silent had an air of marked distinction.

"Yes, Sir," he said, addressing his sole fellow-passenger; "I have made my pile and I count on spending a part of it in the Old World. The pile is not as big as your St. Paul's Cathedral, but it's bigger than a pea-nut, and, anyhow, it's big enough for me. My old dad, Sir, who has gone under this three years now, had no more notion that he was laying the foundations of an almighty big fortune than you or any other innocent British gentleman had at the same time. He bought twelve thousand acres of prairie and mountain land and built a log-hut on it. Silver City stands there now, Sir, and I own the freehold of it. Silver City, Sir, is no one-horse affair: it owns a church and a post-office and a theatre and a saw-mill; the population is increasing fast, both by natural causes and by immigration. The present war is stopping it some, but I hardly count on knowing the place when I get back."

"At the time of the Pike's Peak rush we fetched as much gold out of the land as would macadam the high-street of Paradise for half a mile. There's a great paying lode of silver, too; and I tell you, Sir, that if the family of Hooker should last for three or four generations it may, for wealth and consideration, knock your old Yew-ropean financial houses as high as a kite."

The gentleman to whom the young American addressed himself laughed good-humouredly, and said that he saw no reason to believe the contrary; he added that his fellow-traveller would seem to be an exceptionally fortunate young gentleman.

"You'll never find me saying 'No' to that, Sir. I have not got everything I should like, but I have got a heap more than I ever merited, and a heap more to the back of that than I should ever have had the cheek to ask for. There's some appointed to be lucky in this world, and there's some appointed to be unlucky. What? The appointments are not made by merit; but a man may be glad of his slice of the puddin' though he knows there are twenty more that have earned it fairer."

"You have friends in the Old World, I suppose?" his fellow-passenger asked him.

"I have, Sir," the young man responded, with a quiet emphasis of conviction. "I have three of the best friends, Sir, that man ever owned, and"—drawing out his watch, and consulting it with a smiling face—"I hope to be shaking hands with all three of them in half an hour from now. They're going to meet me, Sir, at the county town of Stafford."

"Indeed," said the other. "Your friends are Midland people then?"

"Yes, Sir," the American returned. "They are located at a place called Trenton, and I believe that they are not looked upon as being small potatoes there. The old gentleman got about the biggest haul in the way of a gold-find that any man has lighted on since this old planet began to spin. You may have heard, Sir, of the Wamdi Falls gold-find?"

"As it happens," the gentleman answered laughingly, "I hear a good deal of it. Mr. Deering is a neighbour of mine."

Mr. Hooker executed a solemn shake-hands.

"If you are a friend of Mr. Deering's, Sir," he said, with a grave warmth and seriousness which made the declaration more than respectable, "you are a friend of mine, Sir. Mr. Andrew Deering, Sir, is a man in a million."

"Mr. Deering," said the stranger; "is a very excellent man—a good neighbour and a good landlord."



"Waal, Sir," returned the American, "I'll tell you how it is, maybe. You don't get to know folks here as we do at home. Out there a man's got to be good grit all through or no account at all. Here you can shuffle along with all sorts, and it takes longer to find out who's got the grit and who hasn't. Now, Andrew Deering has, and you may play your pile to that at any minute."

As the train brought Mr. Hooker nearer to his destination he became uneasy, and consulted his watch at least once in every mile. He looked constantly out of window also, and gave every indication of a growing impatience.

"This country," he said, "don't look as if there was much of it—all packed up in little parcels—brushed and dusted and tidied, and as neat as a new pin. I should know it for a little country by the look of it; but there's room to spend some time in travel too."

But the train at last drew into Stafford Station, and the stranger, taking a benevolent interest in his travelling companion, saw him shaking hands with three people at once, he and his receivers all beaming with the friendliest gratification conceivable. Deering looked a little older, and had grown a trifle grey, but was ruddy and sturdy and as well set as ever. The Lieutenant had settled down a bit, with no great difference to look at, and yet with something there marked and definable. He looked like a man made—like a responsible man—in a word, he had the married aspect. Ada was matronly—young matronly, of course—and charming; but not the sun-bonneted and cotton-frocked damsel of Hooker's dreams and memories. He was half afraid of her in her silks, gloves, ribbons, and whatnot, and in the very fervour of his warmth could not conquer a certain shyness.

"Good-day, Deering," said the stranger from the carriage window.

"Good-day," cried Deering heartily back again. "Ada, there's Lord Barfield."

Hooker turned round and scrutinised his late companion, and exchanged a salute of Indian gravity with him as the train steamed away from the platform. "That gentleman and me," he said, "have rode all the way from Liverpool together. He never let on who he was, and we've had a very good time. If I'd have known he was a Lord I should probably have felt rowdy. I should have thought a Lord would have put frills on and have worn a lot bigger head than that man does."

"Oh!" cried Deering, laughing, "you'll find the British aristocracy bearable. We're fifteen miles away from home here, and we have arranged to lunch at the Swan, and then drive back in the afternoon. Is that mountain of luggage yours?"

"Yes, Sir," said Hooker. "There's something to it, it seems, when a man moves about in Yewrope. But you couldn't come out here in one buckskin shirt and turn it once a month for a change."

"Come, Mr. Hooker," said Ada, "there is one member of our party to whom you haven't spoken. You must be introduced to her at once. Ella, dear, come here!"

At this call a child of six, who had been staring with widely-rounded eyes at the stranger from the moment of his arrival, detached herself from a respectable, middle-aged woman, by whom she was accompanied, and advanced with a small hand outstretched. Hooker stooped and took it with a seriousness equal to her own.

"I am proud and charmed to have the honour of your acquaintance, Miss," he said; "I have had the news of your progress through the world mailed to me with great regularity. You've heard o' me? I'm Uncle Abraham."

"Uncle Hooker," said the child, as if she corrected him upon a point on which she felt that she had a right to her opinion.

"Waal, yes," he answered: "combine the two, my darling. Make it Uncle Abraham Hooker, and then we'll be about where we ought to be."

This ceremony of introduction over, they all drove gaily to the hotel, and sat down in high spirits to luncheon.

"By-the-way," cried Deering, suddenly, "I have to beg your pardon, Hooker. Here are half-a-dozen letters for you. Your banker sent them on from London, and they arrived this morning. I brought them on with me, thinking you might care to have them as soon as possible."

Hooker accepted the letters, and turned them over with some indifferent "Hums" and "Ha's," until, at the sight of the superscription of the last, a sudden expression of delight escaped him.

"Oh! I say, Mrs. Broadhurst," he cried, "you'll forgive me if I open this? This is the Old Crib Biter. I haven't seen

his fist for nigh on three years. We sha'n't forget the Old Crib Biter for one while, any of us, I reckon!"

Ada looked at him with a puzzled face and slightly-lifted eyebrows.

"You don't remember him?" he asked with a half-humorous, half-serious air. "Nor you, Broadhurst?" Griffith shook his head also. "Nor you, Mr. Deering?"

"No," said Deering; "I don't remember anybody who went by that name. Is it some old Western friend of ours?"

"Yes," said Hooker, drily, with the same air of blended humour and earnestness as before. "It's an old Western friend of ours. Let me see if I can't call him back again. Did anybody here ever hear tell of a place called 'Murphy's Mansions'?"

Well, yes; they said they had all heard of Murphy's Mansions; and Ada added very gravely that they had reason to remember the place.

"Maybe," said Hooker, "you can remember them infernal Rapahoos dancing and raving round the place for three days?"

"Remember him!" said Deering. "I'd travel a hundred miles any day to shake hands with him, and I'd go round the world to do him a service!"

"Waal," said Hooker with a chuckle, "we've got to the beaver's lodge at last. That's the Old Crib Biter. You didn't know him by that name? Why, bless your hearts, he wasn't known by any other within a hundred miles! You'll let me look at the Crib Biter's letter, won't you, Mrs. Broadhurst? The old boy's Colonel now," he went on as he skimmed over the letter. "He's got the command of Fort Garland—Bully, old boss! Hallo! here's news! Wait a minute! M—m, M—m, M—m!" he read on rapidly in a humming undertone, and then slamming an emphatic hand upon the letter, so that the table below it resounded, he looked up with an excited sparkle in his eyes. "Listen to this," he said, and so began to read aloud—

"Chapatanka, the Big Beaver, is a prisoner here. I've been after him this last seven years, and at last I've nailed him. He was the gentleman who led the assault on Murphy's when you were there, and when I came in just in time not to be too late. His folks have got three of our fellows, and I'm holding him for a hostage. He's an intelligent rascal, and I've had one or two longish yarns with him. He told me last night a story which I think will interest you. We could never get any record of the fate of the scoundrels who shot the half-breed messenger; but it seems now that the poor lady who lost her life in the fire left them between the Devil and the deep sea. The Raps came up with them, shot one, and captured the other four. I needn't tell you what they did with them. It wouldn't be pretty writing or pretty reading either. They lasted a month or two, and when it was plain they couldn't last any longer, they were finished. The act by which they really suffered was their own, and as lack a piece of villainy as ever was done on the face of the earth. I know pretty well what they went through, but, after all, my verdict's 'Serve 'em right.'"

"I say amen to that," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, Griffith!" cried his wife; "think of what the poor wretches must have endured!"

"Hear, hear!" cried Hooker in a half satiric nasal singsong. "And think of what they meant Abe Hooker, and his old man, and Mrs. Griffith Broadhurst!" He paused suddenly there, and rose with a face white with many mingled feelings. "The filthy rattlesnakes! Whatever the Redskins did to them," said Hooker, "they'd have done to every creature here, except that charming little angel at your side. They'd have done as much to every white—man, woman, and child—for fifty miles; and the men that suffered knew that, and meant it should be so. I tell you, Mrs. Broadhurst, if it hadn't been for that devoted lady, as the Old Biter calls her!"

His voice began to grow trencherous, and, turning away, he blew his nose with violence.

"We all know all about that," he added in a changed tone. "I ain't

running for Congress, but I do feel inclined to get upon the stump when I think of that woman. There now," he concluded, with a new break in his voice, "I can't talk about her, and that's flat."

There was a silence which endured for some three or four minutes, and was broken at length by some timid commonplace of Ada's. Even then some time passed on before the tide of conversation once more flowed freely. Hooker's three listeners knew all the story of which he knew only a part, and the memory of Deering's wife, though it had a halo of pity and of admiration round it, now brought many revivals of old pang with it. They cherished it, but they cherished it in silence.

"Let us be riding home," said Deering, in the cheery tone which had again grown customary with him. "I'll order the carriage."

So said so done. Hooker's luggage had already been stowed away in the brake. Little Ella's nurse took her place amongst it, and the others were passing towards the landau which stood outside in waiting when their progress was momentarily arrested by a portly personage. He wore a hat of unusual gloss, and carried more diamonds and more gold watch-chain than are commonly shown upon the person of a single gentleman. He flourished off his hat and bowed with a more than courtly grace as he stepped aside to make way for the advancing party.

"Herrick's Circus is here this evening, Madam and Gentlemen. I trust you may be induced to give it your patronage. The completest star combination in the world. Madame Garcia, 'La Reine Equestrienne de la Mexique,' and all the talent. All the talent, Madam and Gentlemen!"

He was so portly, so overwhelming, so oiled and glittering, so altogether splendid in voice and manner, that it was next to impossible to pass him by without a response.



She rode off to receive the roaring plaudits of the house.

"I don't think," said Griffith, "that any one of us forgets anything that belongs to that time, but I don't recall your correspondent."

"Maybe you remember when our last plug of lead was spent?"

"I remember that," Griffith answered.

"And the whole melancholy billing of us kneeling down," said Hooker, "and Mr. Deering speaking a prayer, and we all waiting to have our hair raised?"

"Oh! Mr. Hooker," cried Ada, "you don't think any one of us has forgotten one minute of those awful hours!"

She put her arm about her little daughter as she spoke, and drawing her close to her side gave her a vehement kiss.

"I see you haven't," said Hooker, with unusual dryness. A moment later he laughed aloud. "Lord, I haven't had time to think about these things for years. Do you remember Murphy's nigger hiding himself in the flour-barrel? What a sight he looked when he turned up again!"

"But who's the Old Crib Biter, Mr. Hooker?" Ada asked with pretended impatience. "Tell us that."

"He'd be nice and pleased, he would," returned Hooker, willfully postponing his answer, "to know as you'd forgotten him! Look here, all. Do you remember the Yankee boys cheering outside? Do you remember the first United States regular that got inside that thundering door and sung out—

'Saved, boys!'"



"Unfortunately, Sir," said Hooker, "we are not staying in the town. Much obliged to you, all the same, for your kind invitation. I should like to have seen the show," he added regretfully, as he moved away. "I'm dead nuts on a circus!"

"You can have your wish," Griffith answered with a laugh. "The circus, which appears to be represented by that superb gentleman, is coming to Trenton to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XVII.

The superb gentleman stood in the gateway to look after the departing equipage, which he saluted gracefully as it drove away, thereby earning for himself a certain consideration in the minds of passers-by who did not happen to observe that the salute was unnoticed and unreturned. He was a man who did all things with a flourish, as if, being prosperous and self-contented, he desired the world to know it. He drew out a cigar-case with a certain largeness of gesture not employed by common people, and even in his selection of a cigar he showed a freedom of movement which not one man in a million could gracefully have displayed over so trifling a business. When it came to striking a light, he squared his shoulders and displayed his cuffs as though he were about to perform a feat of wonder, and finally achieved his purpose with such a smiling swaggering consciousness of success that he half imposed upon the onlookers the belief that he had done something unusual and remarkable.

He stood puffing gloriously for a few minutes, and then lounged away with the air of a man whose time was his own. He was easily conscious of the attention his manners and adornment excited, and modestly gratified by it. A wayfaring man, though a fool, if he had only happened in the very least to be a student of manners, might have cried "Ring-master" at the first sight of him. The suggestion of the whip, the tan and sawdust, the careering lady in tights and gauze, and the painted visage of Mr. Merryman lived about him like an atmosphere. There was a bouquet of orange-peel in the air for the nostrils of fancy.

He walked in his lordly leisure to a very quiet quarter of the quiet town; and, pausing before a house of shabby genteel exterior, rang the bell and waited with nobody but one small boy to impress for the moment with his splendours, yet not bating one jot or tittle of them, if it were only for the sake of practice. A shabbily-respectable woman answered his summons.

"Madame Garcia is, of course, at home?"

"Yes, Sir," the woman answered; "she is in her sitting-room."

"Tell me seriously," he said, in a confidential tone, which like everything else about him, was over-emphasised, "how is she?"

"She is very poorly, poor lady," the woman answered; "how she ever manages to get through her business at night, in her state, I am sure I can't imagine, Mr. Herrick. It's her high spirit as helps her, but she is dreadfully pulled down since you was here last year."

He frowned and nodded with an exaggerated air of mournfulness and understanding, and, passing by the woman, rapped at a side-door in the hall. A voice from within bidding him enter, he obeyed, and closing the door behind him, walked forward a step or two, with something of the manner and aspect of a family doctor.

"Well, how are we now, Darrie?" he asked. "You'll be all right for to-night, do you think?"

"You needn't be afraid of me," she answered. "I shall manage to get through somehow, as I always have."

"I don't want you to rag yourself to pieces here," he said. "You've done two shows already, and the people know that the announcement of Madame Garcia isn't bogus. What I want you to do is to save yourself for the little places where we only stay one night. It'll be a great expense to change the bills—even where it isn't too late to do it."

"Leave me alone, Herrick," she answered with a little show of impatience. "You talk as if I were a baby. I have never disappointed the house yet, and I'm not going to begin it now."

"Oh, you'll run till you drop, I know—if you're left to yourself," said Herrick: "that's your sort. That's how you're made, and you can't help it. But I tell you what it is, Darrie: if you had stopped down in Torquay last Christmas as I asked you to, instead of coming on that beastly cold Scotch tour, you'd have been as right as ninepence by this time."

"Perhaps I might, Herrick," she said; "but I can't do without the show. I want the lights and the faces. The very smell of the place is good for me. I really do believe, if I were dying, if they took me out of bed and dressed me and put me on old George's back, I should get through somehow. I should live half an hour longer for it, if I dropped in the socket at the finish."

For a moment or two the superb creature forgot to display his perfection. He looked at her with a troubled face and gnawed the end of his cigar furiously.

"Look here, Darrie," he said suddenly, "I won't have you talk like this. You've signed a contract with me that's got three years to run yet, and by Gad you'll have to take care of yourself!"

"Ah!" she answered with a sigh, "there's something that dissolves all contracts, Jim."

"I won't have it," the man answered with a sullen fierceness; "you're fretting yourself into the grave! Why the devil don't you marry me and have done with it?"

"I can't, Herrick," she responded.

"Why can't you?" he asked desperately.

He could not help feeling outwardly superb, and had worn the fineries of the gentleman of the ring too long to cast them in an instant; but he was desperately in earnest for all that.

"Look here, Darrie: don't you be a fool," he said. "You might have had me when I was a lad if you'd have taken me. You might have had me any day this seven years. I might have been married five-and-twenty years ago if it hadn't been for you."

"You're a good fellow, Jim," she answered; "but you'd never have made me a husband and I should never have made you a wife. Isn't it time we gave up talking about that, Jim?"

"I'd make you a good husband, Darrie," he said, pulling at his cigar in a subdued desperation; "by God, I would! I'd make you a good husband!"

"Why, Herrick," she answered, "I'm an old woman. I'm forty-four last birthday. You're three-and-forty at the outside, and might marry a girl of twenty. Don't talk any more about it, please."

"Well," he said surlily; "I didn't mean to talk about it; I never do mean to talk about it. I know it's no good when I do; but it comes out now and then in spite of me. Look here," he added suddenly, with a complete change of tone. "Don't you show to-night: you're not fit for it."

"Don't ask me that," she said. "It's my best medicine. I'm quite serious and honest, Jim, dear. I shouldn't live a month without the show."

"Well, look here," he urged her. "See a doctor, anyhow."

She shook her head gently, but with a decision so marked that it left him helpless.

"You'll kill yourself," he added, "and that'll be the end of it. It's no use talking to you, I suppose. You've always had your way since I've known you, and I suppose you always will."

He was flinging from the room in some heat of temper, when she rose and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Don't go away angry," she said. "What's the use of that? I sha'n't."

"You won't what?" he asked almost savagely.

"I sha'n't have the chance to make you angry much longer, Jim."

The man dashed his hat upon the floor, and stood in silence, gnawing at his cigar.

"I don't know," he said at last. "I suppose there's something at the bottom of it all. I don't understand it. If you'd give me the right to take care of you you might live to be a grandmother. To think of the position you've got in the business, and to think of you being willing to lose it all—why, it makes a fellow mad! Well"—in answer to a pressure of her hand upon his shoulder—"I won't go away angry. You've made a fool of me ever since I was a lad—or, I've made a fool of myself. A bit of both, I dare say. Good afternoon, Darrie."

He stooped for his hat, picked it up, and, brushing it with his sleeve, surveyed somewhat mournfully a severe dint inflicted on the rim of the crown. Then, suddenly putting it on, he strode from the room, and made his way into the street. Almost at the door he was encountered by an undersized groom in impeccable coat, breeches, and tops, and with a hat as glossy as his own. He was belted, gloved, and spurred in readiness for the saddle, and saluted Herrick as he went by.

"You won't be wanted to-day, Tim," said Herrick. "Your mistress isn't well enough to go out."

"We'll see about that, Sir," Tim responded. "She is always the better for her afternoon ride, and I won't have it missed if I can help it."

Herrick strolled on gloomily, without further speech, and Tim, having rung at the door of the house, was immediately admitted.

"Not ready yet, Ma'am?" he asked on entering. "I don't want to bring the horses round for nothing."

"I sha'n't ride to-day, Tim," she answered.

"Now look here, Ma'am," said Tim, in a tone of almost fatherly remonstrance, "this is the third day in this blessed town, and you've took no exercise except at night. Not so much as a mouthful of fresh air have you drawn, except just in going from here to the tent and back again. That's suicide, that is. I aint going to stand by and see you kill yourself, not me."

"I don't care to ride just now, Tim," she made answer. "Go away, like a good boy, and let that be enough for you."

"I won't go away like a good boy," said Tim, with some asperity, "and I won't let that be enough for me. You've got to be took care of, and if you don't know what's good for you, Ma'am, there's them as does, and you must let yourself be guided. You're going all wrong, you are. You aint no more like what you used to be than"—He paused in vain for a simile, and rumbled his hair in his irritation at not finding one.

"I must save myself for my work, Tim," she answered; "and you must really be a good boy, and not trouble me."

"Work!" grumbled Tim. "You won't take a gentle breather, as would be the making of you, but you go and slave yourself to death, night after night, because you got some maggot in your head about its being your dooty! As if Herrick's Circus couldn't get along without you for a week!"

"Tim!" she cried, in a pretence of anger, "you forget yourself!"

"If I do, Ma'am," Tim returned, "it's only because I remember you. Do you think as I'm going to let all the benefit be on one side? Not if I knows it! You come out and take a gentle bit of a ride now," he continued, with a ludicrous change to a coaxing submissiveness, "now do, Ma'am!"

"I know you mean kindly," Ella said; "but you must not presume too far, Tim. I forgive you this, once more, but if you speak to me again in this way I shall be angry with you. Now you may go."

Tim withdrew, grumbling audibly, and marched into the street with an offended air.

"I'll go and grizzle my head off," he said. "Why can't a man be miserable for two?"

Ella sat alone, and, folding her hands in her lap, looked out on the shabby-genteel street with dreaming eyes. She was greatly changed, and without the paint and powder with which she was condemned to face the lights, had but few remnants of her old physical beauty. A beauty if another, a rarer and a finer sort, had grown into her face, and her eyes were full of an exquisite melancholy. She looked worn and pale, and her hands even more than her face showed signs of the ravage of constant care and recent illness.

For the second time since the one crime and folly of her life, she had come back into the neighbourhood from which she had run away much more than a score of years ago. The whole district was full of memories for her, and though her remembrances were with her constantly, they seemed to crowd about her more thickly here than elsewhere, as was natural. Most of us who have reached the age of forty have ghosts enough around us who push their faces between us and the printed page at lonely moments, or intrude themselves between the fire of solitary chambers and our eyes of reverie. But for her the ways of life were peopled with beings who moved only in the past, or with more shadowy creatures who moved in the world that might have been. And whether the things that have been or those that might have been and now could never be were bitterer in the contemplation of them, she could not tell. That obliteration of herself, which had seemed at first to promise peace, had failed her altogether.

To-morrow she was going on to Trenton, and though she had no fear that any creature there would remember her after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, she drifted towards the place with a profound inward reluctance. There still stood the home from which she had run away into such a dreadful maze of trouble. She had left its hearth cold this many and many a year; but to her unmanageable fancy the old forms sat around her. It was like the desecration of a sacred spot to go there, and yet, in the strongest and most natural contrast with her unwillingness, she was aware of a longing in her heart to see the place again. If she could have passed through it without the fanfare which everywhere accompanied the circus—could have gone like an unnoticed pilgrim to a shrine sacred to herself alone, she would gladly have given freedom to her longing. She had thought so much of herself and so little of others in her wild youth, that in her repentance she had trained herself too hard on the other side. The balance between Herrick's possible loss and her certain pains was hardly worth striking, the difference between the two was so widely disproportionate. But Herrick wished it, and she would go.

When the time came she made her way to the circus, where Herrick had contrived a dressing-room of unusual comfort in one of the travelling-vans. There she dressed for her nightly performance, and with the necessary aids looked beautiful again in her perfectly-fitting habit of dark green, her spotless cuffs and collar and the coquettish little hat that raked forward on the masses of her yet dark hair. Black George was saddled in readiness, and thrust his nose affectionately into her gloved hand as she approached. Herrick, white-waistcoated, white-gloved, and with his hair oiled and brushed to such perfection as only ring-masters and the barber's dummy know, came from the circle, whip in hand, to speak to her.

"You think you'll get through all right?" he asked her somewhat anxiously.

She looked at him, flushed and smiling.

"Why not?" she answered him.

Tim stood in waiting, and, tendering him her foot, she swung herself lightly into the saddle, adjusted her robe, and rode off to receive the roaring plaudits of the house. Herrick, standing at the entrance to the ring, admitted that she had never been more superb, with more power, or with a more delicate finish. But when it was all over she rode off a little drooping.

"Get someone to send me a cup of tea," she said, as she dismounted; and so, with the excitement all over, and the nervous reaction strong upon her, she walked slowly towards her dressing-room.

Five minutes later one of the women carrying the tea she had asked for knocked at the van-door, and, receiving no answer, entered to find the great equestrienne as white as death below her paint, extended in a swoon.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The three hosts and their guest drove gaily in charming weather through a pleasant country. An hour and a half brought them to the end of their journey, and the Westerner, who was very simple-minded on some sides, experienced an almost awe-struck feeling as the carriage, bowling swiftly over the great sweep of gravel, brought them suddenly in sight of the manor-house—a noble old building of the Tudor period.

"That's the house," said Deering, with some little pride. "I was born pretty close by here—at the Grange. That's a fine old place too, but it's in rather a different style of architecture, as you'll see."

There were two young gentlemen in the hall, naval officers and old chums of Griffith, and to these the new arrival was instantly presented. He shook hands with serious warmth with each, and to each offered the same observation—

"I am pleased to meet you, Sir. Any friend of Mr. Broadhurst's is a friend of mine."

The butler, a very responsible-looking old gentleman, grey-headed, clean-shaven, and of a rotund figure, had been hovering in the background. He came forward now to disembarass the visitor of his hat and gloves, and was a good deal amazed, though like the well-bred servant he was he did not show it, when the young fellow took him also by the hand, and went through the same hearty formula. The incident being allowed to pass in silence, though the two naval men grinned delightedly at each other, Hooker remained at perfect ease until the butler was dispatched to his chamber to inquire if he had everything he needed; then, discovering his error, he fell into a temporary confusion and distress of mind.

"Though I don't see," he said to himself, "how in thunder I was to know who the old coon was. I guess I'll be making a fool of myself lots of ways. I'd better do it here than anywhere else, for here, at least, I can trust 'em all to take it kindly."

He was not without excuses with regard to the butler, for that personage was altogether so stately to look at that he might have been taken for a banker, a bishop, the chairman of a railway board, or a member of the House of Commons. The reflection that Deering gave that eminently respectable person orders almost took the Westerner's breath away.

"I'll get a chap like that," he mused; "I reckon I can stand the racket." But a moment later he changed his mind. "No, I won't, though. I don't want to spend my days skulking round in fear of no man. It aint all beaver's tail and buffalo hump being rich. It's got tough and gristly streaks in it—yes, Sir."

New York had already in part inducted him into the uses of civilised man. But from the log-hut in the foot-hills to the frame-houses of Council Bluffs, thence to the yellow-brick tenements of Milwaukee, and thence again to the brown stone-fronted houses of Fifth-avenue, had been such an astonishing progress for him that, at each step, he had decided that nothing in the way of splendour, polish, and refinement could exist beyond it. But as far as Fifth-avenue passed Milwaukee, and as far as Milwaukee passed Council Bluffs, the old-fashioned and rather sombre splendours of the English country-house went beyond everything he had known. The suits of armour standing about the hall, the trophies of arms that hung upon the walls, the stained glass—which bore the devices of the old family, who had built the place between three and four centuries ago—had all a glory about them which no splendour of merely modern wealth could have imparted. In his own bed-room he found the walls panelled with native oak, beautifully carved and darkly lustrous with age. His bedstead was a monument of Elizabethan workmanship, grand and massive, like a catafalque; the hangings were of Flemish tapestry, and on the walls were rare old sconces of chased and polished English brass. The young Hooker, in fine, was almost ready to bow down and worship the furniture.

Ada was at home here, and so were her husband and her father. In his innate humility, Hooker thought he never could be, and wondered at the temerity which had inspired him seven years ago.

He dressed for dinner—an exercise in which he had learned to take an unexpected relish—and at the sound of the gong descended, looking very handsome and distinguished. His flowing and redundant locks had long since been brought under the barber's shears; and, except that he was better-looking than the average of men, he had come in all outer respects to be one of the ordinary civilised crowd. He found himself alone for a moment in the drawing-room, but was speedily joined there by Ada, who looked radiant as she entered the room with gleaming arms and shoulders, and jewels flashing on her bosom and in her hair.

"You must know, Mr. Hooker," she said, with an innocent archness which became her very prettily, "that I have settled into a hardened match-maker. I am so lucky as to have about me a bevy of the best and prettiest girls you ever saw; and I am determined, if I can, to make a Benedick of you."

Mr. Hooker first blushed, then laughed, and finally shook his head.

"I think," he said, "that the old woman meant me for a bachelor."

"You mean Dame Nature, I suppose?" Hooker nodded. "Well," said Ada, "I sha'n't pretend in the least to agree with you, and I warn you beforehand to expect the worst on my part."

"Mrs. Broadhurst," responded Hooker with a bow. "I

(Continued on page 35.)



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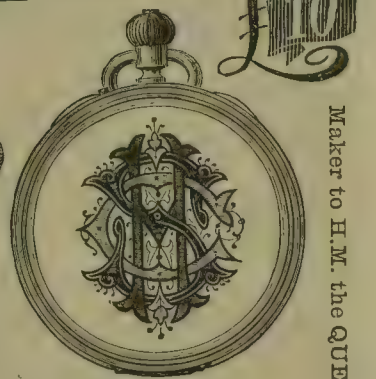
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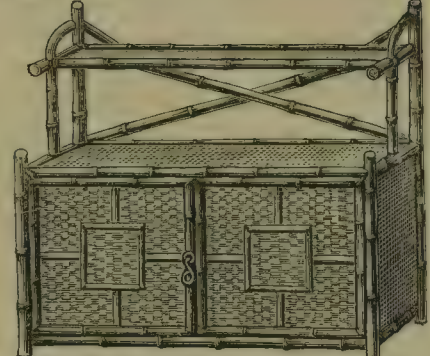
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haven't had a great deal of experience in that sort of warfare, but I promise you one thing: I'll die hard."

"Now, judging from your letters to Griffith," said Mrs. Broadhurst, "I should have thought you were practised already." Hooker blushed again, but smiled with an infinite dry innocent cunning. "The war seemed, to my thinking, to have been carried on pretty smartly in New York."

"Waal, you see," drawled Hooker, the sly smile mingled with a certain shyness, "there wasn't any time to lose, and they had to force the fighting. It was known I was coming over to the Old World, and they wanted"—

"What did they want?" asked Ada.

"I guess," he answered, "they wanted to keep the dollars for home consumption."

"Now, really," said Ada, raising her forefinger and shaking it at him with a mournful severity, "that's very cynical and very unlike you, Mr. Hooker. Four years ago you could neither have thought that nor have said it. You mustn't let prosperity spoil you, and you mustn't think that if a pretty girl is agreeable to you it is because she wants your dollars."

"If you'll tell me what to think, Mrs. Broadhurst," Hooker responded gallantly; "I'll try to think it."

"I see," said Ada, laughing, "you have grown cunning of fence. I shall introduce you in a minute or two to two delightful girls. Hush! they're coming. I can hear the rustle of their dresses."

At that instant entered two English girls obviously sisters, and each owning the most agreeable characteristics of the English young lady. They looked pretty, and modest, and sensible, and light-hearted, and had an air at once homely and refined. One was about nineteen years of age and the other a year younger.

"Mr. Hooker," said Ada; "this is Lady Edith Wray. This is Lady Ethel Wray. Mr. Hooker is our old neighbour in the West."

Neither of the two girls realised Hooker's idea of a lady of title, which was somewhat conventional. He remembered from his boyhood a picture of Lady Cornwallis in an appalling turban and an ermine tippet, and somehow his ideas of titled ladies were coloured by that early recollection. When he found time to think about it, he was rather pleased than otherwise at the shock fact had given to fancy.

The old-world tradition was most agreeably replaced by the modern development, and the two girls were so natural, so unaffectedly modest and self-possessed, that he was at his ease immediately. As for the ladies themselves, they laughed at him a little and with him a great deal, and before dinner was over he had made great inroads upon the friendship of both of them. The talk turned mainly upon Western themes, and Hooker, being once launched, gave a vivid description of the attack on Murphy's Mansions. Interested as he was in his own narrative, and deeply as his rough and picturesque way of telling it moved the strangers amongst his audience, he could not help feeling that for some reason or another his friends were a little ill-at-ease. There was a special constraint upon Ada, and both Deering and Broadhurst looked anxiously watchful at moments. Twice or thrice he noticed this, or thought he noticed it; but being unable to assign a reason for it, he set it down to fancy, and dismissed it from his mind. But when from the history of the Indian fight he plunged into that of the forest fire, Deering stretched a hand across his neighbour and laid it upon Hooker's on the table.

"I should tell you," he said, with a meaning look at his latest guest, and an emphatic grip of the hand which nobody remarked but Hooker, "that this is the man who was with my wife when she performed that last act of heroism, and that he risked his life to save her."

At the words "my wife" Hooker turned a swift glance of inquiry upon Deering, and, meeting his eye, read and understood so much that he went on with his story almost without a pause. He told it plainly and with no vigour; but his hearers set that fact down to Deering's interruption of him, without recognising its real object. When Hooker first had occasion to mention Ella, he spoke of her as Mrs. Deering, and from that moment the atmosphere of constraint disappeared completely.

"I oughtn't to have told that story here," he said. "I allow it was clumsy."

They passed to other themes, but he was *distract* all the time, and occasionally answered at random. The sudden

revelation of Ella's real connection with Deering had been a prodigious surprise to him, and it was not until long afterwards that he gave himself fair credit for the tact and readiness with which he had adapted himself to his new knowledge.

"We should have had half an hour alone together," Deering told him when the ladies had retired. "Do you care for any more wine?" he asked. "No? Nor I either. We have broad moonlight to-night, and we shan't be missed for half an hour, and I have something I should like to show you."

"Very well," said Hooker, "I'll just get out of this claw-hammer if you're going out, and, if you don't mind, I'll bring my old sassafras-root along. I've tried my hardest to cotton on to cigars; but I can't manage it anyhow."

"We'll meet in the hall in five minutes," said Deering. "Hooker and I," he added to the others, "are going out for a little stroll. We have had no chance for a private word with each other yet; but we'll be back in half an hour at latest. You won't be going upstairs before then, Griffith?"

and—there's no use in blinking it—she was wicked too. But if sorrow and repentance could atone for what she did, I know she paid for everything. It was a noble nature thrown away, Hooker. A fine heart ill-used, undisciplined, wasted."

They were at the lodge by this time, and the lodge-keeper, hearing their approaching footsteps, had already thrown open one side of the gate.

"We didn't pass through the village when we came," said Deering, in an assumed tone of cheerful commonplace, "so we'll turn to the right now and have a look at it." He cast an upward look at the skies. "The light will be on that side of the stone," he said. "You'll be able to read the inscription. Here. Stand here."

He took his companion by the arm and turned him round. They had been walking by the village churchyard, and the stones reclining this way and that, and the square old Norman church with its truncated tower scarcely rising higher than the roof, and the gentle landscape in the distance lay all in a silver dream steeped in the summer moonlight.

"There," said Deering in a trembling voice, pointing between the rails.

Hooker leaned forward and read—

"Sacred to the memory of Ella Deering, the beloved wife of Andrew Deering, who sacrificed her life to save her husband and her child. No stone marks her resting-place; but this monument is dedicated to her memory by her affectionate and sorrowing husband."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

"We will show you this morning, Mr. Hooker," said Ada, addressing her guest at breakfast, "something thoroughly English."

"Very pleased, I'm sure," he answered; "I want to see things just as English as I can find 'em."

"You are going to be impressed into the service yourself," Ada told him. "We are decorating the church for the harvest festival. Of course, Griffith and I were idle yesterday, and since that was entirely on your account, you will be expected to work for two to-day in atonement for our lost time."

Hooker, with an air of languor, murmured something about "constitutions enfeebled by early hardship"—at which everybody laughed. He promised, however, to do his best, and to submit himself to orders.

The Ladies Wray were enthusiastic amateurs in church decoration, and had not only drawn out an elaborate and striking plan, but had positively slaved to realise it. Half-a-dozen girls of the neighbourhood had been pressed into the service; but the local young gentlemen were shy, and, with the exception of the curate, Griffith was the sole male recruit. His part of the work consisted chiefly in smoking cigars in the churchyard, though he occasionally proffered advice and criticism, which were unanimously voted worthless.

"You mustn't allow Mr. Broadhurst's example to spoil you, Mr. Hooker," said the elder of the two young ladies. "His habits are dreadfully sailorlike, and he has no enthusiasm."

"The man who tries to spoil me," Hooker promised, "will suffer for it." And on this understanding they set out together. Little Ella seemed to take to Hooker by instinct, and accomplished the whole of the short distance between the manor-house and the church either upon his shoulder or clinging to his hand. It was an odd thing,

but during his rambles through civilisation Hooker had never lighted upon a child, and in all the wild free life of the foot-hills he had never so much as seen one. The dirty paposes carried on the backs of Indian squaws did not count, having, in point of fact, no closer resemblance to the civilised ideal of childhood than an ape has to a man. There was a marked childlikeness in the young fellow's own disposition, and he fell in love with little Ella immediately. The child knew it at once, and from the first moment of her acquaintance with him reposed all her confidence in him, and followed him about and frisked around him as an affectionate-minded puppy will do with the people he takes a fancy to.

In spite of the stoutness of his promises, he was betrayed into joining that Sadducee of a Lieutenant before the labour of church decoration was an hour old that day, and took to smoking with him, and yarn-spinning in quiet corners of the churchyard, returning to encounter grave rebuke. On all his idle excursions little Ella accompanied him, and, indeed, he made himself tacitly responsible for the child, who in the course of the morning was supposed to have been made entirely over to his protecting care.



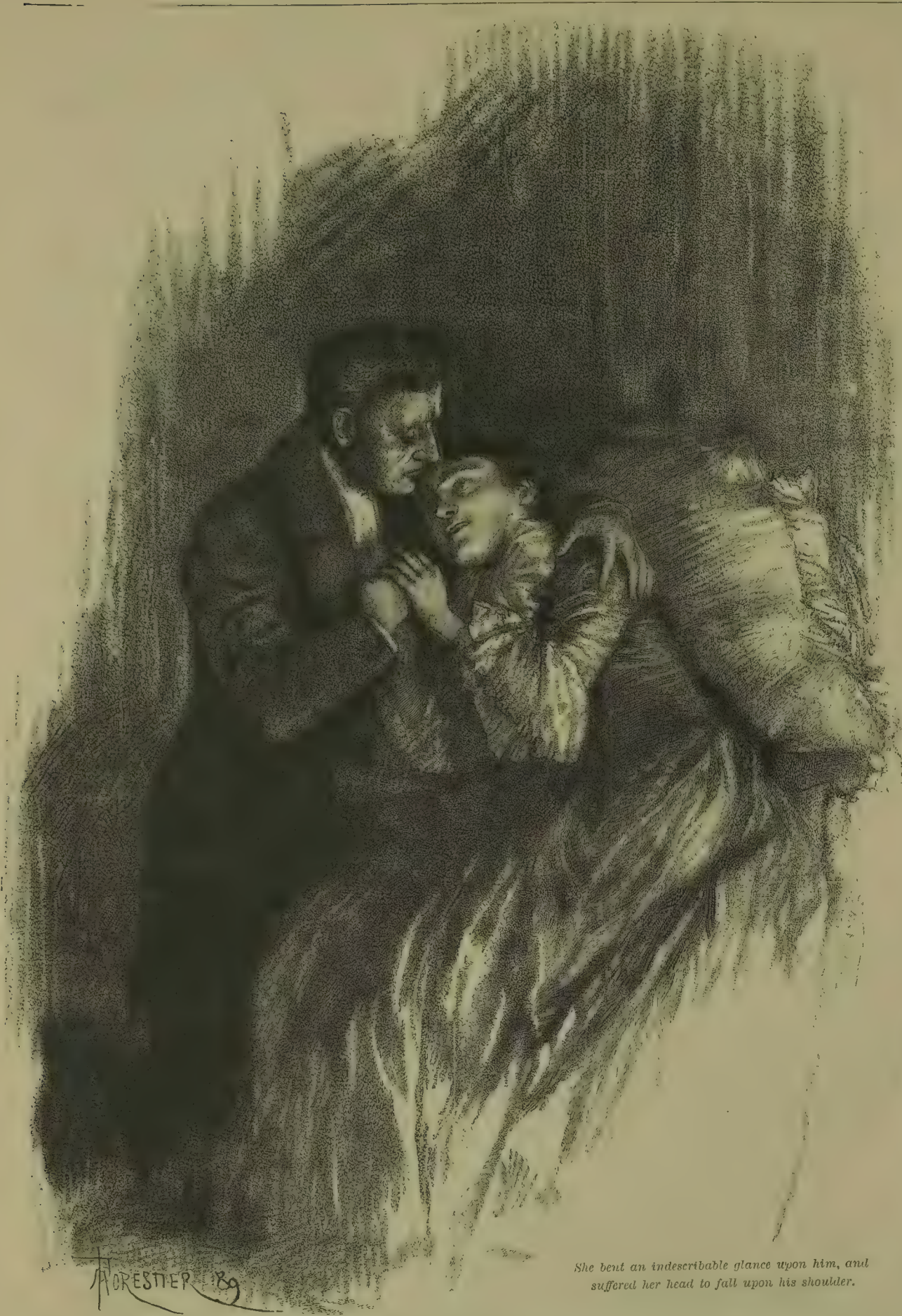
"Don't be frightened, darling! Don't let me frighten you!" the woman implored.

"No, no!" said the Lieutenant, who thought he divined the other's purpose. "We'll have our smoke out and leave the ladies to themselves till then."

A few minutes later Deering and Hooker were walking arm-in-arm down the drive.

"If I could," the elder said, "I would have told you earlier. It was natural that you should begin to talk of old times when we all got together again; and when Ada and Griffith invited their friends to meet you, I did not think of what might happen if you began to speak amongst comparative strangers. It's a painful history. It's a terrible history, Hooker; but it's an old story now, and, thank God, I've lived to be able to talk about it calmly. Years and years ago my wife ran away from me. She fell into deep distress, and I found her weak and almost starving. I took her to the Far West, where nobody knew either of us. There she took her maiden name of Elsworth, and it was supposed that she was some poor relative of mine. You know how and why she died, and I"—His voice faltered, and he had to pause to clear his throat; but a step or two later he went on in a drier tone. "I have many reasons to know how sincerely she repented for her fault. She was wild and wilful in her youth,





*She bent an indescribable glance upon him, and suffered her head to fall upon his shoulder.*

The sense of responsibility did not weigh upon him very heavily, and when the little creature made a great business of gathering wild flowers for the church decorators, he let her have her way, keeping only an occasional eye upon her comings and goings, and chattering tranquilly with his old comrade. Miss Ella, having secured half-a-dozen daisies, would gravely march into the church and surrender them, returning for more with an air of business purpose which was delightful to look at. By-and-by she began to forage further abroad, and coming on a knot of scarlet poppies under the churchyard wall, culled them, and went back to Mamma in triumph. This contribution being received, on account of its extreme uselessness, with louder acclamations than had greeted any of her former bounties, the child grew more resolved and enthusiastic yet, and, being free of her outdoor guardian's eye, ventured not only outside the gates, but right across the village green. It was a journey of some thirty or forty yards only, and her small footsteps led her directly to the village inn. The Red Dragon, as depicted on the signboard, was a blatant beast, but harmless, his chief expression being one of idiotic self-satisfaction—perhaps at finding himself unexpectedly in such peaceful quarters. He stared down directly upon the village street, and almost immediately under his Dragonship's nose was the garden of the rustic hostelry, with its faded green tables and benches and an arbour overgrown with clematis. At the sight of the clustering blossoms Miss Ella advanced eagerly, and standing on tiptoe to seize one of the lower bunches tried to break it off, but found it a tough undertaking. After a great struggle she succeeded, and, having in the course of her first effort discovered the knack, went on with vigour till she had both small hands quite full. Still eager for spoil she passed from the side of the arbour to the front, and there, behold! a lady in a riding-habit crying quietly to herself. The child stood with the blossoms in her hands and surveyed the stranger with that staid sincerity of inquiry which is peculiar to childhood. The lady, drying her eyes, looked up, and with a sudden pretence of there being nothing the matter spoke to her—

"Who are you, my pretty child?"

The child waived the subterfuge.

"What are you crying for?" the child asked. "When I'm grown to be a big woman I sha'n't cry."

"I hope you won't, I'm sure, dear," the lady answered.

"Then what are you crying for? Have you hurt yourself?"

"Indeed I have, my dear," the lady answered.

"Don't cry any more," said little Ella. "I'll give you a flower if you won't cry any more."

"Will you, darling?" said the lady. "Thank you. Will you give me a kiss as well?"

The little maiden, advancing with pity in her face, gave both the flower and the kiss that was asked of her.

"Oh! but you're crying again," she said; "and you promised you wouldn't cry any more if I gave you the flower!"

The lady dried her eyes once more, and made an effort to recover herself.

"Give me another flower, dear," she said. Her sadness was gentle enough to permit her to humour the child's mood. "Give me another and I will really be good this time and not cry any more."

"I can spare you one," said the child. "The rest are for grandmamma. Mamma's making the church pretty," she went on, "and I'm finding the flowers. But these are not for the church. They're nicer than the others, and I shall keep them for grandmamma."

"Do you often gather flowers for grandmamma, darling?" the lady asked.

"Oh! yes; very often," said little Ella. "Always on Sundays."

"And is grandmamma very fond of flowers?"

"I don't know," said the child, shaking her head with an unusual seriousness.

"You don't know, dear?"

"No," said the child; "I don't know. Nobody knows."

"Ah!" said the lady, putting an arm about her and drawing her to her side; "but everybody knows that grandmamma is very fond of her little granddaughter."

"No," the child answered, shaking her solemn little head; "nobody knows that either. Grandmamma's in heaven."

"And you gather the flowers," said the lady softly, "to put upon grandmamma's grave, dear child?"

"It isn't quite a grave," the child answered, "because grandmamma isn't there."

"Not there? Why, how can that be?"

"I'll show it to you, if you'll come with me," said little Ella; "it's not far away."

"Would you like me to see it, dear?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I should!" the child answered, with some sense of courtesy to a stranger expansive in her mind.

"Very well," the lady answered, rising and accepting her new companion's hand; "we will go together and look at it."

"It's a pretty monument," said the child, leading her. "Of course it's newer than the rest; but that makes no difference. It's all white marble," she prattled on, "and Nurse says it cost grandpapa a mint of money. But Nurse says grandpapa wouldn't mind that because he loved grandmamma. And he wouldn't, would he?"

"I suppose not, darling," the lady answered in a voice which was scarcely trustworthy.

"This is the monument," said the child, laying her flowers upon the low wall. She released the stranger's hand, and by the aid of the railings scrambled on to the top of the wall, which was no more than a foot and a half in height. "You see it says that grandmamma is not here."

"Read it to me, dear. Tell me what it says."

"Can't you read?" the child asked in grave astonishment. "I can read, and I'm ever so littler than you are."

"Yes, I can read, dear," the lady answered; "but I don't see well just now." Her eyes, indeed, were brimmed with tears; for she was thinking of her own lonely lot, and saw in fancy her own neglected and uncared-for grave, which might, if she had been an honest woman, have been made sacred by the ministration of some such innocent hands as these.

The child read, "Sacred to the memory of Ella Deering"—and the listener clutched the railings with a gasping, inward sob—"the beloved wife of Andrew Deering"—the childish voice piped on in a clear, monotonous treble, such as children use when reading or reciting their lessons—"who sacrificed her life to save her husband and her child. No stone marks her resting-place; but this monument is dedicated to her memory by her affectionate and sorrowing husband."

Little Ella stood suddenly terrified in the strange lady's grasp.

"Who are you, dear?" the woman asked her in a voice of terrible intensity. "What is your name?"

"My name is Ella," said the child.

"Don't be frightened, darling! Don't let me frighten you!" the woman implored, lifting her up from the ground and kneeling down beside her. "Tell me your other name."

"Broadhurst," said little Ella, and the strange lady, releasing her trembling hold, fell sideways, and lay still.

For a moment the little creature stood in terror, and then racing back to the churchyard gate, screamed affrightedly for "Uncle Hooker!" Hooker, lurking behind a tombstone near at hand, in solitary companionship with the sassafras-root, sprang to his feet and ran towards her.

"What's the matter, my pretty little angel?" he responded.

"The lady's hurt herself!" sobbed the affrighted child.

"Let's have a look," said Hooker, taking her in his arms. "Don't you cry, my dear. We'll put the lady right in a minute. Where is she?"

The child's gesture guided him, and once beyond the gate he saw the figure of a woman lying prone, and reached it in a dozen rapid paces. For the moment the shock of recognition was so terrible, even for him, that he held the railing to support himself. "Great Heaven!" he murmured half aloud. "At the foot of her own monument!"

## CHAPTER XX.

It was nighttime. A shaded lamp cast a dim light about an exquisitely furnished boudoir in the manor-house at Trenton. A wood-fire crackled with a cheerful sound and sparkled on the polished brass dogs in an open fire-place framed in black-carved oak. Ella, propped with pillows, sat beside it, her worn white hands hanging loosely at her knees, and her whole attitude expressing a profound fatigue. She was alone for the moment, though, since her unconscious steps had led her to this most unlooked-for goal, she had been left in solitude but rarely. She had awakened from her swoon to find herself in this chamber, and had since had every care lavished upon her that wealth and tenderness could supply. But for all that she was dying, and she was weary enough to be glad to know it.

She thought, though with no bitterness, that everybody about her must be glad to know it too. It was the one fact which made reconciliation possible; it was the one fact which made open tenderness possible. If she had returned in robust health, and if by any chance she had been found and detained by the gratitude and affection of those who belonged to her, the old pane of ice which had always stood between themselves and her could never have been melted, whatever warmth there might have been on either side of it.

The process of gradual decay had begun five years ago on shipboard. She had caught a dreadful cold in a heavy squall. She had insisted on staying on deck to watch the heaving seas and pelting rain, and had disdained the dangerous symptoms which showed themselves a few days later. Before she could be awakened to any sense of the necessity for precaution she was doomed. Perhaps she had even courted this danger as she had certainly courted many others. At least, she gave it welcome when it came.

For the last three or four weeks, since she had awakened to find herself in her husband's home, the dying prophecy of that poor little Irish lady, whom she had forgotten for years past, had come back into her mind. She remembered constantly how she had told her of her own wilful throwing away of home and husband and child. "You'll find them all"—the tone and the speaker's face were as clearly remembered as the words. "Dying folks see clearly, my darling; and I know you'll find them all!"

Well, she had found the home again, though not for long. She had found the child, and thought that she had found her not for the few brief hours of life alone, but for good and all, never again to be divided, save by that insignificant streak of darkness which lies between the narrow chambers of our earthly life and the measureless expanse of light and joy which dwells beyond it. She had not found Andrew yet in that sense, though if a less awful consciousness of her own past had lived about her she might perhaps have done so. But the very passion of her own desire for his complete forgiveness held her back from claiming it. To have asked for it, and to have seen it given with anything but the freest and most eager will would have been bitterer than even her own self-accusation. She was thinking thus when he came in noiselessly and stood beside her, bending over with one hand upon the back of the capacious arm-chair in which she sat. He had naturally been entertaining no guests of late except Hooker, who cared for him too sincerely to leave him at such a time; but that night he had been perforce compelled to receive a visitor and he was in evening dress; and poor Ella had always in her girlhood admired him most in that attire, and now looking feebly up at him thought in her worshipful and humble mind how handsome and noble and like a man he looked.

"You are better to-night?" he said gently. "You are out of pain?"

"I have no pain at all," she answered and there paused, trying vainly to find courage to speak her mind. At last she found it in a sudden desperation. "I know why."

She spoke in such a tremor that her voice was husky and

(Continued on page 39.)



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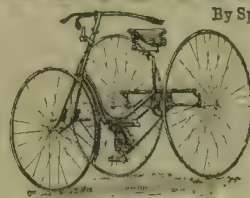
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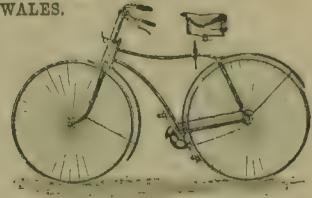
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her words scarcely audible. He bent lower, placing his right hand on the arm of the chair.

"I did not hear you," he said.

"I know why I am better," she spoke more clearly, though her voice was extremely faint and low. "I nursed an Irish lady years ago, Andy, who died in the same way."

"Hush," said Deering, "you must not talk of that."

"She was quite out of pain," Ella went on, as if she had not heard him, "the day she died. I have been thinking about her a great deal lately."

"You should choose brighter themes to think about," he answered, somewhat constrainedly.

"I can find nothing better," she answered; "nothing else so bright. She begged me to tell her, Andy, what I had done to be so alone and wretched. I couldn't tell her everything, for shame; but I did tell her that I'd thrown away my husband and my child and my home by my own wicked, wicked fault. She told me with her last breath, Andy, that I should find them all."

Then with a vivid swiftess, in which her old self shone out again, she seized his hand and fell upon her knees before him.

"Shall I find them, Andy? Shall I find them?"

He put his arm gently about her, lifted her, and placed her back in the chair before he answered—

"You have found them, Ella."

He obeyed instinctively the motion of her hand, and knelt beside her. She bent an indescribable glance upon him and suffered her head to fall upon his shoulder.

"I have found them all?" she asked, "All?" Then, with a sudden tempest of despair, "You can't forgive me, Andrew!"

"As truly as I hope to be forgiven," he answered. "I can tell you everything now, Ella. I loved you always; I don't believe I ever changed an hour, or ever could change. I had given you a place in my heart, and though I tried hard, I confess it, I could never drive you out."

She lay, weeping silently, upon his shoulder, with his arms about her and his hands soothing and caressing her. But there was one last flush of her old intense nature yet to come, and suddenly she threw her arms about him and, straining him to her bosom, kissed him on the forehead.

This was the end of Wild Darrie, for before his guarding arm had suffered her to fall back into her seat again she had breathed her last breath.

FINTS.

## A SECRET OF TELEGRAPH HILL.

BY  
BRET HARTE.

### CHAPTER I.

AS

Mr. Herbert Bly glanced for the first time at the house which was to be his future abode in San Francisco, he was somewhat startled. In that early period of feverish civic improvement, the street before it had been repeatedly graded and lowered until the dwelling—originally a pioneer suburban villa perched upon a slope of Telegraph Hill—now stood sixty feet above the side-walk, superposed like some Swiss chalet on successive galleries built in the sand-hill, and connected by a half-dozen distinct zigzag flights of wooden staircase. Stimulated, however, by the thought that the view from the top would be a fine one, and that existence there would have all the quaint originality of Robinson Crusoe's tree-dwelling, Mr. Bly began cheerfully to mount the steps. It should be premised that, although a recently-appointed clerk in a large banking-house, Mr. Bly was somewhat youthful and imaginative, and regarded the ascent as part of that "Excelsior" climbing pointed out by a great poet as a praiseworthy function of ambitious youth.

Reaching at last the level of the verandah, he turned to the view. The distant wooded shore of Contra Costa, the tossing white caps and dancing sails of the bay between, and the foreground at his feet of wharves and piers, with their reedlike jungles of masts and cordage, made up a bright, if somewhat material, picture. To his right rose the crest of the hill, historic and memorable as the site of the old semaphore telegraph, the tossing of whose gaunt arms formerly thrilled the citizens with tidings from the sea. Turning to the house, he recognised the prevailing style of light cottage architecture, although incongruously confined to narrow building plots and the civic regularity of a precise street frontage. Thus a dozen other villas, formerly scattered over the slope, had been laboriously displaced and moved to the rigorous parade line drawn by the street-surveyor, no matter how irregular and independent their design and structure. Happily, the few "scrub oaks" and low bushes which formed the scant vegetation of this vast sand dune offered no obstacle and suggested no incongruity. Beside the house before which Mr. Bly now stood, a prolific Madeira vine, quickened by the six months' sunshine, had alone survived the displacement of its foundations, and in its untrimmed luxuriance half hid the upper verandah from his view.

Still glowing with his exertion, the young man rang the bell and was admitted into a fair-sized drawing-room, whose tasteful and well-arranged furniture at once prepossessed him. An open piano, a sheet of music carelessly left on the stool, a novel lying face downwards on the table beside a skein of silk, and the distant rustle of a vanished skirt through an inner door, gave a suggestion of refined domesticity to the room that touched the fancy of the homeless and nomadic Bly. He was still enjoying, in half embarrassment, that vague and indescribable atmosphere of a refined woman's habitual presence, when the door opened and the mistress of the house formally presented herself.

She was a faded but still handsome woman. Yet she wore that peculiar long, limp, formless house-shawl which in certain phases of Anglo-Saxon spinster and widow hood assumes the functions of the recluse's veil and announces the renunciation of worldly vanities and a resigned indifference to external feminine contour. The most audacious masculine arm would shrink from claspings that shapeless void in which the flatness of asceticism or the heavings of passion might alike lie buried. She had also in some mysterious way imported into the fresh and pleasant room a certain bombaziny shadow of the past, and a suggestion of that appalling reminiscence known as "better days." Though why it should be always represented by ashen memories, or why better days

in the past should be supposed to fix their fitting symbol in depression in the present, Mr. Bly was too young and too pre-occupied at the moment to determine. He only knew that he was a little frightened of her, and fixed his gaze with a hopeless fascination on a letter which she somewhat portentously carried under the shawl, and which seemed already to have yellowed in its Arctic shade.

"Mr. Carstone has written to me that you would call," said Mrs. Brooks, with languid formality. "Mr. Carstone was a valued friend of my late husband, and I suppose has told you the circumstances—the only circumstances—which admit of my entertaining his proposition of taking anybody, even temporarily, under my roof. The absence of my dear son for six months at Portland, Oregon, enables me to place his room at the disposal of Mr. Carstone's young protégé; who, Mr. Carstone tells me, and I have every reason to believe, is, if perhaps not so seriously inclined nor yet a Church communicant, still of a character and reputation not unworthy to follow my dear Tappington in our little family circle, as he has at his desk in the bank."

The sensitive Bly, struggling painfully out of an abstraction as to how he was ever to offer the weekly rent of his lodgings to such a remote and respectable person, and also somewhat embarrassed at being appealed to in the third person, here started and bowed.

"The name of Bly is not unfamiliar to me," continued Mrs. Brooks, pointing to a chair and sinking resignedly into another, where her baleful shawl at once assumed the appearance of a dust-cover, "some of my dearest friends were intimate with the Blys of Philadelphia. They were a branch of the Maryland Blys of the eastern shore, one of whom my Uncle James married. Perhaps you are distantly related?"

Mrs. Brooks was perfectly aware that her visitor was of unknown Western origin, and a poor but clever protégé of the rich banker; but she was one of a certain class of American women who, in the midst of a fierce democracy, are more or less cat-like conservators of family pride and lineage, and more or less felinely inconsistent and treacherous to Republican principles. Bly, who had just settled in his mind to send her the rent anonymously—as a weekly valentine—recovered himself and his spirits in his usual boyish fashion.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Brooks," he said gaily, "I cannot lay claim to any distinguished relationship, even to that 'Nelly Bly' who, you remember, 'winked her eye when she went to sleep.'" He stopped in consternation. The terrible conviction flashed upon him that this quotation from a popular negro-minstrel song could not possibly be "remembered" by a lady as refined as his hostess, or even known to her superior son. The conviction was intensified by Mrs. Brooks rising with a smileless face, slightly shedding the possible vulgarity with a shake of her shawl, and remarking that she would show him her son's room, led the way up-stairs to the apartment recently vacated by the perfect Tappington.

Preceded by the same distant flutter of unseen skirts in the passage which he had first noticed on entering the drawing-room, and which evidently did not proceed from his companion, whose self-composed composure would have repressed any such indecorous agitation, Mr. Bly stepped timidly into the room. It was a very pretty apartment, suggesting the same touches of tasteful refinement in its furniture and appointments, and, withal, so feminine in its neatness and regularity, that conscious of his frontier habits and experience, he felt at once repulsively incongruous. "I cannot expect, Mr. Bly," said Mrs. Brooks, resignedly, "that you can share my son's extreme sensitiveness to disorder and irregularity; but I must beg you to avoid as much as possible disturbing the arrangement of the book-shelves, which, you observe, comprise his books of serious reference, the Biblical commentaries, and the sermons that were his habitual study. I must beg you to exercise the same care in reference to the valuable offerings from his Sabbath-school scholars, which are upon the mantel. The embroidered book-marker, the gift of the young ladies of his Bible-class in Dr. Stout's church, is also, you perceive, kept for ornament and affectionate remembrance. The harmonium—even if you are not yourself given to sacred song—I trust you will not find in your way, nor object to my daughter

continuing her practice during your daily absence. Thank you. The door you are looking at leads by a flight of steps to the side street."

"A very convenient arrangement," said Bly, hopefully, who saw a chance for an occasional unostentatious escape from a too protracted contemplation of Tappington's perfections. "I mean," he added hurriedly, "to avoid disturbing you at night."

"I believe my son had neither the necessity nor desire to use it for that purpose," returned Mrs. Brooks, severely; "although he found it sometimes a convenient short cut to church on Sabbath when he was late."

Bly, who in his boyish sensitiveness to external impressions had by this time concluded that a life divided between the past perfections of Tappington and the present renunciations of Mrs. Brooks would be intolerable, and was again abstractedly inventing some delicate excuse for withdrawing without committing himself further, was here suddenly attracted by a repetition of the rustling of the unseen skirt. This time it was nearer, and this time it seemed to strike even Mrs. Brooks's remote preoccupation. "My daughter, who is deeply devoted to her brother," she said, slightly raising her voice, "will take upon herself the care of looking after Tappington's precious mementoes, and spare you the trouble. Cherry, dear! this way. This is the young gentleman spoken of by Mr. Carstone, your papa's friend. My daughter Cherubina, Mr. Bly."

The fair owner of the rustling skirt, which turned out to be a pretty French print, had appeared at the doorway. She was a tall, slim blonde, with a shy, startled manner, as of a penitent nun who was suffering from some conventual transgression—a resemblance that was heightened by her short-cut hair, that might have been cropped as if for punishment. A certain likeness to her mother suggested that she was qualifying for that saint's ascetic shawl—subject, however, to rebellious intervals, indicated in the occasional sidelong fires of her grey eyes. Yet the vague impression that she knew more of the world than her mother, and that she did not look at all as if her name was Cherubina, struck Bly in the same momentary glance.

"Mr. Bly is naturally pleased with what he has seen of our dear Tappington's appointments; and as I gather from Mr. Carstone's letter that he is anxious to enter at once and make the most of the dear boy's absence, you will see, my dear Cherry, that Ellen has everything ready for him."

Before the unfortunate Bly could explain or protest, the young girl lifted her grey eyes to his. Whether she had perceived and understood his perplexity he could not tell; but the swift, shy glance was at once appealing, assuring, and intelligent. She was certainly unlike her mother and brother! Acting with his usual impulsiveness, he forgot his previous resolution, and before he left had engaged to begin his occupation of the room on the following day.

The next afternoon found him installed. Yet, after he had unpacked his modest possessions and put them away, after he had placed his few books on the shelves, where they looked glaringly trivial and frivolous beside the late tenant's severe studies; after he had set out his scanty treasures in the way of photographs and some curious mementoes of his wandering life, and then quickly put them back again with a sudden angry pride at exposing them to the unsympathetic incongruity of the other ornaments, he, nevertheless, felt ill at ease. He glanced in vain around the pretty room. It was not the delicately-flowered wall-paper; it was not the white and blue muslin window-curtains gracefully tied up with blue and white ribbons; it was not the spotless bed, with its blue and white festooned mosquito-net and flounced valances, and its medallion portrait of an unknown bishop at the back; it was not the few tastefully-framed engravings of certain cardinal virtues, "The Rock of Ages," and "The Guardian Angel"; it was not the casts in relief of "Night" and "Morning"; it was certainly not the cosy dimity-covered arm-chairs and sofa, nor yet the clean-waxed polished grate with its cheerful fire sparkling against the chill afternoon sea-fogs without. Neither was it the mere feminine suggestion, for that touched a sympathetic chord in his impulsive nature; nor the religious and ascetic influence, for he had occupied a monastic cell in a school of the Padres at an old Mission, and



She sat down upon the music-stool, slightly bending forward, with one long, slim white hand on top of the other, resting over her crossed knees.



slept profoundly;—it was none of those, and yet a part of all. Most habitations retain a cast or shell of their previous tenant that, fitting tightly or loosely, is still able to adjust itself to the new-comer; in most occupied apartments there is still a shadowy suggestion of the owner's individuality: there was nothing here that fitted Bly—nor was there either, strange to say, any evidence of the past proprietor in this inhospitality of sensation. It did not strike him at the time that it was this very lack of individuality which made it weird and unreal, that it was strange only because it was artificial, and that a real Tappington had never inhabited it.

He walked to the window—that never-failing resource of the unquiet mind—and looked out. He was a little surprised to find that, owing to the grading of the house, the scrub oaks and bushes of the hill were nearly on the level of his window, as also was the adjoining side street on which his second door actually gave. Opening this, the sudden invasion of the sea-fog, and the figure of a pedestrian casually passing along the disused and abandoned pavement not a dozen feet from where he had been comfortably seated, presented such a striking contrast to the studious quiet and cosiness of his secluded apartment that he hurriedly closed the door again with a sense of indiscreet exposure. Returning to the window, he glanced to the left, and found that he was overlooked by the side verandah of another villa in the rear, evidently on its way to take up position on the line of the street. Although in actual and deliberate transit on rollers across the backyard and still occupying a part of the view, it remained, after the reckless fashion of the period, inhabited. Certainly with a door fronting a thoroughfare, and a neighbour gradually approaching him, he would not feel lonely or lack excitement.

He drew his arm-chair to the fire and tried to realise the all-pervading, yet evasive Tappington. There was no portrait of him in the house, and although Mrs. Brooks had said that he "favoured" his sister, Bly had, without knowing why, instinctively resented it. He had even timidly asked his employer, and had received the vague reply that he was "good-looking enough," and the practical but discomposing retort, "What do you want to know for?" As he really did not know why, the inquiry had dropped. He stared at the monumental crystal inkstand half full of ink, yet spotless and free from stains, that stood on the table, and tried to picture Tappington daintily dipping into it to thank the fair donors—"daughters of Rebecca." Who were they? and what sort of man would they naturally feel grateful to?

What was that?

He turned to the window, which had just resounded to a slight tap or blow, as if something soft had struck it. With an instinctive suspicion of the propinquity of the adjoining street he rose, but a single glance from the window satisfied him that no missile would have reached it from thence. He scanned the low bushes on the level before him: certainly no one could be hiding there. He lifted his eyes towards the house on the left; the curtains of the nearest window appeared to be drawn suddenly at the same moment. Could it have come from there? Looking down upon the window-ledge, there lay the mysterious missile—a little misshapen ball. He opened the window and took it up. It was a small handkerchief tied into a soft knot, and dampened with water to give it the necessary weight as a projectile.

Was it apparently the trick of a mischievous child? or—

But here a faint knock on the door leading into the hall checked his inquiry. He opened it sharply in his excitement, and was embarrassed to find the daughter of his hostess standing there, shy, startled and evidently equally embarrassed by his abrupt response.

"Mother only wanted me to ask you if Ellen had put everything to rights," she said, making a step backwards.

"Oh, thank you. Perfectly," said Herbert with effusion.

"Nothing could be better done. In fact?"

"You're quite sure she hasn't forgotten anything? or that there isn't anything you would like changed?" she continued with her eyes levelled on the floor.

"Nothing, I assure you," he said, looking at her downcast lashes. As she still remained motionless, he continued cheerfully, "Would you—would you—care to look round and see?"

"No; I thank you."

There was an awkward pause. He still continued to hold the door open. Suddenly, she moved forward with a school-girl stride, entered the room, and going to the harmonium, sat down upon the music-stool beside it, slightly bending forward, with one long, slim white hand on top of the other, resting over her crossed knees.

Herbert was a little puzzled. It was the awkward and brusque act of a very young person, and yet nothing now could be more gentle and self-composed than her figure and attitude.

"Yes," he continued smilingly; "I am only afraid that I may not be able to live quite up to the neatness and regularity of the example I find here everywhere. You know I am dreadfully careless and not at all orderly. I shudder to think what may happen: but you and your mother, Miss Brooks, I trust, will make up your minds to overlook and forgive a good deal. I shall do my best to be worthy of Mr. Tap—of my predecessor—but even then I am afraid you'll find me a great bother."

She raised her shy eyelids. The faintest ghost of a long-buried dimple came into her pale cheek as she said softly, to his utter consternation—

"Rats!"

Had she uttered an oath he could not have been more startled than he was by this choice gem of Western saloon-slang from the pure lips of this Evangeline-like figure before him. He sat gazing at her with a wild, hysteric desire to laugh. She lifted her eyes again, swept him with a slightly terrified glance, and said—

"Tap says you all say that when anyone makes-believe politeness to you."

"Oh, your brother says that, does he?" said Herbert, laughing.

"Yes, and sometimes 'old rats.' But," she continued hurriedly, "he doesn't say it. He says you all do. My brother is very particular, and very good. Doctor Stout loves him. He is thought very much of in all Christian circles. That book-mark was given to him by one of his classes."

Every trace of her dimples had vanished. She looked so sweetly grave and, withal, so maidenly, sitting there slightly smoothing the lengths of her pink fingers, that Herbert was somewhat embarrassed.

"But I assure you, Miss Brooks, I was not making believe. I am really very careless, and everything is so proper—I mean so neat and pretty—here that I"—he stopped, and observing the same backward wandering of her eye as of a filly about to shy, quickly changed the subject. "You have, or are about to have, neighbours?" he said, glancing towards the windows as he recalled the incident of a moment before.

"Yes; and they're not at all nice people. They are from Pike County, and very queer. They came across the plains in '50. They say 'Stranger'; the men are vulgar, and the girls very forward. Tap forbids my ever going to the window and looking at them. They're quite what you would call 'off colour.'"

Herbert, who did not dare to say that he never would have dreamed of using such an expression in any young girl's presence, was plunged into silent consternation.

"Then your brother doesn't approve of them?" he said at last, awkwardly.

"Oh, not at all. He even talked of having ground-glass put in all these windows, only it would make the light bad."

Herbert felt very awkward. If the mysterious missile came from these objectionable young persons it was evidently because they thought they had detected a more accessible and sympathising individual in the stranger who now occupied the room. He concluded he had better not say anything about it.

Miss Brooks's golden eyelashes were bent towards the floor. "Do you play sacred music, Mr. Bly?" she said, without raising them.

"I am afraid not."

"Perhaps you know only negro-minstrel songs?"

"I am afraid—yes."

"I know one." The dimples faintly came back again.

"It's called 'The Ham-fat Man.' Some day when mother isn't in I'll play it for you."

Then the dimples fled again, and she immediately looked so distressed that Herbert came to her assistance.

"I suppose your brother taught you that, too?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she returned, with her frightened glance;

"I only heard him say some people preferred that kind of thing to sacred music, and one day I saw a copy of it in a music-store window in Clay-street, and bought it." Oh, no! Tappington didn't teach it to me."

In the pleasant discovery that she was at times independent of her brother's perfections, Herbert smiled, and sympathetically drew a step nearer to her. She rose at once, somewhat primly holding back the sides of her skirt, schoolgirl fashion, with thumb and finger, and her eyes cast down.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Bly."

"Must you go? Good afternoon."

She walked directly to the open door, looking very tall



To his utter consternation, looking down he saw a pack of playing-cards strewn at his feet.

and stately as she did so, but without turning towards him. When she reached it she lifted her eyes, there was the slightest suggestion of a return of her dimples in the relaxation of her grave little mouth. Then she said, "Good-bye, Mr. Bly," and departed.

The skirt of her dress rustled for an instant in the passage. Herbert looked after her. "I wonder if she skipped then—she looks like a girl that might skip at such a time," he said to himself. "How very odd she is—and how simple! But I must pull her up in that slang when I know her better. Fancy her brother telling her that! What a pair they must be!" Nevertheless, when he turned back into the room again he forbore going to the window to indulge further curiosity in regard to his wicked neighbours. A certain new feeling of respect to his late companion—and possibly to himself—held him in check. Much as he resented Tappington's perfections, he resented quite as warmly the presumption that he was not quite as perfect which was implied in that mysterious overture. He glanced at the stool on which she had been sitting with a half-brotherly smile, and put it reverently on one side with a very vivid recollection of her shy, maidenly figure. In some mysterious way, too, the room seemed to have lost its formal strangeness; perhaps it was the touch of individuality—hers—that had been wanting? He began thoughtfully to dress himself for his regular dinner at The Poodle Dog Restaurant, and when he left the room he turned back to look once more at the stool where she had sat. Even on his way to that fast and famous café of the period, he felt, for the first time in his thoughtless but lonely life, the gentle security of the home he had left behind him.

## CHAPTER II.

It was three or four days before he became firmly adjusted to his new quarters. During this time he had met Cherry casually on the staircase, in going or coming, and received her shy greetings; but she had not repeated her visit, nor again alluded to it. He had spent part of a formal evening in the parlour in company with a calling deacon, who, unappalled by the Indian shawl for which the widow had exchanged her household ceremonies on such occasions, appeared to Herbert to have remote matrimonial designs, as far at least as a sympathetic deprecation of the vanities of the present,

an echoing of her sighs like a modest encore, a preternatural gentility of manner, a vague allusion to the necessity of bearing "one another's burdens," and an everlasting "promise" in store, would seem to imply. To Herbert's vivid imagination, a discussion on the doctrinal points of last Sabbath's sermon was fraught with delicate suggestion; and an acceptance by the widow of an appointment to attend the Wednesday evening "Lectures" had all the shy, reluctant yielding of a granted rendezvous. Oddly enough, the more formal attitude seemed to be reserved for the young people, who, in the suggestive atmosphere of this spiritual flirtation, alone appeared to preserve the proprieties and, to some extent, decorously chaperon their elders. Herbert gravely turned the leaves of Cherry's music while she played and sang one or two discreet but depressing songs expressive of her unalterable but proper devotion to her mother's clock, her father's arm-chair, and her aunt's Bible; and Herbert joined somewhat boyishly in the soul-subduing refrain. Only once he ventured to suggest in a whisper that he would like to add her music-stool to the adorable inventory; but he was met by such a disturbed and terrified look that he desisted. "Another night of this wild and reckless dissipation will finish me," he said lugubriously to himself, when he reached the solitude of his room. "I wonder how many times a week I'd have to help the girl play the spiritual gooseberry downstairs before we could have any fun ourselves?"

Here the sound of distant laughter, interspersed with vivacious feminine shrieks, came through the open window. He glanced between the curtains. His neighbour's house was brilliantly lit, and the shadows of a few romping figures were chasing each other across the muslin shades of the windows. The objectionable young women were evidently enjoying themselves. In some conditions of the mind there is a certain exasperation in the spectacle of unintelligible enjoyment, and he shut the window sharply. At the same moment someone knocked at his door.

It was Miss Brooks, who had just come up-stairs.

"Will you please let me have my music-stool?"

He stared at her a moment in surprise, then recovering himself, said, "Yes, certainly," and brought the stool. For an instant he was tempted to ask why she wanted it, but his pride forbade him.

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"I hope it wasn't in your way?"

"Not at all."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

She vanished. Herbert was perplexed. Between young ladies whose naive exuberance impelled them to throw handkerchiefs at his window and young ladies whose equally naive modesty demanded the withdrawal from his bed-room of a chair on which they had once sat, his lot seemed to have fallen in a troubled locality. Yet a day or two later he heard Cherry practising on the harmonium as he was ascending the stairs on his return from business; she had departed before he entered the room, but had left the music-stool behind her. It was not again removed.

One Sunday, the second or third of his tenancy, when Cherry and her mother were at church, and he had finished some work that he had brought from the bank, his former restlessness and sense of strangeness returned. The regular afternoon fog had thickened early, and driving him back from a cheerless, chilly ramble on the hill, had left him still more depressed and solitary. In sheer desperation he moved some of the furniture, and changed the disposition of several smaller ornaments. Growing bolder, he even attacked the sacred shelf devoted to Tappington's serious literature and moral studies. At first glance the book of sermons looked suspiciously fresh and new for a volume of habitual reference, but its leaves were carefully cut, and contained one or two book-marks. It was only another evidence of that perfect youth's care and neatness. As he was replacing it he noticed a small object folded in white paper at the back of the shelf. To put the book back into its former position it was necessary to take this out. He did so, but its contents slid from his fingers and the paper to the floor. To his utter consternation, looking down he saw a pack of playing-cards strewn at his feet!

He hurriedly picked them up. They were worn and slippery from use, and exhaled a faint odour of tobacco. Had they been left there by some temporary visitor unknown to Tappington and his family, or had they been hastily hidden by a servant? Yet they were of a make and texture superior to those that a servant would possess; looking at them carefully he recognised them to be of a quality used by the better-class gamblers. Restoring them carefully to their former position, he was tempted to take out the other volumes, and was rewarded with the further discovery of a small box of ivory counters, known as "poker-chips." It was really very extraordinary! It was quite the cache of some habitual gambler. Herbert smiled grimly at the irreverent incongruity of the hiding-place selected by its unknown and mysterious owner, and amused himself by fancying the horror of his sainted predecessor had he made the discovery. He determined to replace them, and to put some mark upon the volumes before them in order to detect any future disturbance of them in his absence.

Ought he not to take Miss Brooks in his confidence? Or should he say nothing about it at present, and trust to chance to discover the sacrilegious hider? Could it possibly be Cherry herself, guilty of the same innocent curiosity that had impelled her to buy the "Ham-fat Man"? Preposterous! Besides, the cards had been used, and she could not play poker alone!

He watched the rolling fog extinguish the line of Russian Hill, the last bit of far perspective from his window. He glanced at his neighbour's verandah, already dripping with moisture; the windows were blank; he remembered to have heard the girls giggling in passing down the side street on their way to church, and had noticed from behind his own curtains that one was rather pretty. This led him to think of Cherry again, and to recall the quaint, yet melancholy, grace of her figure as she sat on the stool opposite. Why had she withdrawn it so abruptly? Did she consider his jesting allusion to it indecorous and presuming? Had he really meant it seriously; and was he beginning to think too much about her? Would she ever come again? How nice it would be if she returned from church alone early, and they could have a comfortable chat together here! Would she sing the "Ham-fat Man" for him? Would the dimples come back if she did? Should he ever know more of this quaint repressed side of her nature? After all, what a dear, graceful, tantalising, loveable creature she was! Ought he not, at all hazards, try to know her better? Might it not be here that he would find a perfect realisation of his boyish dreams, and in her all that—what nonsense he was thinking!

Suddenly Herbert was startled by the sound of a light but hurried foot upon the wooden outer step of his second door, and the quick but ineffective turning of the door-handle. He started to his feet, his mind still filled with a vision of Cherry. Then he as suddenly remembered that he had locked the door on going out, putting the key in his overcoat pocket. He had returned by the front door, and his overcoat was now hanging in the lower hall.

(Continued on page 43.)





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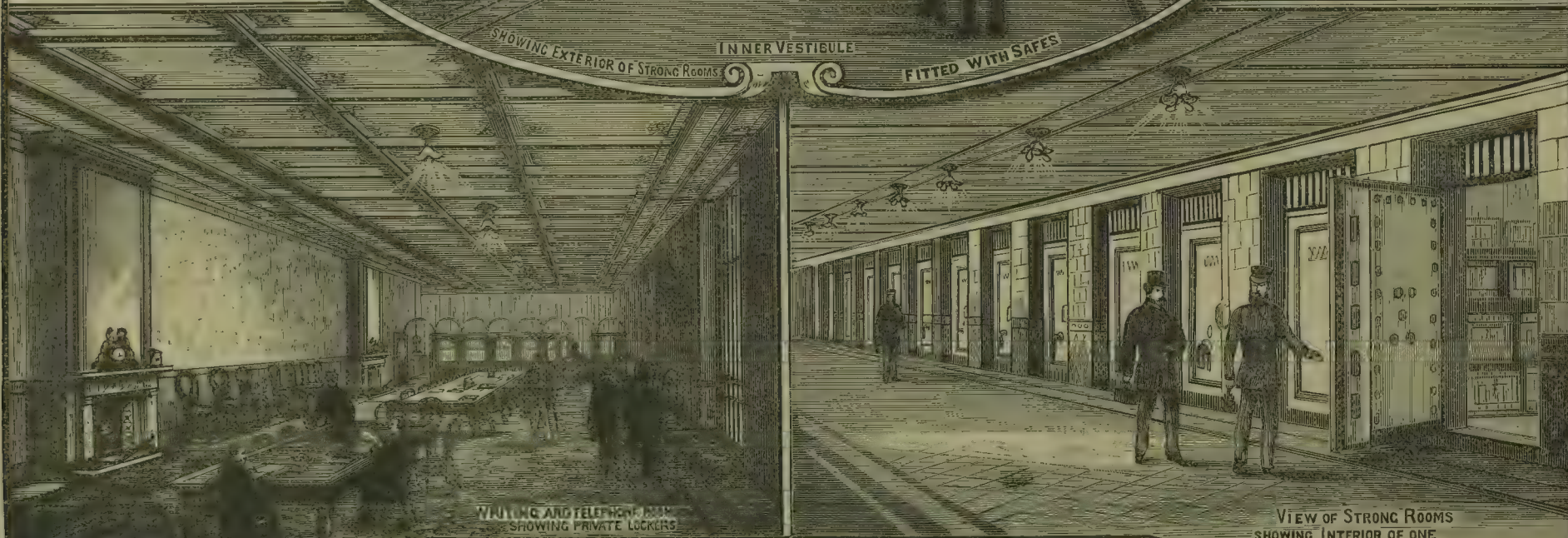
END VIEW OF A STRONG ROOM FITTED WITH SAFES.

NIGHT PATROL.

SHOWING EXTERIOR OF STRONG ROOMS

INNER VESTIBULE

FITTED WITH SAFES



WAITING AND TELEPHONE ROOM SHOWING PRIVATE LOCKERS

VIEW OF STRONG ROOMS SHOWING INTERIOR OF ONE

ANNUAL  
RENT  
OF  
SAFES,  
1 TO 5  
GUINEAS.



INTERIOR OF A STRONG ROOM SHOWING POSITION OF SAFES

ANNUAL  
RENT  
OF  
STRONG  
ROOMS,  
8 TO 90  
GUINEAS.

PROSPECTUS AND CARD TO VIEW POST-FREE ON APPLICATION.  
A LARGE ADDITION HAS RECENTLY BEEN MADE TO THE SAFES AND STRONG ROOMS.



The door again rattled impetuously. Then it was supplemented by a female voice in a hurried whisper:—"Open quick—can't you? No hurry!"

He was confounded. The voice was authoritative, not unmusical; but was *not* Cherry's. Nevertheless he called out quickly: "One moment, please, and I'll get the key!" dashed down-stairs and back again, breathlessly unlocked the door and threw it open.

Nobody was there!

He ran out into the street. On one side it terminated abruptly on the cliff on which his dwelling was perched. On the other, it descended more gradually into the next thoroughfare; but up and down the street, on either hand, no one was to be seen. A slightly superstitious feeling for an instant crept over him. Then he reflected that the mysterious visitor could in the interval of his getting the key have easily slipped down the steps of the cliff or entered the shrubbery of one of the adjacent houses. But why had she not waited? And what did she want? As he re-entered his door he mechanically raised his eyes to the windows of his neighbour's. This time he certainly was not mistaken. The two amused mischievous faces that suddenly disappeared behind the curtain as he looked up showed that the incident had not been unwitnessed. Yet it was impossible that it could have been either of *them*. Their house was only accessible by a long détour. It might have been the trick of a confederate; but the tone of half-familiarity and half-entreaty in the unseen visitor's voice dispelled the idea of any collusion. He entered the room and closed the door angrily. A grim smile stole over his face as he glanced around at the dainty, saintlike appointments of the absent Tappington, and thought what that irreproachable young man would have said to the indecorous intrusion, even though it had been a mistake. Would those shameless Pike County girls have dared to laugh at him?

But he was again puzzled to know why he himself should have been selected for this singular experience. Why was he considered fair game for these girls? And, for the matter of that, now that he reflected upon it, why had even this gentle, refined, and melancholy Cherry thought it necessary to talk slang to him on their first acquaintance, and offer to sing him the "Ham-fat Man"? It was true he had been a little gay; but never dissipated. Of course he was not a saint, like Tappington—Oh! that was it! He believed he understood it now. He was suffering from that extravagant conception of what worldliness consists of, so common to very good people with no knowledge of the world. Compared to Tappington, he was in their eyes, of course, a rake and rōu. The explanation pleased him. He would not keep it to himself. He would gain Cherry's confidence and enlist her sympathies. Her gentle nature would revolt at this injustice to their lonely lodger. She would see that there were degrees of goodness besides her brother's. She would perhaps sit on that stool again and *not* sing the "Ham-fat Man."

A day or two afterwards the opportunity seemed offered to him. As he was coming home and ascending the long hilly street, his eye was taken by a tall, graceful figure just preceding him. It was she. He had never before seen her in the street, and was now struck with her ladylike bearing and the grave superiority of her perfectly simple attire. In a thoroughfare haunted by handsome women and striking toilettes, the refined grace of her mourning costume, and a certain statelyness that gave her the look of a young widow, was a contrast that evidently attracted others than himself. It was with an odd mingling of pride and jealousy that he watched the admiring yet respectful glances of the passers-by, some of whom turned to look again, and one or two to retrace their steps and follow her at a decorous distance. This caused him to quicken his own pace, with a new anxiety and a remorseful sense of wasted opportunity. What a booby he had been, not to have made more of his contiguity to this charming girl—to have been frightened at the naïve decorum of her maidenly instincts! He reached her side, and raised his hat with a trepidation at her new-found graces—with a boldness that was defiant of her other admirers. She blushed slightly.

"I thought you'd overtake me before," she said naively. "I saw you ever so long ago."

He stammered, with an equal simplicity, that he had not dared to.

She looked a little frightened again, and then said hurriedly, "I only thought that I would meet you on Montgomery-street, and we would walk home together. I don't like to go out alone, and mother cannot always go with me. Tappington never cared to take me out—I don't know why. I think he didn't like the people staring and stopping us. But they stare more—don't you think?—when one is alone. So I thought if you were coming straight home, we might come together—unless you have something else to do?"

Herbert impulsively reiterated his joy at meeting her—and averred that no other engagement, either of business or pleasure, could or would stand in his way. Looking up, however, it was with some consternation that he saw they were already within a block of the house.

"Suppose we take a turn around the hill and come back by the old street down the steps?" he suggested earnestly.

The next moment he regretted it: the frightened look returned to her eyes; her face became melancholy and formal again.

"No!" she said quickly. "That would be taking a walk with you like these young girls and their young men on Saturdays. That's what Ellen does with the butcher's boy on Sundays. Tappington often used to meet them. Doing the 'Come, Philanders,' as he says you call it."

It struck Herbert that the didactic Tappington's method of inculcating a horror of slang in his sister's breast was open to some objection; but they were already on the steps of their house, and he was too much mortified at the reception of his last unhappy suggestion to make the confidential disclosure he had intended—even if there had still been time. "There's a mother waiting for me," she said after an awkward pause, pointing to the figure of Mrs. Brooks dimly outlined on the verandah. "I suppose she was beginning to be worried about my being out alone. She'll be so glad I met you." It didn't appear to Herbert, however, that Mrs. Brooks exhibited any extravagant joy over the occurrence, and she almost instantly retired with her daughter into the sitting-room, linking her arm in Cherry's, and, as it were, empanoplying her with her own invulnerable shawl. Herbert went to his room more dissatisfied with himself than ever.

Two or three days elapsed without his seeing Cherry; even the well-known rustle of her skirt in the passage was missing. On the third evening he resolved to bear the formal terrors of the drawing-room again, and stumbled upon a decorous party consisting of Mrs. Brooks, the Deacon, and the Pastor's wife—but not Cherry. It struck him on entering that the momentary awkwardness of the company and the formal beginning of a new topic indicated that he had been the subject of their previous conversation. In this idea he continued, through that vague spirit of opposition which attacks impulsive people in such circumstances, to generally disagree with them on all subjects, and to exaggerate what he chose to believe they thought objectionable in him. He did not remain long; but learned in that brief interval that Cherry had gone to visit a

friend in Contra Costa, and would be absent a fortnight; and he was conscious that the information was conveyed to him with a peculiar significance.

The result of which was only to intensify his interest in the absent Cherry, and for a week to plunge him in a sea of conflicting doubts and resolutions. At one time he thought seriously of demanding an explanation from Mrs. Brooks, and of confiding to her—as he had intended to do to Cherry—his fears that his character had been misinterpreted, and his reasons for believing so. But here he was met by the difficulty of formulating what he wished to have explained, and some doubts as to whether his confidences were prudent. At another time he contemplated a serious imitation of Tappington's perfections, a renunciation of the world, and an entire change in his habits. He would go regularly to church—her church, and take up Tappington's desolate Bible-class. But here the torturing doubt arose whether a young lady who betrayed a certain secular curiosity, and who had evidently depended upon her brother for a knowledge of the world, would entirely like it. At times he thought of giving up the room, and abandoning for ever this doubly dangerous proximity; but here again he was deterred by the difficulty of giving a satisfactory reason to his employer, who had procured it as a favour. His passion—for such he began to fear it to be—led him once to the extravagance of asking a day's holiday from the bank, which he vaguely spent in the streets of Oakland in the hope of accidentally meeting the exiled Cherry.

### CHAPTER III.

The fortnight slowly passed. She returned, but he did not see her. She was always out or engaged in her room with some female friend when Herbert was at home. This was singular, as she had never appeared to him as a young girl who was fond of visiting or had ever affected female friendships. In fact, there was little doubt now that, wittingly or unwittingly, she was avoiding him.

He was moodily sitting by the fire one evening, having returned early from dinner. In reply to his habitual, but affectingly careless, inquiry Ellen had told him that Mrs. Brooks was confined to her room by a slight headache, and that Miss Brooks was out. He was trying to read, and listening to the wind that occasionally rattled the casement and caused the solitary gas-lamp that was visible in the side street to flicker and leap wildly. Suddenly he heard the same foot-fall upon his outer step and a light tap at the door. Determined this time to solve the mystery he sprang to his feet, and ran to the door; but to his anger and astonishment it was locked, and the key was gone. Yet he was positive that he had not taken it out.

The tap was timidly repeated. In desperation he called out: "Please don't go away yet. The key is gone; but I'll find it in a moment." Nevertheless he was at his wits' end.

There was a hesitating pause and then the sound of a key cautiously thrust into the lock. It turned; the door opened, and a tall figure, whose face and form were completely hidden in a veil and long grey shawl, quickly glided into the room, and closed the door behind it. Then it suddenly raised its arms, the shawl was parted, the veil fell aside, and Cherry stood before him!

Her face was quite pale. Her eyes, usually downcast, frightened, or coldly clear, were bright and beautiful with excitement. The dimples were faintly there, although the smile was sad and half-hysterical. She remained standing, erect and tall, her arms dropped at her side, holding the veil and shawl that still depended from her shoulders.

"So—I've caught you!" she said, with a strange little laugh. "Oh! yes. 'Please don't go away yet. I'll get the key in a moment,'" she continued, mimicking his recent utterance.

He could only stammer, "Miss Brooks—then it was *you*?" "Yes; and you thought it was *she*, didn't you? Well, and you're caught! I didn't believe it; I wouldn't believe it when they said it. I determined to find it out myself. And I have, and it's true."

Unable to determine whether she was serious or jesting, and conscious only of his delight at seeing her again, he advanced impulsively. But her expression instantly changed: she became at once stiff and school-girlishly formal, and stepped back towards the door.

"Don't come near me, or I'll go," she said quickly, with her hand upon the lock.

"But not before you tell me what you mean," he said half laughingly, half earnestly. "Who is *she*? and what wouldn't you have believed? For upon my honour, Miss Brooks, I don't know what you are talking about."

His evident frankness and truthful manner appeared to puzzle her. "You mean to say you were expecting no one?" she said sharply.

"I assure you, I was not."

"And—and no woman was ever here—at that door?"

He hesitated. "Not to-night—not for a long time; not since you returned from Oakland."

"Then there *was* one?"

"I believe so."

"You believe—you don't know?"

"I believed it was a woman from her voice: for the door was locked, and the key was down-stairs. When I fetched it, and opened the door, she—or whoever it was—was gone."

"And that's why you said so imploringly, just now, 'Please don't go away yet'? You see, I've caught you. Ah! I don't wonder you blush!"

If he had, his cheeks had caught fire from her brilliant eyes and the extravagantly affected sternness—as of a school-girl monitor—in her animated face. Certainly, he had never seen such a transformation.

"Yes; but, you see, I wanted to know who the intruder was," he said, smiling at his own embarrassment.

"You did—well, perhaps *that* will tell you? It was found under your door before I went away." She suddenly produced from her pocket a folded paper, and handed it to him. It was a misspelt scrawl, and ran as follows:—

"Why are you so cruel? Why do you keep me dancing on the steps before them gurls at the windows? Was it that stuck-up Saint, Miss Brooks, that you were afraid of, my deer? O you faithless trater! Wait till I ketch you! I'll tear your eyes out and hern!"

It did not require great penetration for Herbert to be instantly convinced that the writer of this vulgar epistle and the owner of the unknown voice were two very different individuals. The note was evidently a trick. A suspicion of its perpetrators flashed upon him.

"Whoever the woman was, it was not she who wrote the note," he said positively. "Somebody must have seen her at the door. I remember now that those girls—your neighbours—were watching me from their window when I came out. Depend upon it, that letter comes from them."

Cherry's eyes opened widely with a sudden, childlike perception, and then shyly dropped. "Yes," she said slowly; "they *did* watch you. They know it, for it was they who made it the talk of the neighbourhood, and that's how it came

to mother's ears." She stopped, and, with a frightened look, stepped back towards the door again.

"Then *that* was why your mother?"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Cherry, quickly. "That was why I went over to Oakland, and why mother forbade my walking with you again, and why she had a talk with friends about your conduct, and why she came near telling Mr. Carstone all about it until I stopped her." She checked herself—he could hardly believe his eyes—the pale, nunlike girl was absolutely blushing.

"I thank you, Miss Brooks," he said gravely, "for your thoughtfulness, although I hope I could have still proven my innocence to Mr. Carstone, even if some unknown woman tried my door by mistake, and was seen doing it. But I am pained to think that *you* could have believed me capable of so wanton and absurd an impropriety—and such a gross disrespect to your mother's house."

"But," said Cherry, with childlike naïveté, "you know *you* don't think anything of such things, and that's what I told mother."

"You told your mother *that*?"

"Oh, yes—I told her Tappington says it's quite common with young men. Please don't laugh—for it's very dreadful. Tappington didn't laugh when he told it to me as a warning. He was shocked."

"But my dear Miss Brooks?"

"There—now you're angry—and that's as bad. Are you sure you didn't know that woman?"

"Positive!"

"Yet you seemed very anxious just now that she should wait till you opened the door."

"That was perfectly natural."

"I don't think it was natural at all."

"But—according to Tappington?"

"Because my brother is very good you need not make fun of him."

"I assure you I have no such intention. But what more can I say? I give you my word that I don't know who that unlucky woman was. No doubt she may have been some nearsighted neighbour who had mistaken the house, and I daresay was as thoroughly astonished at my voice as I was at hers. Can I say more? Is it necessary for me to swear that since I have been here no woman has ever entered that door—but?"

"But whom?"

"Yourself."

"I know what you mean," she said hurriedly, with her old frightened look, gliding to the outer door. "It's shameful what I've done. But I only did it because—because—I had faith in you, and didn't believe what they said was true." She had already turned the lock. There were tears in her pretty eyes.

"Stay!" said Herbert, gently. He walked slowly towards her, and within reach of her frightened figure stopped with the timid respect of a mature and genuine passion. "You must not be seen going out of that door," he said gravely. "You must let me go first by the front door, and, when I am gone, go through the hall to your own room. No one must know that I was in the house when you came in at that door. Good-night."

Without offering his hand he lifted his eyes to her face. The dimples were all there—and something else. He bowed and passed out.

Ten minutes later he ostentatiously returned to the house by the side-door. As he cast a glance around he saw that the music-stool had been moved before the fire, evidently with the view of attracting his attention. Lying upon it, carefully folded, was the veil that she had worn. There could be no doubt that it was left there purposely. With a smile at this strange girl's last characteristic act of timid, but compromising, recklessness after all his precautions, he raised it tenderly to his lips and then hastened to hide it from the reach of vulgar eyes. But had Cherry known that its temporary resting-place that night was under his pillow she might have doubted his superior caution.

When he returned from the bank the next afternoon Cherry rapped ostentatiously at his door: "Mother wishes me to ask you," she began with a certain prim formality which nevertheless did not preclude dimples, "if you would give us the pleasure of your company at our Church Festival to-night? There will be a concert and a collation. You could accompany us there if you cared. Our friends and Tappington's would be so glad to see you, and Dr. Stout would be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Certainly!" said Herbert, delighted and yet astounded. "Then," he added in a lower voice, "your mother no longer believes me so dreadfully culpable?"

"Oh! no," said Cherry in a hurried whisper, glancing up and down the passage, "I've been talking to her about it, and she is satisfied that it is all a jealous trick and slander of these neighbours. Why, I told her that they had even said that I was that mysterious woman; that I came that way to you because she had forbidden my seeing you openly."

"What! You dared say that?"

"Yes; don't you see? Suppose they said they *had* seen me coming in last night—that answers it," she said triumphantly.

"Oh! it does?" he said vacantly.

"Perfectly. So you see she's convinced that she ought to put you on the same footing as Tappington, before everybody; and then there won't be any trouble. You'll come, won't you? It won't be so *very* good. And then, I've told mother that as there have been so many street-fights and so much talk about the Vigilance Committee lately, I ought to have somebody for an escort when I am coming home. And, if you're known, you see, as one of *us*, there'll be no harm in your meeting me."

"Thank you," he said, extending his hand gratefully.

Her fingers rested a moment in his. "Where did you put it?" she said demurely.

"It? Oh! it's all safe," he said quickly, but somewhat vaguely.

"But I don't call the upper drawer of your bureau safe," she returned putingly, "where *everybody* can go. So you'll find it *now* inside the harmonium, on the keyboard."

"Oh, thank you."

"It's quite natural to have left it there *accidentally*—isn't it?" she said imploringly, assisted by all her dimples. Alas! she had forgotten that he was still holding her hand. Consequently, she had not time to snatch it away and vanish, with a stifled little cry, before it had been pressed two or three times to his lips. A little ashamed of his own boldness, Herbert remained for a few moments in the doorway listening, and looking uneasily down the dark passage. Presently a slight sound came over the fanlight of Cherry's room. Could he believe his ears? The saintlike Cherry—no doubt tutored, for example's sake, by the perfect Tappington—was softly whistling.

In this simple fashion the first pages of this little idyl were quietly turned. The book might have been closed or laid aside even then. But it so chanced that Cherry was an unconscious prophet; and presently it actually became a prudential



necessity for her to have a masculine escort when she walked out. For a growing state of lawlessness and crime culminated one day in the deep to sin of the Vigilance Committee, and at its stroke fifty thousand peaceful men, reverting to the first principles of social safety, sprang to arms, assembled at their quarters, or patrolled the streets. In another hour the city of San Francisco was in the hands of a mob—the most peaceful, orderly, well-organised and temperate the world had ever known, and yet in conception as lawless, autocratic, and imperious as the conditions it opposed.

## CHAPTER IV.

Herbert, enrolled in the same section with his employer and one or two fellow-clerks, had participated in the meetings of the Committee with the lightheartedness and irresponsibility of youth, regretting only the loss of his usual walk with Cherry and the duties that kept him from her house. He was returning from a protracted meeting one night when the number of arrests and searching for proscribed and suspected characters had been so large as to induce fears of organised resistance and rescue, and on reaching the foot of the hill found it already so late, that to avoid disturbing the family he resolved to enter his room directly by the door in the side street. On inserting his key in the lock it met with some resisting obstacle, which, however, yielded and apparently dropped on the mat inside. Opening the door and stepping into the perfectly dark apartment, he trod upon this object, which proved to be another key. The family must have procured it for their convenience during his absence, and after locking the door had carelessly left it in the lock. It was lucky that it had yielded so readily.

The fire had gone out. He closed the door and lit the gas, and after taking off his overcoat turned to the door leading into the passage to listen if anybody was still stirring. To his utter astonishment he found it locked. What was more remarkable—the key was also *inside*! An inexplicable feeling took possession of him. He glanced suddenly around the room, and then his eye fell upon the bed. Lying there, stretched at full length, was the recumbent figure of a man!

He was apparently in the profound sleep of utter exhaustion. The attitude of his limbs and the order of his dress—of which only his collar and cravat had been loosened—showed that sleep must have overtaken him almost instantly. In fact, the bed was scarcely disturbed beyond the actual impress of his figure. He seemed to be a handsome, matured man of about forty; his dark straight hair was a little thinned over the temples, although his long heavy moustache was still youthful and virgin. His clothes, which were elegantly cut and of finer material than that in ordinary use, the delicacy and neatness of his linen, the whiteness of his hands, and, more particularly a certain dissipated pallor of complexion and lines of recklessness on the brow and cheek, indicated to Herbert that the man before him was one of that desperate and suspected class—some of whose proscribed members he had been hunting—the professional gambler!

Possibly the magnetism of Herbert's intent and astonished gaze affected him. He moved slightly, half opened his eyes, said "Halloo, Tap," rubbed them again, wholly opened them, fixed them with a lazy stare on Herbert and said:

"Now, who the Devil are you?"

"I think I have the right to ask that question, considering that this is my room," said Herbert, sharply.

"Your room?"

"Yes!"

The stranger half raised himself on his elbow, glanced round the room, settled himself slowly back on the pillows with his hands clasped lightly behind his head, dropped his eyelids, smiled, and said:

"Rats!"

"What?" demanded Herbert, with a resentful sense of sacrilege to Cherry's virgin slang.

"Well—old rats then! D'ye think I don't know this shebang? Look here, Johnny—what are you putting on all this side for, eh? What's your little game? Where's Tappington?"

"If you mean Mr. Brooks, the son of this house, who formerly lived in this room," replied Herbert, with a formal precision intended to show a doubt of the stranger's knowledge of Tappington, "you ought to know that he has left town."

"Left town!" echoed the stranger, raising himself again. "Oh! I see; getting rather too warm for him here? Humph! I ought to have thought of that. Well, you know he *did* take mighty big risks, anyway!" He was silent a moment, with his brows knit and a rather dangerous expression in his handsome face. "So some d—d hound gave him away—eh?"

"I hadn't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Brooks except by reputation, as the respected son of the lady upon whose house you have just intruded," said Herbert frigidly, yet with a creeping consciousness of some unpleasant revelation.

The stranger stared at him for a moment, again looked carefully round the room, and then suddenly dropped his head back on the pillow, and with his white hands over his eyes and mouth tried to restrain a spasm of silent laughter. After an effort he succeeded, wiped his moist eyes, and sat up.

"So you didn't know Tappington, eh?" he said, lazily buttoning his collar.

"No."

"No more do I."

He retied his cravat, yawned, rose, shook himself perfectly neat again, and going to Herbert's dressing-table quietly took up a brush and began to lightly brush himself, occasionally turning to the window to glance out. Presently he turned to Herbert and said:

"Well, Johnny; what's your name?"

"I am Herbert Bly, of Carstone's Bank."

"So, and a member of this same Vigilance Committee, I reckon," he continued.

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Bly, I owe you an apology for coming here, and some thanks for the only sleep I've had in forty-eight hours. I struck this old shebang at about ten o'clock, and it's now two, so I reckon I've put in about four hours' square sleep. Now, look here." He beckoned Herbert towards the window. "Do you see those three men standing under that gaslight? Well, they're part of a gang of Vigilantes who've hunted me to the hill, and are waiting to see me come out of the bushes, where they reckon I'm hiding. Go to them and say that I'm here! Tell them you've got Gentleman George—George Dornton, the man they've been hunting for a week—in this room. I promise you I won't stir, nor kick up a row, when they've come. Do it, and Carstone, if he's a square man, will raise your salary for it, and promote you." He yawned slightly, and then slowly looking around him, drew the easy-chair towards him and dropped comfortably in it, gazing at the astounded and motionless Herbert with a lazy smile.

"You're wondering what my little game is, Johnny, aint you? Well, I'll tell you. What with being hunted from pillar to post, putting my old pards to no end of trouble, and then slipping up on it whenever I think I've got

a sure thing like this"—he cast an almost affectionate glance at the bed—"I've come to the conclusion that it's played out, and I might as well hand in my checks. It's only a question of my being *run out* of 'Frisco, or hiding until I can *slip out* myself; and I've reckoned I might as well give them the trouble and expense of transportation. And if I can put a good thing in your way in doing it—why, it will sort of make things square with you for the fuss I've given you."

Even in the stupefaction and helplessness of knowing that the man before him was the notorious duellist and gambler, George Dornton, one of the first marked for deportation by the Vigilance Committee, Herbert recognised all he had heard of his invincible coolness, courage, and almost philosophic fatalism. For an instant his youthful imagination checked even his indignation. When he recovered himself, he said, with rising colour and boyish vehemence—

"Whoever *you* may be, I am neither a police officer nor a spy. You have no right to insult me by supposing that I would profit by the mistake that made you my guest, or that I would refuse you the sanctuary of the roof that covers your insult as well as your blunder."

The stranger gazed at him with an amused expression, and then rose and stretched out his hand.

"Shake, Mr. Bly! You're the only man that ever kicked George Dornton when he deserved it. Good-night!" He took his hat and walked to the door.

"Stop!" said Herbert, impulsively; "the night is already far gone; go back and finish your sleep."

"You mean it?"

"I do."

The stranger turned, walked back to the bed, unfastening his coat and collar as he did so, and laid himself down in the attitude of a moment before.

"I will call you in the morning," continued Herbert. "By that time"—he hesitated—"by that time—your pursuers may have given up their search. One word more. You will be frank with me?"

"Go on."

"Tappington and you are—friends?"

"Well—yes."

"His mother and sister know nothing of this?"

"I reckon he didn't boast of it. I didn't. Is that all?" sleepily.

"Yes."

"Don't you worry about *him*. Good-night."

"Good-night."

But even at that moment George Dornton had dropped off in a quiet, peaceful sleep.

He turned down the light, and, drawing his easy-chair to the window, dropped into it in bewildering reflection. This then was the secret—unknown to mother and daughter—unsuspected by all! This was the double life of Tappington, half-revealed in his flirtation with the neighbours, in the hidden cards behind the books, in the mysterious visitor—still unaccounted for—and now wholly exploded by this sleeping confederate, for whom, somehow, Herbert felt the greater sympathy! What was to be done? What should he say to Cherry—to her mother—to Mr. Carstone? Yet he had felt he had done right. From time to time he turned to the motionless recumbent shadow on the bed and listened to its slow and peaceful respiration. Apart from that undefinable attraction which all original natures have for each other, the thrice blessed mystery of protection of the helpless, for the first time in his life, seemed to dawn upon him through that night.

Nevertheless, the actual dawn came slowly. Twice he nodded and awoke quickly with a start. The third time it was day. The street-lamps were extinguished, and with them the moving, restless watchers seemed also to have vanished. Suddenly a formal, deliberate rapping at the door leading to the hall startled him to his feet.

It must be Ellen. So much the better; he could quickly get rid of her. He glanced at the bed; Dornton slept on undisturbed. He unlocked the door cautiously and instinctively fell back before the erect, shawled, and decorous figure of Mrs. Brooks. But an utterly new resolution and excitement had supplanted the habitual resignation of her handsome features, and given them an angry sparkle of expression.

Recollecting himself, he instantly stepped forward into the passage, drawing to the door behind him, as she, with equal celerity, opposed it with her hand.

"Mr. Bly," she said deliberately, "Ellen has just told me that your voice has been heard in conversation with someone in this room late last night. Up to this moment I have foolishly allowed my daughter to persuade me that certain infamous scandals regarding your conduct here were false. I must ask you as a gentleman to let me pass now and satisfy myself."

"But, my dear Madam, one moment. Let me first explain—I beg"—stammered Herbert with a half-hysterical laugh. "I assure you a gentleman friend"—

But she had pushed him aside and entered precipitately. With a quick feminine glance round the room, she turned to the bed, and then halted in overwhelming confusion.

"It's a friend," said Herbert, in a hasty whisper. "A friend of mine who returned with me late, and whom, on account of the disturbed state of the streets, I induced to stay here all night. He was so tired that I have not had the heart to disturb him yet."

"Oh, pray don't!—I beg"—said Mrs. Brooks, with a certain youthful vivacity, but still gazing at the stranger's handsome features as she slowly retreated. "Not for worlds!"

Herbert was relieved; she was actually blushing.

"You see, it was quite unpremeditated, I assure you. We came in together," whispered Herbert, leading her to the door, "and I"—

"Don't believe a word of it, Madam," said a lazy voice from the bed, as the stranger leisurely raised himself upright, putting the last finishing touch to his cravat as he shook himself neat again. "I'm an utter stranger to him, and he knows it. He found me here, hiding from the Vigilantes, who were chasing me on the hill. I got in at that door, which happened to be unlocked. He let me stay because he was a gentleman—and—I—wasn't. I beg your pardon, Madam, for having interrupted him before you; but it was a little rough to have him lie on *my* account when he wasn't the kind of man to lie on his *own*. You'll forgive him—won't you, please?—and, as I'm taking myself off now, perhaps you'll overlook *my* intrusion too."

It was impossible to convey the lazy frankness of this speech, the charming smile with which it was accompanied, or the easy yet deferential manner with which, taking up his hat, he bowed to Mrs. Brooks as he advanced towards the door.

"But," said Mrs. Brooks, hurriedly glancing from Herbert to the stranger, "it must be the Vigilantes who are now hanging about the street. Ellen saw them from her window, and thought they were *your* friends, Mr. Bly. This gentleman—your friend"—she had become a little confused in her novel excitement—"really ought not to go out now. It would be madness."

"If you wouldn't mind his remaining a little longer,

it certainly would be safer," said Herbert, with wondering gratitude.

"I certainly shouldn't consent to his leaving my house now," said Mrs. Brooks, with dignity; "and if you wouldn't mind calling Cherry here, Mr. Bly—she's in the dining-room—and then showing yourself for a moment in the street and finding out what they wanted, it would be the best thing to do."

Herbert flew down-stairs; in a few hurried words he gave the same explanation to the astounded Cherry that he had given to her mother, with the mischievous addition that Mrs. Brooks' unjust suspicions had precipitated her into becoming an amicable accomplice, and then ran out into the street. Here he ascertained from one of the Vigilantes whom he knew, that they were really seeking Dornton; but that, concluding that the fugitive had already escaped to the wharves, they expected to withdraw their surveillance at noon. Somewhat relieved, he hastened back, to find the stranger calmly seated on the sofa in the parlour with the same air of frank indifference, lazily relating the incidents of his flight to the two women, who were listening with every expression of sympathy and interest. "Poor fellow!" said Cherry, taking the astonished Bly aside into the hall, "I don't believe he's half as bad as *they* said he is—or as even *he* makes himself out to be. But *did* you notice mother?"

Herbert, a little dazed, and, it must be confessed, a trifle uneasy at this ready acceptance of the stranger, abstractedly said he had not.

"Why, it's the most ridiculous thing. She's actually going round *without her shawl*, and doesn't seem to know it."

## CHAPTER V.

When Herbert finally reached the Bank that morning he was still in a state of doubt and perplexity. He had parted with his grateful visitor, whose safety in a few hours seemed assured, but without the least further revelation or actual allusion to anything antecedent to his selecting Tappington's room as a refuge. More than that, Herbert was convinced from his manner that he had no intention of making a confidant of Mrs. Brooks, and this convinced him that Dornton's previous relations with Tappington were not only utterly inconsistent with that young man's decorous reputation, but were unsuspected by the family. The stranger's familiar knowledge of the room, his mysterious allusions to the "risks" Tappington had taken, and his sudden silence on the discovery of Bly's ignorance of the whole affair—all pointed to some secret that, innocent or not, was more or less perilous, not only to the son but to the mother and sister. Of the latter's ignorance he had no doubt—but had he any right to enlighten them? Admitting that Tappington had deceived them with the others, would they thank him for opening their eyes to it? If they had already a suspicion, would they care to know that it was shared by him? Halting between his frankness and his delicacy, the final thought that in his budding relations with the daughter it might seem a cruel bid for her confidence, or a revenge for their distrust of him, inclined him to silence. But an unforeseen occurrence took the matter from his hands. At noon he was told that Mr. Carstone wished to see him in his private room!

Satisfied that his complicity with Dornton's escape was discovered, the unfortunate Herbert presented himself, pale but self-possessed, before his employer. That brief man of business bade him be seated, and standing himself before the fireplace, looked down curiously, but not unkindly, upon his employe.

"Mr. Bly, the Bank does not usually interfere with the private affairs of its employes, but for certain reasons which I prefer to explain to you later, I must ask you to give me a straightforward answer to one or two questions. I may say that they have nothing to do with your relations to the Bank, which are to us perfectly satisfactory."

More than ever convinced that Mr. Carstone was about to speak about his visitor, Herbert signified his willingness to reply.

"You have been seen a great deal with Miss Brooks lately—on the street and elsewhere—acting as her escort, and evidently on terms of intimacy. To do you both justice, neither of you seemed to have made it a secret or avoided observation; but I must ask you directly if it is with her mother's permission?"

Considerably relieved, but wondering what was coming, Herbert answered, with boyish frankness, that it was.

"Are you—engaged to the young lady?"

"No, Sir."

"Are you—well, Mr. Bly—briefly, are you what is called 'in love' with her?" asked the banker, with a certain brusque hurrying over of a sentiment evidently incompatible with their present business surroundings.

Herbert blushed. It was the first time he had heard the question voiced, even by himself.

"I am," he said resolutely.

"And you wish to marry her?"

"If I dared ask her to accept a young man with no position as yet," stammered Herbert.

"People don't usually consider a young man in Carstone's Bank of no position," said the banker drily; "and I wish for your sake *that* were the only impediment. For I am compelled to reveal to you a secret." He paused, and folding his arms, looked fixedly down upon his clerk. "Mr. Bly, Tappington Brooks, the brother of your sweetheart, was a defaulter and embezzler from this Bank!"

Herbert sat dumbfounded and motionless.

"Understand two things," continued Mr. Carstone, quickly.

"First, that no purer or better women exist than Miss Brooks and her mother. Secondly, that they know nothing of this, and that only myself and one other man are in possession of the secret."

He slightly changed his position, and went on more deliberately. "Six weeks ago Tappington sat in that chair where you are sitting now, a convicted hypocrite and thief. Luckily for him, although his guilt was plain, and the whole secret of his double life revealed to me, a sum of money advanced in pity by one of his gambling confederates had made his accounts good and saved him from suspicion in the eyes of his fellow-clerks and my partners. At first he tried to fight me on that point; then he blustered and said his mother could have refunded the money; and asked me what was a paltry five thousand dollars! I told him, Mr. Bly, that it might be five years of his youth in State's prison; that it might be five years of sorrow and shame for his mother and sister; that it might be an overlasting stain on the name of his dead father—my friend. He talked of killing himself: I told him he was a cowardly fool. He asked me to give him up to the authorities: I told him I intended to take the law in my own hands and give him another chance; and then he broke down. I transferred him that very day, without giving him time to communicate with anybody, to our branch office at Portland, with a letter explaining his position to our agent, and the strict injunction that for six months he should be under strict surveillance. I myself undertook to explain his sudden departure to Mrs. Brooks, and obliged him to write to

(Concluded on page 46.)



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her from time to time." He paused, and then continued. "So far I believe my plan has been successful: the secret has been kept; he has broken with the evil associates that ruined him here—to the best of my knowledge he has had no communication with them since; even a certain woman here who shared his vicious, hidden life, has abandoned him."

"Are you sure?" asked Herbert, involuntarily, as he recalled his mysterious visitor.

"I believe the Vigilance Committee has considered it a public duty to deport her and her confederates beyond the State," returned Carstone, drily.

Another idea flashed upon Herbert. "And the gambler who advanced the money to save Tappington?" he said breathlessly.

"Wasn't such a hound as the rest of his kind, if report says true," answered Carstone. "He was well known here as George Dornton—Gentleman George—a man capable of better things. But he was before your time, Mr. Bly—you don't know him."

Herbert didn't deem it a felicitous moment to correct his employer, and Mr. Carstone continued. "I have now told you what I thought it was my duty to tell you. I must leave you to judge how far it affects your relations with Miss Brooks."

Herbert did not hesitate. "I should be very sorry, Sir, to seem to undervalue your consideration or disregard your warning; but I am afraid that even if you had been less merciful to Tappington, and he were now a convicted felon, I should change neither my feelings nor my intentions to his sister."

"And you would still marry her?" said Carstone, sternly: "you, an employé of the Bank, would set the example of allying yourself with one who had robbed it?"

"I—am afraid I would, Sir," said Herbert, slowly.

"Even if it were a question of your remaining here?" said Carstone, grimly.

Poor Herbert already saw himself dismissed, and again taking up his weary quest for employment; but, nevertheless, he answered stoutly—

"Yes, Sir."

"And nothing will prevent you marrying Miss Brooks?"

"Nothing—save my inability to support her."

"Then," said Mr. Carstone, with a peculiar light in his eyes, "it only remains for the Bank to mark its opinion of your conduct by increasing your salary to enable you to do so! Shake hands, Mr. Bly," he said, laughing. "I think you'll do to tie to—and I believe the young lady will be of the same opinion. But not a word to either her or her mother in regard to what you have heard. And now I may tell you something more. I am not without hope of Tappington's future, nor—d—n it!—without some excuse for his fault, Sir. He was artificially brought up. When my old friend died, Mrs. Brooks, still a handsome woman, like all her sex, wouldn't rest until she had another devotion, and wrapped herself and her children up in the Church. Theology may be all right for grown people, but it's apt to make children artificial; and Tappington was pious before he was fairly good. He drew on a religious credit before he had a moral capital behind it. He was brought up with no knowledge of the world, and when he went into it—it captured him. I don't say there are not saints born into the world occasionally; but for every one, you'll find a lot of promiscuous human nature. My old friend, Josh Brooks, had a heap of it, and it wouldn't be strange if some was left in his children, and burst through their strait-

lacing in a queer way. That's all! Good-morning, Mr. Bly. Forget what I've told you for six months, and then I shouldn't wonder if Tappington was on hand to give his sister away."

Mr. Carstone's prophecy was but half realised. At the end of six months Herbert Bly's discretion and devotion were duly rewarded by Cherry's hand. But Tappington did not give her away. That saintly prodigal passed his period of probation with exemplary rectitude; but, either from a dread of old temptation or some unexplained reason, he preferred to remain at Portland, and his fastidious nest on Telegraph Hill knew him no more. The key of the little door on the side street passed, naturally, into the keeping of Mrs. Bly.

Whether the secret of Tappington's double life was ever revealed to the two women is not known to the chronicler. Mrs. Bly is reported to have said that the climate of Oregon was more suited to her brother's delicate constitution than the damp fogs of San Francisco, and that his tastes were always opposed to the mere frivolity of metropolitan society. The only possible reason for supposing that the mother may have become cognisant of her son's youthful errors was in the occasional visits to the house of the handsome George Dornton—who, in the social revolution that followed the brief reign of the Vigilance Committee, characteristically returned as a dashing stockbroker—and the fact that Mrs. Brooks seemed to have discarded her ascetic shawl for ever. But as all this was contemporaneous with the absurd rumour that owing to the loneliness induced by the marriage of her daughter she contemplated a similar change in her own condition, it is deemed unworthy the serious consideration of this veracious chronicle.

THE END.

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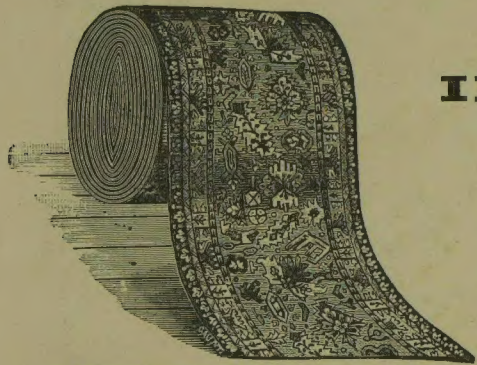
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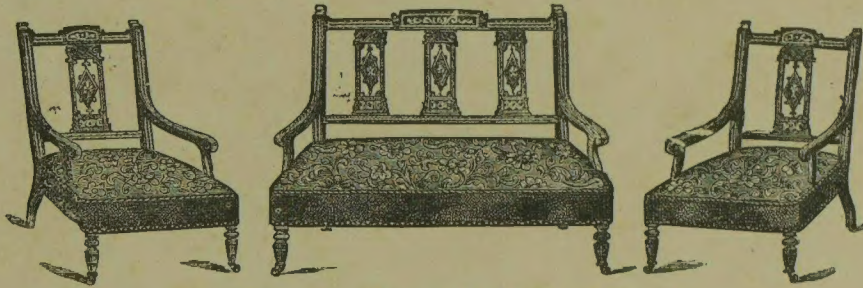
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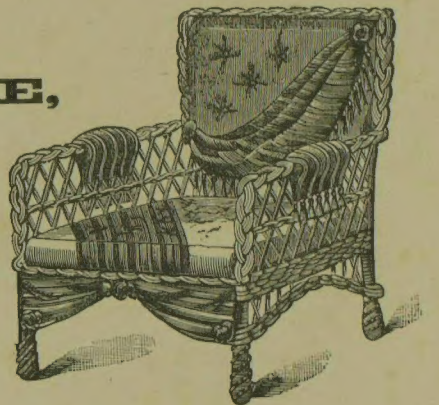


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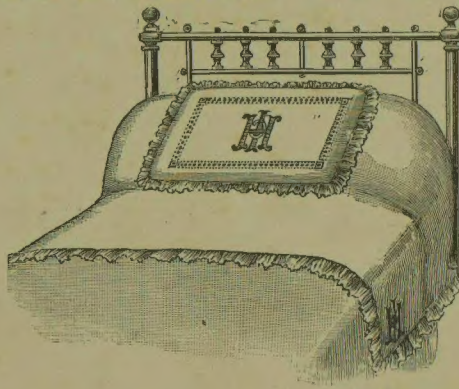
With Drawers at side, and fitted with Pigeon-Holes, £3 5s.

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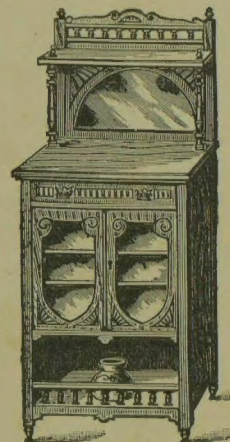
With Hanging Art-Ware Flower Pot and Brass Chains.

Height 3 ft. 6 in., complete, 7s. 6d.



Frilled Cotton Pillow-Cases .. ..	8 11	per pair.
" Linen .. ..	4 11	"
" .. ..	5 11	"
Linen Pillow-Cases, with hemstitched insertion .. ..	8 11	"
Linen Pillow-Cases, with Frills .. ..	12 6	"
Frilled Cotton Sheets, 72 in. wide .. ..	13 6	"
" 90 in. .. ..	16 9	"
" Linen 72 in. .. ..	31 6	"
" 90 in. .. ..	37 6	"
" 100 in. .. ..	45 0	"

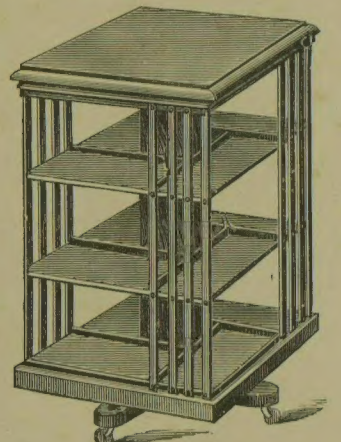
Indian Silk Frilled Pillow-Shams, 5s. 9d. each.  
Indian Silk Frilled Bed-Spreads, 15s. 9d., 21s. 6d.  
Patterns Post-free. Designs of Monograms, Crests, and other particulars free, on application.



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With Bevelled-Edge, Silvered Glass, and Carved Panels, £2 7s. 6d.

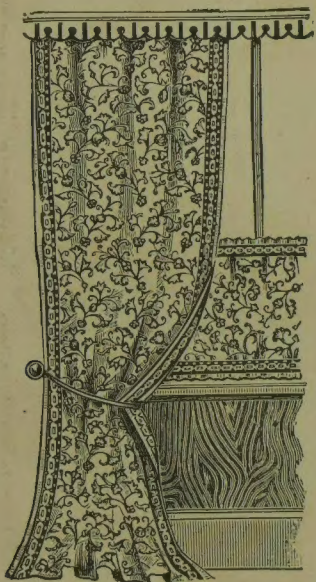
Inlaid Rosewood Music Cabinets, from £3 7s. 6d.



REVOLVING BOOKCASE.

In Mahogany or Walnut.

4 ft. high .. .. £3 10 0  
Ditto, Rosewood Inlaid .. £3 18 6



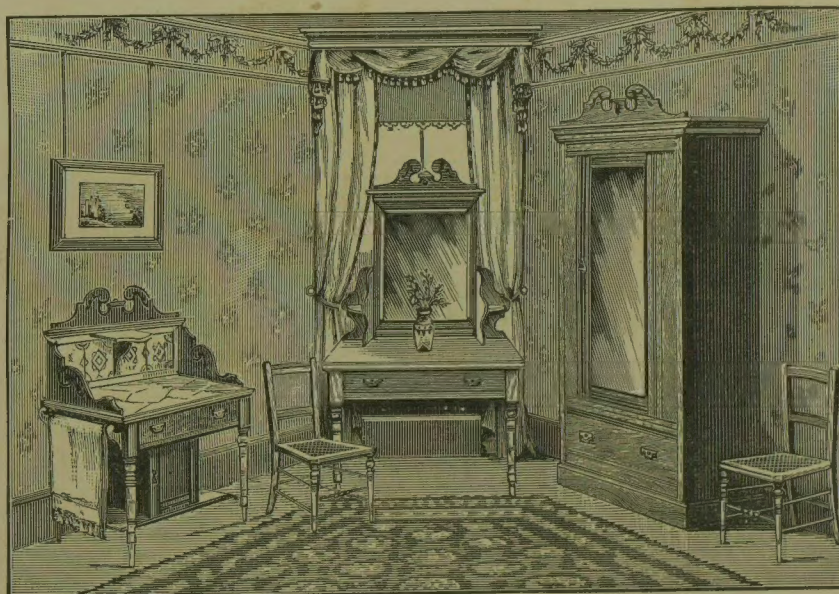
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27 in. Plain Art Colours .. .. 2½d. per yard.  
27 in. Art Printed .. .. 2½d. "  
\*27 in. Art Printed, with Border .. 3½d. "

\* Suitable for Short Blinds.

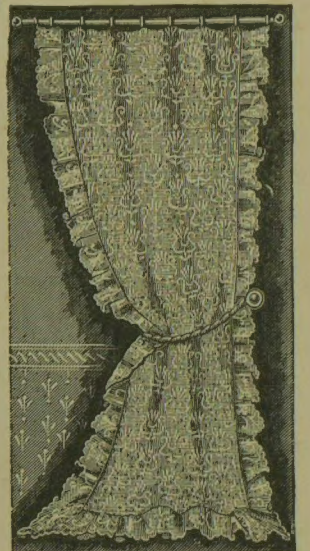
50 in. Art Printed, with Border .. .. 6½d. "  
To match the 27 in.

50 in. Art Printed (new and lovely designs) 6½d. "  
50 in. Bold Design, with Wide Border, 1s. 0½d. "



THE "WALTHAM" ASH BED-ROOM SUITE.

Consisting of Wardrobe with Bevelled Plate-Glass Door, Marble-Top and Tile-Back Washstand with Pedestal Cupboard and Towel Rails attached, Dressing-Table with Bevelled-Edged Toilet Glass, and Cane-Seat Chairs. £5 15s. complete.



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THE LATEST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

Indian Muslin, in New Art Colours .. 4s. 11d. per pair.  
Printed Designs .. 5s. 11d. "  
Madras " Cream Colour, 10s. 6d. "  
12s. 6d., 15s. 9d., and 18s. 9d. "  
Ecu or White Lace, New Designs, 9s. 11d., and 12s. 9d. "  
Ditto ditto New Designs, 15s. 9d., and 21s. 0d. "  
Indian Silk, in New Art Colours .. 33s. 6d. "  
Frilled Bands to match .. 2s. 6d. "  
Sashes to match .. 2s. 11d. "  
Patterns Post-free.

Elegant Silk Stripe Curtains, in various designs and colourings, very pretty, 19s. 6d. per pair.

ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.  
HOUSES TO BE LET OR SOLD, TOWN AND COUNTRY REGISTER FREE ON APPLICATION. REMOVALS BY ROAD, RAIL, OR SEA. ESTIMATES FREE.  
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(TRADE MARK.)

**PULVERMACHER'S**  
**WORLD-FAMED**  
**GALVANIC BELTS**  
FOR the CURE of NERVOUS DISEASES  
HAVE RECEIVED TESTIMONIALS from  
THREE PHYSICIANS to  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,  
THE ACADEMIE DE MEDECINE of PARIS,  
and  
FORTY MEMBERS of the  
ROYAL COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS of  
LONDON.

#### RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

**GALVANISM v. PARALYSIS and**  
**SCIATICA.**

"40, College-road, Bromley, Kent, May 8, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—I am very pleased to give you a  
testimonial for your Electric Belt. I bought one of  
you in January last, when I was suffering from sciatica  
and slight paralysis, and after wearing it for two  
weeks I was greatly relieved, and in three months'  
time I was completely cured.—Yours very truly,  
"W. HOLMES.

"Messrs. J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. LOCAL WEAKNESS.**

"Cornerville, Buncrana, Co. Donegal, May 1, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—I have very much pleasure in recom-  
mending your Galvanic Belt and Chain Battery for  
the cure of extreme local weakness and debility, and  
you are at liberty to make use of my name and address.  
"Yours faithfully, C. H. COCHRANE,

"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.**

"28, St. John-street, Newport Pagnell, April 29, 1889.  
"Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that to me your in-  
vention of the Galvanic Combined Bands is invaluable.  
Having worn them with so much benefit, I can bear  
testimony to their comfort and support.—Yours truly,  
"(Mrs.) A. F. COOCH.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM and**  
**NERVOUS DEBILITY.**

"Erin Manor, Burgess-hill, April 27, 1889.  
"Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in informing you  
that the Galvanic Belt I got from you last January  
for my old gardener has been of the greatest benefit  
to him; he now sleeps well, his appetite is good, and he  
has greatly increased in flesh. Under God's blessing  
your Belt has been the means of restoring this poor  
man to health, and he is now able to resume his work,  
even to stooping and digging, neither of which he has  
been able to do for the last five years.—Yours fa-  
thfully,  
"W. R. E. ALEXANDER, Major-General.  
"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. LIVER COMPLAINT,**  
**INDIGESTION, AND CONSTIPATION.**

"High-street, Woolwich, April 25, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—Some years ago I was suffering from  
liver complaint, indigestion, constipation, &c., till my  
life was almost a burden to me. I could get no relief  
until I purchased one of your Galvanic Belts, and after  
a short time I was completely cured, and, thank God,  
the cure was permanent, for I have never had the  
slightest return of my old complaint. I can safely  
recommend your treatment to anyone suffering from  
dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach.  
"Yours respectfully,  
"A. SIMMONS.

"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.**

"3, Baltic-place, St. Luke's, E.C., April 8, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—In reply to your kind inquiries as to the  
efficacy of your Galvanic Bands, I am pleased to state  
that your treatment in my case has been entirely  
successful, and if I may judge by my feelings at the  
present time it is a permanent cure.—Yours truly,  
"S. WILTSHIRE.

"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. MUSCULAR WEAKNESS.**

"Builth Wells, Wales, April 7, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—You will be pleased to hear that your  
appliances have worked wonders for me in my general  
health. I am as strong as a horse, and am constantly  
being reminded by my friends of my improved appear-  
ance and increased size, having gained so much in flesh  
and muscle.—Yours faithfully,  
"W. SKINNER.

"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS**  
**PROSTRATION.**

"Syston, near Leicester, April 3, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—I thank you for your kind inquiry as  
to my health, and I am pleased to tell you that, under  
the blessing of God, your treatment has been of great  
value to me, for I am now able to attend to my  
business again, which was almost impossible before I  
began to use your Galvanic Bands.—Yours faithfully,  
"J. SHEFFIELD.

"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM of**  
**THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.**

"Quarry Calne, Wilts, March 29, 1889.  
"Dear Sir,—Some years ago, my husband purchased  
one of your Galvanic Belts for chronic rheumatism,  
which quite cured him. The case was a most severe  
one, of thirty years' standing, and my husband was  
almost a cripple, and could not lift his hands to his  
head. Before he got your Belt he could not rest day or  
night; but now he is quite cured, and is never troubled  
with the rheumatism in the least.—Yours very truly,  
"(Mrs.) S. WESTON.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street, W."

**GALVANISM v. NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.**  
The distressing symptoms of Nervous Exhaustion  
and Debility are speedily removed by means of  
PULVERMACHER'S world-famed GALVANIC  
BELTS, which are so arranged as to convey a power-  
ful electric current direct to the affected parts,  
gradually stimulating and strengthening all the nerves  
and muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of  
waste and decay.

ADVICE PERSONALLY, or by LETTER,  
free of charge.

FOR FURTHER TESTIMONIALS, both  
Medical and Private, see new Pamphlet "GAL-  
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PAIRED VITAL ENERGY," post-free on application to

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**194, REGENT-STREET, London, W.**  
Established over Forty Years.

Once Beauty bore a sunshade large  
To shield her soft white skin,  
And o'er her charming  
features fair  
An envious veil did pin.

But now in old Sol's burning rays  
She dares to sweetly slumber,  
For **BEETHAM** puts her all  
to rights  
With  
**GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER.**



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**FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING** at  
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**OUR SPECIAL "Good-Wearing" MAKES** of  
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**PARKINS**  
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**£5.5.0 BAG.**  
MOROCCO SILK LINED  
CATALOGUE OF BAGS POST FREE  
A CHOICE OF 300  
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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
FOR LADIES,

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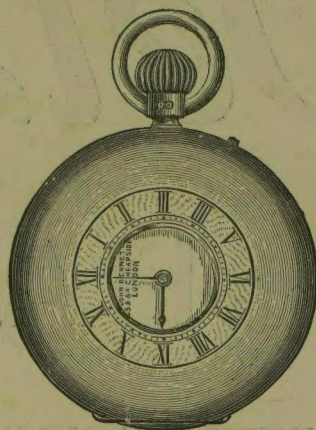
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Leather, Gladstone pattern,  
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A large selection of fitted  
Bags, for Ladies and Gentle-  
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**GLADSTONE BAGS, HAND**  
**BAGS, WAIST BAGS, &c.**

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Watch and Chronometer Manufacturer,  
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£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of  
**BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS**  
**HALF-HUNTING WATCHES.**

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless  
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Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

**NO MORE WATCH-KEYS.**

**SIR JOHN BENNETT**

offers the remainder of his choice and valuable stock of  
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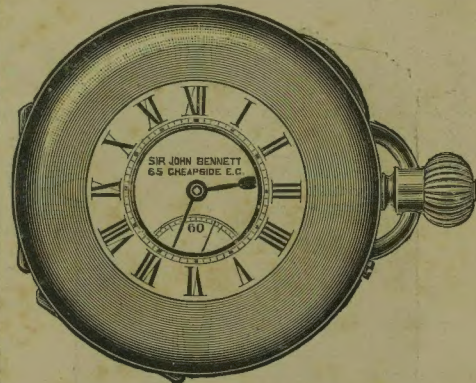
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**LEVER WATCH,**

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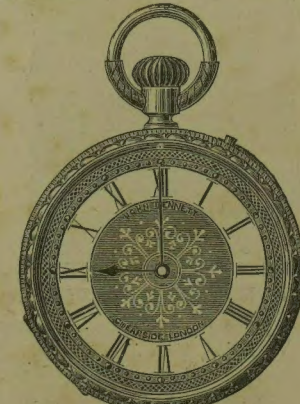
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